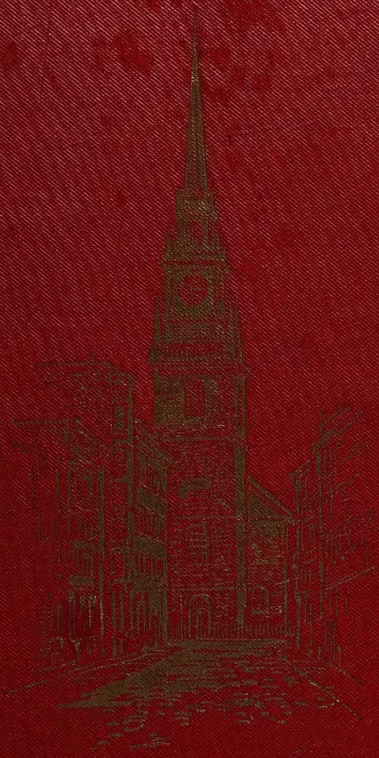
OLD BOSTON DAYS AND WAYS



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OLD BOSTON DAYS & WAYS

Copyright, 1903, by William Sumner Appleton

MRS. RICHARD DERBY AS ST. CECILIA.

Frontispiece

OLD BOSTON DAYS & WAYS

FROM THE DAWN OF THE REVOLUTION UNTIL THE TOWN BECAME A CITY

BY

MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD

AUTHOR OF "ST. BOTOLPH'S TOWN," "AMONG OLD NEW ENGLAND INNS," "OLD NEW ENGLAND CHURCHES," ETC.

With Numerous Illustrations

BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
1924

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PREFACE

More and more, as time goes by, Boston is bound to become a Mecca not only for all good Americans but for visitors from abroad. For Boston is full to the brim of unique traditions and rich associations; and any city which has rounded out nearly three hundred years of life must, in the very nature of things, possess great human interest!

Unfortunately, however, in these swift-moving days, old buildings and memorials of an earlier age disappear — often almost over night, even in a city like Boston, which certainly means to cherish its traditions. Since this book was first issued, fifteen years ago, there have been a number of changes in the old town, and this fact renders all the more valuable and important the preservation of the illustrations with which the publishers so generously supplied the work when it originally appeared.

I am particularly glad of the opportunity to bring out a new and revised edition of the book, which has been for some time now out of print

— and which is, I think, the only single volume covering carefully from original sources the one hundred years of Boston's life as a *town* — because I cherish the hope that the perusal of these pages may make real to the generation of readers which has grown up since the work was originally issued, the events here recorded. I recall that it was writing about those events which first made this period of our history real to me!

Moreover, it is only as Bostonians of to-day come to realize the glory of their heritage and strive intelligently to preserve, in the settlement founded in 1630, by John Winthrop and his Puritan followers, the ideals those high-minded and self-sacrificing folk brought with them from the old world, that this Boston of ours can hope to live vitally. None of us, I take it, wish the Boston of the twentieth century to be merely a museum.

M. C. C.

65 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston
September, 1924

FOREWORD

Almost of necessity a town is a different thing, and has a social life quite distinct, from a city. On its political side it is endowed with color and individuality, from the very fact that its humblest inhabitant may, at town meeting, raise his voice to oppose the motion of the richest and most renowned man in the community. And, on the social side, it possesses a simplicity of interests, a delightful neighborliness, and a quality of charming intimacy which may never be claimed by a city.

So, in this book, — which takes up where my "St. Botolph's Town" dropped it, the story of Boston's share in the struggle for independence, — I have stopped just short of the time when we blossomed into a municipality and indulged in a mayor and aldermen. The end of Boston's life as a town seemed to me really the end of an era and I thought I could paint a better picture of life and manners here, during the period which followed the Revolution, if I did not venture far into the history of the nineteenth century.

Besides, the niche that I have endeavored to fill in this book has been curiously vacant heretofore. No single volume happens to have covered intensively, so to speak, that very interesting formative period when the peculiar genius of Boston was beginning to find itself in art, in politics, and in civic life. Characteristically, I have passed lightly over the politics and have dealt with the personal rather than with the technical side of the arts. I am so incorrigibly of the opinion that the people of a period *are* its history!

My warm thanks are due to the Houghton Mifflin Company for their courtesy in permitting the quotations credited to Mr. James K. Hosmer's "Life of Samuel Adams," and to Mr. Harold Murdock's "Earl Percy's Dinner Table"; thanks I give also to Mr. Howard W. Spurr for his kindness in allowing extracts from Goss's "Life of Paul Revere," to Mr. Charles Knowles Bolton, of the Boston Athenæum, for his personal helpfulness and for his generous permission to draw upon the rich illustrative material in the possession of the library, to Mr. Louis A. Holman, to Mrs. James A. Garland, who has helped me greatly in the Tudor data and pictures, to Mr. William Sumner Appleton, who has coöperated to the end that the lovely portrait of Mrs. Richard Derby might appear in the book, to Mr. William B. Clarke,

for his service in connection with Revere's lantern-hanger, and to the New England Magazine, whose publishers have kindly placed at my disposal a wealth of rare information about old Boston.

The works which have been consulted in the preparation of this volume are many more than could be named here, and credit to them is, for the most part, given in the text. But my debt to the invaluable "Memorial History of Boston" is so great that I must acknowledge it here as well as there. I heartily thank also the many custodians and collectors who have helped me in my browsings among those contemporary newspapers and documents, without which no history of this period could be written, but for which, lacking the kindly aid of specialists, one would so often search libraries and bookshops in vain. M. C. C.

Charlestown, Massachusetts, 1909.

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OLD BOSTON DAYS & WAYS

CHAPTER I

THE MASTER OF THE PUPPETS

AN interesting essay might be written on the Scape-goats of History and in such a work a prominent place should be given to Thomas Hutchinson, lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts in 1760 and throughout the most trying period, — from the point of view of a King's man, — in the whole history of the colonies. Hutchinson was not at all a bad sort of person. He was honest, sincere, devoted, and he did faithfully his duty as he saw it. His error was simply that which is being made all around us to-day by men high in authority — as he was: distrust of the common people. Of course it is true, as James K. Hosmer has tersely said, that "Hutchinson ought to have known how to choose better, sprung as he was from the best New England strain and

nurtured from his cradle in the atmosphere of freedom." But Hutchinson was the type of man who could not see beyond his own dooryard. And in that dooryard some very unpleasant things had happened to him and his.

Prejudice has so warped our judgment that most of us to-day credit Hutchinson with advocacy of the Stamp Act, just as the mob who destroyed his beautiful house did. Yet, from the first, he believed and declared that the King had made a great mistake in instituting this measure in the colonies. *But he was the sworn servant of the crown* and he conceived it to be his sacred duty to oppose the acts of unlawfulness which were being perpetrated on all sides. In the first great " strike " of the Bostonians, — the refusal of the people to use stamped paper, — he took exactly the position that law-abiding citizens everywhere take to-day, i. e. he condemned, with all the strength which he possessed, outbreaks of " mob violence." As a result he was credited with " standing for " the particular measure involved, — and had to pay the price.

While feeling about the Stamp Act was at fever heat a sermon preached against violence was interpreted by a half-drunken mob, who had heard only rumors of it, as urging them to resent the Act. Whereupon they literally tore to pieces the house of Thomas Hutchinson, the

outward and visible sign of Crown Authority in America. I have in a previous book[1] quoted entire the graphic letter written by Hutchinson to Richard Jackson on October 30, 1765, immediately after this disgraceful episode, and I challenge anyone, after reading what was done on that occasion, to declare without justification Hutchinson's firm conviction that the people of Boston stood in great need of authoritative government.

What Hutchinson did not take into account, of course, was the power of such men as George Washington and Samuel Adams to inspire in the unruly individuals who swayed the turbulent mass a sense of dignity, of fair-dealing and of responsibility. It is indeed to the vitalizing influence of the man whom Hutchinson derisively termed, "the master of the puppets," that we of to-day owe chiefly that change of heart on the part of the Bostonians which made possible the effective resistance of the Revolution.

Adams, "the man of the town meeting," as he has come to be generally called, is a character whom one has to know well to estimate fairly. He certainly was overweeningly masterful at times and one frequently detects in him a Jesuitical tendency to justify the means by the end which it is not easy to square with

[1] [See "St. Botolph's Town," p. 351.]

one's idea of simple honesty. Moreover, his trembling hands and weak voice, — due to a certain paralytic affection, — make him not at all the imposing hero of swash-buckling romance; there is indeed absolutely nothing of glamor in his personality. If, however, we put the emphasis upon the things the man did rather than upon the way he looked, and upon the cause for which he was laboring rather than upon the sometimes unworthy means he took to accomplish his purposes, we must admire him in spite of ourselves. Nor need we make a butt of Hutchinson in order to do this. Each was *sui generis* and while the lieutenant-governor, who lacked faith in the folk-mote, was spending his scant leisure hours collecting material for his valuable and wonderfully judicial works on New England history, Samuel Adams was making friends with the common people, — talking with them at their work and drinking flip with them at humble taverns after their work was done.

With Samuel Adams it seems to have been scarcely a question of choice. To protest against sovereign authority, as opposed to the folk-mote, appears to have been the logical expression of the man's own nature. There had been no encroachments to stir his blood to indignant protest when, at twenty-one, he chose for the subject of his master's thesis at Harvard the

question: "Whether it be lawful to resist the Supreme Magistrate, if the Commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved," and argued, in the presence of Governor Bernard and other dignitaries of the Crown, that such resistance would be the most natural thing in the world. Adams believed in the folk-mote, as he did in a Supreme Being. To defend the one was as natural to him as to reverence the other. To understand Samuel Adams we must, therefore, understand the Town Meeting.

Gordon, a writer of the period, has this to say of the units which, at the time of the Revolution, made up Massachusetts: "Every town is an incorporated republic. The selectmen, by their own authority, or upon the application of a certain number of townsmen, issue a warrant for the calling of a town meeting. The warrant mentions the business to be engaged in and no other can be legally executed. The inhabitants are warned to attend; and they that are present, though not a quarter or a tenth of the whole, have a right to proceed. They choose a president by the name of moderator, who regulates the proceedings of the meeting. Each individual has an equal liberty of delivering his opinion, and is not liable to be silenced or browbeaten by a richer or greater townsman than himself. Every freeman or freeholder gives his vote or not, and for or against as he pleases;

and each vote weighs equally, whether that of the highest or lowest inhabitant." . . . All the New England towns were on the same plan in general and, at this particular time, there were in Massachusetts (which then included Maine also) more than two hundred towns containing in all 210,000 white inhabitants.

The town of towns among all these was of course Boston, which, though it had now lost the distinction of being the largest town in America, still remained the intellectual head of the country. Its common schools, in which Samuel Adams prepared for college, — and which he visited as a committeeman from 1753, — gave every child a good education; and Harvard was practically a Boston institution then as it is today. The ministry still continued to be the profession which attracted a number of the ablest intellects turned out by Harvard, and of these the best men were selected for Boston pulpits. But no minister stood out preëminent in politics now as in the time of the Mathers, for the merchants were fast coming to the fore and law was just beginning to be recognized as a profession worthy of an educated man. Samuel Adams was a maltster and, very likely, could have made a comfortable fortune for himself had he devoted to business the attention which he bestowed upon the pursuit of liberty for all men.

At the bottom of the social scale, in the Boston of that day, were the negro slaves. The columns of the newspapers contain many advertisements of slaves for sale and of runaways sought by their masters. But these slaves were, most of them, family servants whose rights were carefully guarded and, soon after the Revolution, slavery became extinguished in Massachusetts. Few of the negroes were workmen at trades. Labor therefore was brought into no disrepute by their presence, and of all the classes in the community the men who worked with their hands were, in many ways, the most interesting, the most virile. The caulkers were bold politicians, and the ropewalk men were always to the fore when there was a redcoat to be harried or a gathering at the Liberty Tree to be sustained by their vigorous presence. These men it was who, by the efficient way in which they did their day's work, enabled John Hancock and his kind to flourish and amass wealth. Copley, with his artist's insight, understood this very well, and when he painted a merchant prince, sitting in a carved chair with a chart of the distant seas spread out on the table before him, he very often gave a glimpse through the window of a busy wharf or a full-rigged ship, with its hint of sinewy men enlisted for hard, capable service. As a result of their work he seemed to say, these merchant princes can be

painted in velvet breeches, silk stockings, and finely plaited linen stocks.

It was Boston's commercial prosperity which made possible the social life thus described by Bennett, an English visitor whom Scudder quotes: "Every afternoon, after drinking tea, the gentlemen and ladies walk in the Mall, and from thence adjourn to one another's houses to spend the evening, — those that are not disposed to attend the evening lectures; which they may do, if they please, six nights in seven the year round. What they call the Mall is a walk on a fine green or common adjoining to the south-west side of the town. It is near half a mile over with two rows of young trees planted opposite to each other with a fine footway between, in imitation of St. James Park; and part of the bay of the sea which encircles the town, taking its course along the north-west side of the Common, — by which it is bounded on the one side and the country on the other, — forms a beautiful canal in view of the walk.

"Their rural diversions are chiefly shooting and fishing. For the former the woods afford them plenty of game; and the rivers and ponds with which this country abounds yield them great plenty as well as variety of fine fish. The government being in the hands of dissenters they don't admit of plays or music-houses; but of late they have set up an assembly to which

some of the ladies resort. But notwithstanding plays and such like diversions do not obtain here, they don't seem to be dispirited nor moped for want of them, for both the ladies and gentlemen dress and appear as gay, in common, as courtiers in England on a coronation or birthday. And the ladies here visit, drink tea, and indulge every little bit of gentility to the height of the mode, and neglect the affairs of their families with as good a grace as the finest ladies in London."

Of course it was rich folk whom the visitor has here depicted, people who had their portraits painted, and attended such dinners as that given by Ralph Inman (on July 16, 1772) and thus described by John Rowe: " I went early to Mr. Inman's who made the genteelest Entertainment I ever saw on acct of his son George taking his Degree yesterday — he had three hundred and forty seven Gentlemen & Ladies dined. Two hundred & Ten at one Table — amongst the Company The Govr & Family, the Lieut Governour & Family, The Admirall & Family & all the Remainder, Gentlemen & Ladies of Character & Reputation. The whole was conducted with much Ease & Pleasure & all Joyned in making each other Happy — such an entertainment has not been made in New England before on any Occasion."

The common people and their contact with

the social life of the time are more adequately represented in Bennett's picture of an eighteenth century Sunday in Boston. "Their observation of the Sabbath (which they rather choose to call by the name of the Lord's Day, whensoever they have occasion to mention it) is the strictest kept that ever I saw anywhere. On that day no man, woman or child is permitted to go out of town on any pretence whatsoever; nor can any that are out of town come in on the Lord's Day. The town being situated on a peninsula there is but one way out of it by land; which is over a narrow neck of land at the south end of the town, which is enclosed by a fortification and the gates shut by way of prevention. There is a ferry, indeed, at the north end of the town; but care is taken by way of prevention there also.

"And as they will by no means admit of trading on Sunday, so they are equally tenacious about preserving good order in the town on the Lord's Day: and they will not suffer any one to walk down to the waterside, though some of the houses are adjoining to the several wharfs, nor, even in the hottest days of summer, will they admit of anyone to take air on the Common which lies contiguous to the town, as Moorfields does to Finsbury. And if two or three people who meet one another in the street by accident stand talking together, if they do not

disperse immediately on the first notice they are liable to fine and imprisonment. But that which is the most extraordinary thing is that they commence the Sabbath from the setting of the sun on the Saturday evening; and, in conformity to that, all trade and business ceases, and every shop in the town is shut up: even a barber is finable for shaving after that time. Nor are any of the taverns permitted to entertain company; for in that case, not only the house, but every person found therein is finable. . . .

" As to their ministers, there is no compulsory tax upon the people for their support, but everyone contributes according to their inclination or ability; and it is collected in the following manner: every Sunday, in the afternoon, as soon as the sermon is ended, and before the singing of the last psalm, they have a vacant space of time, on which there are three or four men come along with long wooden boxes which they present to every pew for the reception of what every one is pleased to put in them. The first time I saw this method of collecting for the parson, it put me in mind of the waiters at Sadler's Wells, who used to collect their money just before the beginning of the last act. But notwithstanding they thus collect the money for the maintenance of the clergy in general, yet they are not left to depend entirely upon

the uncertainty of what people shall happen to give, but have a certain sum paid them every Monday morning whether so much happens to be collected or not; and no one of them has less than a hundred pounds sterling per annum, which is a comfortable support in this part of the world."

The total population of the Boston thus described was now about sixteen thousand people. Practically all of these people were readers and there were newspapers to suit every stripe of political persuasion. The people may be said to have edited their papers themselves, for instead of the impersonal articles of the modern journal the columns of the press were given over, — after the news and advertisements had been inserted, — to letters signed by such pseudonyms as " A Chatterer," " Vindex," " Philantrop " and so on. Adams contributed constantly to the *Boston Gazette*, whose bold proprietors, Edes and Gill, made their sheet the voice of the patriot sentiment and gave their office to be a rallying point for the popular leaders. " Vindex " is a favorite signature of Adams about this time. The following letter, prepared for the anniversary of the repeal of the Stamp Act and printed in the *Providence Gazette* as well as in the publication of Edes and Gill, shows that Adams made no mistake in using his pen as a weapon:

"When I consider the corruption of Great Britain, their load of debt, — their intestine divisions, tumults and riots, — their scarcity of provisions and the contempt in which they are held by the nations about them; and when I consider, on the other hand, the State of the

THE LIBERTY TREE

American Colonies with Regard to the various Climates, Soils, Produce, rapid Population, joined to the virtue of the Inhabitants, — I cannot but think that the Conduct of Old England towards us may be permitted by Divine Wisdom, and ordained by the unsearchable providence of the Almighty for hastening a period dreadful to Great Britain.

"A Son of Liberty."

How inevitable it was that Adams should clash with Hutchinson we can easily see by placing alongside this extract a passage from a letter written not long after this, by the governor to a kinsman in Dublin, and pointing out that "the supreme absolute legislative power *must* remain in England." So, in the deepening strife, the Defender of Prerogative and the Man of the Town Meeting confront one another.

CHAPTER II

THE CHALLENGE TO THE CROWN

SHIPS of war, some little time before this, had cast anchor in the harbor, and two regiments were now (1770) encamped on the Common further to ensure the execution of the royal will. The cause of the coming of the troops had been the defiance by the Massachusetts legislature of the king's command to rescind a certain circular letter which had been sent out by Samuel Adams with the unmistakable purpose of securing the coöperation of the other colonies in resistance to the Townshend Acts. The king desired above all things to prevent any such union as this, and it occurred to him that he could do much to head it off by frightening the patriots with redcoats.

But Parliament had its own quarrels with George III, and would not easily consent to this course. Accordingly, some excuse was needed to justify the unusual measure. The sacking of Hutchinson's house was made so to serve. Then, in June, 1768, there was a

slight conflict between townspeople and revenue officers, in which no one was hurt, but which led to a great town meeting in the Old South Meeting-House, and gave color to Governor Bernard's complaint that Boston was a disorderly town, and that he was being intimidated and hindered in the execution of the laws there.

THE CASTLE (FORT INDEPENDENCE)

Yet the king's real purpose in sending the troops was, as has been hinted, to force the people to observe the odious Townshend Acts. This being the case the arrival of the soldiers simply increased, of course, the danger of disturbance. Moreover, even according to British-made law, the men should have been lodged in Castle William down the harbor. The trouble which immediately ensued may be directly traced indeed to the infringement of this provision. For encounters between the soldiery

and the townpeople soon became frequent, and in September, 1769, James Otis was brutally assaulted at the British Coffee House by one of the commissioners of customs, aided and abetted by two or three army officers. Otis eventually became insane from being struck on the head in this affray, and the feeling of the people toward the soldiers naturally increased in bitterness.

The Boston Massacre was, then, as inevitable as the explosion of a cask of powder into which a lighted match has been thrown. For a week there had been collisions here and there throughout the town, and the affair before the Custom-house on King Street, in the course of which seven of Captain Preston's company fired into the crowd, killing five men and wounding several others, was but the logical climax to what had gone before. The slaughter of those five men, — one of whom was Crispus Attucks, now memorialized on Boston Common, — secured in a moment what a year and a half of decorous protest had failed to accomplish, — the withdrawal of the troops to the Castle. Hutchinson had to do this in spite of himself, for Samuel Adams, at the head of a committee just appointed by an immense mass-meeting in the Old South Church, came to him in the council chamber of the Town House and, in the name of three thousand free-

men, commanded the removal of the soldiers. When the news of this move reached Parliament the two regiments thus summarily withdrawn at the request of a mere citizen were dubbed by Lord North the " Sam Adams's regiments."

Yet, so strong still was self-restraint and a sense of justice in the community, that Captain Preston and his men had a fair trial, their counsel being people of no less importance than John Adams and Josiah Quincy. Six of the soldiers, together with the captain, were acquitted; the two men who were found guilty were branded on the hand.

In the diary of Deacon John Tudor, — a rare and privately published work, — I have come upon what seems a contemporary and an eminently fair account of this historic encounter: " March, 1770, On Monday evening the 5th current, a few Minutes after 9 O'Clock a most horrid murder was committed in King Street before the Custom house Door by 8 or 9 Soldiers under the Command of Capt Thos Preston of from the Main Guard on the South side of the Town House. This unhappy affair began by Some Boys & young fellows throwing Snow Balls at the sentry placed at the Customhouse Door. On which 8 or 9 Solders Came to his assistance. Soon after a Number of people collected, when the Capt commanded the Soldiers to fire, which they did and 3 Men were

Kil'd on the Spot & several Mortaly Wounded, one of which died next morning. The Capt soon drew off his Soldiers up to the Main Guard, or the Consequencis mite have been terable, for on the Guns fiering the people were alarm'd & set the Bells a Ringing as if for Fire, which drew Multitudes to the place of action. Levt Governor Hutchinson, who was Commander in Chefe, was sent for & Came to the Council Chamber, were some of the Magistrates attended. The Governor desired the Multitude about 10 O'Clock to sepperat & go home peaceable & he would do all in his power that Justice shold be don &c. The 29 Regiment being then under Arms on the south side of the Townhouse, but the people insisted that the Soldiers should be ordered to their Barracks 1st before they would sepperat, Which being don the people sepperated aboute 1 O'Clock. Capt Preston was taken up by a warrent given to the high Sherif by Justice Dania & Tudor [the writer of the Diary] and came under Examination about 2 O'Clock & we sent him to Goal soon after 3, having Evidence sufficient to commit him on his ordering the soldiers to fire; So aboute 4 O'Clock the Town became quiet. The next forenoon the 8 Soldiers that fired on the inhabitants was also sent to Goal.

"Tuesday A. M. the inhabitants mett at Faneuil Hall & after some pertinant speeches,

chose a Committee of 15 Gentlemen to waite on the Levt Governor in Council, to request the immediate removeal of the Troops. The message was in these Words. That it is the unanimous opinion of this Meeting that the inhabitants & soldiery can no longer live together in safety; that nothing can Ratonaly be expected to restore the peace of the Town & prevent Blood & Carnage but the removal of the Troops: and that we most fervently pray his Honor that his power & influence may be exerted for their instant removal. His Honor's Reply was. Gentlemen I am extremely sorry for the unhappy difference & especially of the last Evening & Signifieng that it was not in his power to remove the Troops &c &c.

"The Above Reply was not satisfactory to the Inhabitants, as but one Regiment should be Removed to the Castle Barracks. In the afternoon the Town Adjourned to Dr. Sewill's Meetinghouse [the Old South], for Fanieuil Hall was not larg enough to hold the people, their being at least 2,000, some supos'd near 4,000, when they chose a Committee to waite on the Levt. Governor to let him & the Council Know that nothing less will satisfy the people than a total & immedaiate removal of the Troops oute of the Town. — His Honor laid before the Council the Vote of the Town. The Council thereon expressed themselves to be unanimously

PAUL REVERE'S ENGRAVING OF THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

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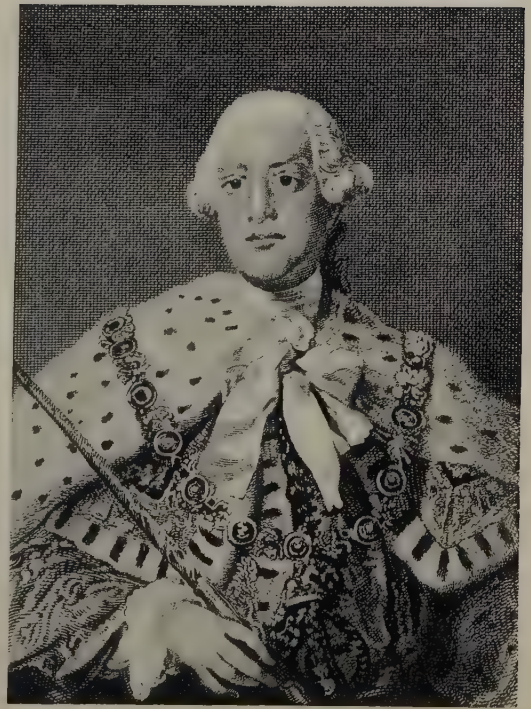

GEORGE III.
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LORD NORTH.
Page 22

of opinion that it was absolutely Necessary for his Majesty service, the good order of the Town &c that the Troops Should be immeditly removed oute of the Town.

" His Honor Communicated this advice of the Council to Col Dalrymple & desir'd he would order the Troops down to Castle William. After the Col. had seen the Vote of the Council He gave his Word & honor to the Town's Committe that both Regiments should be remov'd without delay. The Comte return'd to the Town Meeting & Mr. Hancock, chairman of the Com'te Read their Report as above, which was received with a shoute & clap of hands which made the Meetinghouse Ring: So the Meeting was dessolved and a great number of Gentlemen appear'd to Watch the Center of the Town & the prison, which continued for II Nights and all was quiet again, as the Soldiers was all moved of to the Castle."

But the Yankee dead of that fifth of March were buried with a great funeral procession in the Granary Burying Ground and on each fifth of March after that, until the celebration of July 4th came to take its place, the day of the massacre was observed at Boston in stirring patriotic addresses.

Before the news of the massacre had reached England, on the very day indeed of the event, Lord North brought in a bill to repeal the duties which the Bostonians so deeply resented *with the exception of that on tea.* This the king insisted upon retaining in order to avoid surrendering the principle at issue. The first effect of the royal generosity was to weaken the spirit of opposition in America and to create a division among the colonies. For the greater part of the Americans were desirous, after the fashion of mankind everywhere, to let things go on peaceably if possible. Hutchinson shrewdly observed, in June, 1772, that the union of the colonies seemed to be broken and he hoped it would not be renewed, for he believed it meant separation from the mother country, and that he regarded as the worst of calamities.

Already Dr. Franklin, the ablest man to whom Boston has ever given birth, had been appointed agent of Massachusetts in England and was striving in every way he could to harmonize the interests of the two contestants.

His efforts in this direction were variously received. In his Journal for "Wednesday 16 January, 1771," one reads: "I went this morning to wait on Lord Hillsborough. The porter at first denied his Lordship, on which I left my name and drove off. But before the coach got out of the square the coachman came

and said, ' His Lordship will see you, sir.' I was shown into the levée room where I found Governor Bernard, who, I understand, attends there constantly." Bernard and Franklin were not fond of each other, neither being able, truth to tell, to do the other justice. Moreover, Bernard and Hutchinson were friends and Franklin was bent, as subsequent developments showed, upon the removal from office of the author of the " Hutchinson letters."

In the autumn of 1772, an extra session of the assembly was wanted to consider what should be done about having the judges paid by the Crown. This Hutchinson refused to call, whereupon Samuel Adams devised a scheme by which assemblies were rendered unnecessary. Each town, at his suggestion, appointed a standing committee which could consult with committees from other towns and decide upon the action to be taken in case of emergency. From the fact that the greater part of the work of these committees was necessarily done by letter they were called " Committees of Correspondence." This was the step that effectively organized the Revolution. For now there was always in session an invisible legislature which the governor had no means of stopping. The next step was the extension of the plan so that there were committees of correspondence between the several colonies. From that to

a permanent Continental Congress was an easy transition.

No sooner was the machinery for resistance at hand than there came a magnificent opportunity to use it and to challenge the Crown. The duty on tea had not been removed, and in America generally no tea was being imported from England. The colonists were smuggling it from Holland. Now, unless the Americans could be made to buy tea from England and pay the duty on it, the king must own himself defeated, — and the East India Company would be deprived of a valuable market. A law was accordingly pushed through Parliament authorizing the exportation of tea without the payment of duty in England. As a result, it was pointed out, the tea, *plus* the tax imposed by the Revenue Act, could be sold in America under the cost of tea smuggled from Holland. It was supposed that the Americans would, of course, buy the tea that they could get most cheaply. Not yet had it been borne in upon the stupid ministers of the king that those men in America were contending for a principle, not looking for a bargain in groceries.

Clearly, theirs was the blindness of those who will not see. The attitude of the colonists towards tea had been repeatedly defined. Communication was slow in those days, to be sure, but all that happened eventually found its way

to the mother country and the news that tea was a tabooed beverage in Boston could not have failed to reach those interested. A meeting had been held at Faneuil Hall in which the men had voted to abstain totally from the use of tea (many of them really liked it, too, in those days), and soon the mistresses of four hundred and ten families pledged themselves to drink no more tea till the Revenue Act was repealed. A few days later, one hundred and twenty young ladies formed a similar league. "We, the daughters of those patriots," said they, "who have and do now appear for the public interest, and in that principally regard their posterity, — as such do with pleasure engage with them in denying ourselves the drinking of foreign tea, in hope to frustrate a plan that tends to deprive a whole community of all that is valuable in life." And, not to be behind the Daughters of Liberty, the students of Harvard College bound themselves, in 1768, to use no more of "that pernicious herb."

Even the children caught the infection of liberty. Hannah Winthrop writes to Mrs. Mercy Warren, in 1769: "I went to see Mrs. Otis, the other day. She seems not to be in a good state of health. I received a visit lately from Master Jemmy. I will give you an anecdote of him. A gentleman telling him what a Fine Lady his mama is & he hoped he would

be a good Boy & behave exceeding well to her, my young master gave this spirited answer, I know my Mama is a fine Lady, but she would be a much finer if she was a Daughter of Liberty." It once even fell to the lot of John Adams to be rebuked by a Daughter of Liberty for having called for tea in her house. "Is it lawful for a weary traveller to refresh himself with a dish of tea, provided it has been honestly smuggled or paid no duties?" he asked. "No, sir," responded the lady. "We have renounced all tea in this place, but I'll make you coffee." Even the word aroused resentment, it will be seen.

In New York, Philadelphia and Charleston, mass-meetings of the people voted that the consignees to whom the East India Company had shipped the odious tea should be ordered to resign their offices, and they did so. At Philadelphia the tea-ship was met and sent back to England before it had come within the jurisdiction of the custom-house. At Charleston the tea was landed, and as there was no one to receive it or pay the duty, it was thrown into a damp cellar and left there to spoil. In Boston things took a different turn. Three times the consignees were asked to resign, and three times they refused. Their stubbornness is the better understood when we learn that two of them were Governor Hutchinson's own sons.

It was on Sunday, November 28, 1773, that the "Dartmouth," loaded with tea, arrived in Boston Harbor. From Rotch, the owner of the vessel, the Committee of Correspondence promptly obtained a promise that the ship should not be entered until Tuesday. On Monday the towns about Boston were invited to attend a mass-meeting in Faneuil Hall. As the result of this and other similar meetings, the firm resolve that *that tea should on no account be landed* took possession of the people. Two other ships soon came to anchor near the "Dartmouth" and were guarded, as she was, by a committee of citizens. The consignees by this time would have been willing to yield, but Hutchinson would not give a permit to let the vessels go sailing back to England. So the days wore away and the time was fast drawing near when the tea would be seized under the law and brought on shore. Then came the last day and the Collector of Customs still refused absolutely to grant a clearance to the ships unless the teas were discharged.

The next day was December 16, 1773, and seven thousand people were assembled in town meeting in and around the Old South Meeting-House. Eagerly they awaited, in the fast-darkening church, the return of Rotch, who had been sent out to the governor's house in Milton to ask as a last resort for a passport from him.

At nightfall the ship-owner returned with the word that the governor refused such a passport. No sooner had he made this report than Samuel Adams arose and said: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." The words were a signal, but they were also a simple statement of truth. For by sunrise the next morning the revenue officers, in the ordinary course of events, would board the ships and unload their cargoes; then the consignees would go to the custom-house and pay the duty, — and the king's scheme would be crowned with success.

Yet not so did things fall out. For, the instant that Adams' words left his lips, a shout was heard in the street and some forty or fifty men, disguised as Indians, darted by the door and down towards the wharves, followed by the people. Rushing on board the tea-ships, the "Mohawks," as they were called, set themselves, in most businesslike fashion, to clearing the vessels of their cargoes. No violence was committed, no tea was taken. British historians are wont to characterize the affair as a riot, but it was very far indeed from being that. Henry Cabot Lodge, in his illuminating book on Boston, has called the tea-party "a picturesque refusal" on the part of the people of Boston to pay the tax. "But," he adds, truly, "it was also something more. It was the sudden appear-

ance, in a world tired of existing systems of government, of the power of the people in action. The expression may have been rude and the immediate result trivial, but the act was none the less of the gravest consequence. It was the small beginning of the great democratic movement which has gone forward ever since, and which it would have been well for English statesmen who were then concerned with it to have pondered deeply."

Retaliation was, however, the only idea that the king and his ministers could then entertain and, in spite of opposition on the part of certain far-seeing men in Parliament, two acts to express this were passed. One was the Boston Port Bill designed to suspend the trade and close the harbor of the town which had dared rebellion. The other was the Regulating Act, by which the charter of Massachusetts was annulled, its free government swept away and a military governor appointed with despotic power such as Andros had had, nearly a hundred years before.

Odd that those well-read English ministers did not press to its logical conclusion that analogy of Andros!

CHAPTER III

TWO ENGLISH CHAMPIONS OF THE DAWNING REPUBLIC

AT the time of the Boston Port Bill and the disturbances it entailed, just as at the time of Sir Harry Vane[1] and his troubles, one must look at the march of events in old England, no less than in New England, in order to understand the whole situation.

The resistance of the Massachusetts men to the tyranny of the king was as much applauded by certain great souls in England as by the patriots in the other colonies. The quarrel, in a word, was not between England and America, but between George III and the principles for which America stood.

Of those principles two Englishmen of great distinction — William Pitt and Charles Fox — were champions. And because every American who cares for the cause of Liberty must be interested in these men, who braved unpopularity for Liberty's sake, I want here to retrace

[1] [See "St. Botolph's Town," Chapter V.]

their glorious careers, even if in so doing I run somewhat ahead of my narrative.

The William Pitt referred to is he whom Heber described as

> "Young without follies, without rashness bold,
> And greatly poor amidst a nation's gold,"

not, of course, the great Earl of Chatham, whose speech on the Repeal of the Stamp Act is the glorious heritage of all English-speaking people. "Untarnished Chatham's genuine child," the second Pitt has been called, a son, that is, whose eloquence, probity and high-minded statesmanship serve to render him the peer in history's pages of even his distinguished father.

"I am glad that I am not the eldest son. I want to speak in the House of Commons, like papa," is the exclamation attributed to young Pitt, then a youth of seventeen, when he learned (in August, 1776) that his father had become Earl of Chatham. It was indeed towards speaking in the House of Commons that all the lad's thoughts and hopes were directed. At Eton and Cambridge he made the orations of history and literature an intimate part of his mental equipment. In these debates, it is interesting to observe, he always studied both sides. His favorite employment, Macaulay tells us, was to prepare harangues on opposite sides of the

same question, to analyze them and to observe which of the arguments of the first speaker were refuted by the second, which were evaded, and which were left untouched. This practice made following actual debates in the House of Commons as fascinating an occupation to him as visiting the circus is to the country lad who has been performing acrobatic stunts with the old farm horse.

Fox, who was eleven years Pitt's senior, used to relate with relish his first meeting with the gifted lad. The scene was the steps leading up to the throne of the House of Lords, and Pitt was there, with a group of college friends, listening to the debate. Fox, who was already the greatest debater and one of the greatest orators that had ever appeared in England, was disposed to sit quietly listening. But as the discussion proceeded he was repeatedly addressed by Pitt with an eager "Surely, Mr. Fox, that might be met thus," or "Yes, but he lays himself open to this retort." Fox was naturally much struck with the precocity of this lad, who, through the whole sitting, seemed to be thinking only how the speeches on both sides could be answered.

When Pitt was nineteen he passed, at the House of Lords, a day ever sad and memorable to him, but of the greatest interest to us as Americans. For France had just recognized the in-

CHARLES JAMES FOX.
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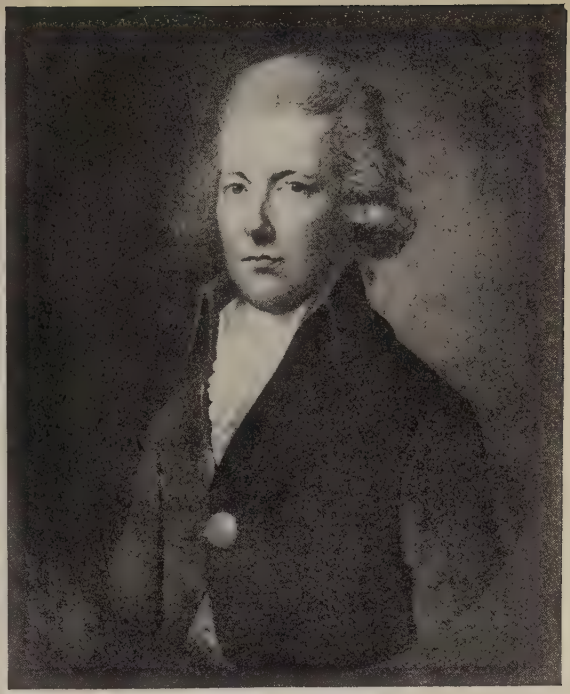

WILLIAM PITT.
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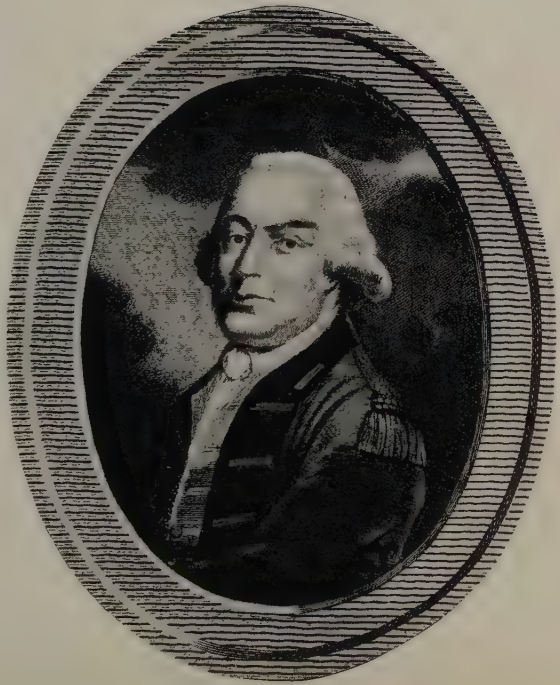

GENERAL GAGE.
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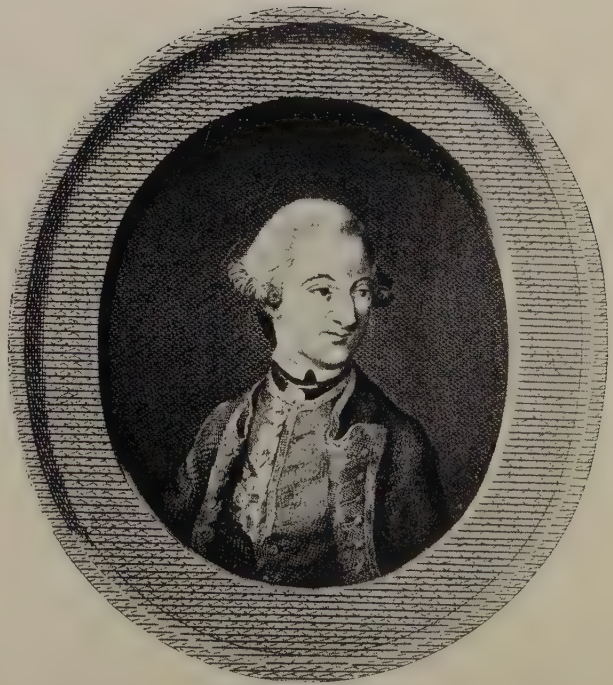

HUGH, EARL PERCY.
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dependence of the United States, and a great debate was expected. For this reason the Earl of Chatham insisted upon being in his place, though his health had of late been wretched. His son supported him to his seat. Scarcely had the aged man risen to address the house when he fell back in convulsions. A few weeks later he died, and his favorite child and namesake followed his coffin in gloomy pomp from the Painted Chamber to the transept, in Westminster Abbey, where his own was destined to lie, near that of Fox.

It was now necessary for William, as a younger son, to follow a profession. In the spring of 1780 he became of age; immediately afterward he was called to the bar, and in the fall of that same year he offered himself as a candidate and was returned to Parliament. He meant to lose no time in putting into practice his genius for debate.

George the Third was still pursuing his obstinate course towards America, and Fox and Burke were doing their united best to oppose the suicidal policy of Lord North. To the support of the colonies Pitt immediately added his voice. On the 26th of February, 1781, he made his first speech to endorse a reform measure advocated by Burke. Fox, who had already risen to address the house, instantly gave way to him, admiring as he settled back

in his place, the self-possession of the young orator and the exquisite silver voice in which he delivered his perfect but unpremeditated sentences. Burke was moved to tears, exclaiming joyfully: "It is not a chip of the old block; it is the old block itself." And Fox, who had no trace of envy in his make-up, replied tersely to a member who observed that Pitt would be one of the first men in Parliament: "He is so already."

Such seemed indeed to be the case. Pitt continued to speak often and eloquently in support of America, and in spite of the necessarily unpopular stand he had taken, he was offered, when he had scarcely completed his twenty-third year, the great place of chancellor of the exchequer! Before he was twenty-five he was the most powerful subject in Europe. Now that he occupied a position of enormous influence his training bore fruit. Through his whole boyhood the House of Commons had never been out of his thought, and whether reading Cicero or Thucydides he was training for the conflicts of debate. He could forcibly yet luminously, therefore, present to his audience the most complicated, the most difficult of subjects. "Nothing was out of place," Macaulay records; "nothing was forgotten; minute details, dates, sums of money were all faithfully preserved in his memory. Even in-

tricate questions of finance, when explained by him, seemed clear to the plainest man among his hearers."

Yet when all is said, it was because of Pitt's lofty character that his speeches were so great a success. Save for a hint of pride, he may be said to have had no faults. He was incapable of envy or fear, above any kind of meanness, and his private life was absolutely beyond reproach. In an age of venality, too, he never accepted bounties of any kind; and while he was surrounded by friends upon whom he had bestowed titles and rich annuities, he remained plain Mr. to the end of his life, and put up with a very meagre salary.

Pitt's love for England was deep and sincere even though he had espoused the cause of America. To England he devoted all that he had of strength and of service. When the battle of Austerlitz presaged the extent to which Bonaparte was later to humble the first nation of Europe, Pitt could not rally from the blow. He died January 23, 1806, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of that day when he first took his seat in Parliament. For almost twenty of those years he had been first lord of the treasury and undisputed chief of the administration. No English statesman had ever held supreme power so long; none had ever combated the tyranny of the Crown so successfully.

Charles James Fox, Pitt's great rival, possessed every charming human quality which Pitt lacked. The speeches of Pitt persuade by the elegance of their diction, the sincerity of their appeal, the loftiness of their tone; those of Fox charm by their warm admiration of everything great and beautiful, their fierce hatred of whatever is cruel and unjust. Dr. Johnson said of this orator that he made it a question whether the nation should be ruled by the sceptre of George III or the tongue of Fox. Even Pitt, renowned for his coolness and self-possession, could not remain unmoved by the magnetic quality of Fox's eloquence. On one occasion when a Frenchman had been expressing wonder at the immense influence wielded by Fox, "a mere gambler and a man of pleasure," Pitt retorted, "*You* have not been under the wand of the magician."

At first Fox used his gifts very much as a magician might. He enjoyed juggling with the slow wits of his fellow-members and would speak without conviction or premeditation upon whatever subject was up for discussion. To him it was only a diverting game in which, by virtue of his gift of debate, he always held the best hand. His father had been as dissolute and unprincipled as the Earl of Chatham was clean-hearted and high-minded. As the merest lad Fox was plunged into such temptations as

assailed Pitt at no time in his life. Like Pitt, however, he was graduated from college at an early age, and, like him also, he entered Parliament, when little more than a boy.

But if Fox, during the first five years of his public career, was reckless, in political, as in private life, he later threw himself with real earnestness into the American question. The more he studied it the more his warm heart and clear head were touched by the principles at stake, and after the election in which his friend, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, worked for his return to Parliament, — even bartering kisses for votes, it is said, — he was the colonies' champion in earnest.

Moreover, he had quarrelled with Lord North, so that it suited his inclination as well as his convictions to oppose that personage with all possible vigor. When the Boston Port Bill was up for debate, he objected that it gave too much power into the hands of the Crown; a month later he vehemently denounced the attempt to tax the colonists without their consent; just before this he had cast his first vote with the Whig party in favor of repealing the duty on tea.

Fox was at his best during the American War. Throughout the six years of the War Parliament he never threw away an opportunity to speak for America, and the whisper that Charles Fox was on his legs would fill the House in a

moment. To perfect himself in the arts of vindictive declamation, he read again the philippics of Demosthenes and, profiting by their tuition, he would pour upon Lord North such fierceness of personal attack as made the House fairly quake with apprehension. It was at this period, too, that he developed that gift of quick retort, ready wit, clear statement, and dashing attack which made him the first of parliamentary gladiators. Now that he was really in earnest, he could be much more compelling than heretofore. It was quite in the spirit of a knight of King Arthur's court that he rode forth to redress the wrongs of America.

Yet Fox was never a professional politician in the sense that Pitt was. He too greatly loved a quiet hour with his books. As he grew older and abandoned his reckless way of living, the joys of Virgil and of gardening seemed to him vastly superior to those of debate. At the very height of his political career, he withdrew from public life to enjoy these quiet pleasures in the company of his dearly-loved wife, and only the encroaching greatness of Napoleon availed to lure him again from his idyllic retreat at St. Ann's Hill.

The opening of the year 1806, however, found him back in office, doing all that one man could to restore peace to England. In this he was not successful; seven months of

negotiation served indeed to make it clear to him that war between Napoleon and England was inevitable. But he did succeed, that session, in putting through one important measure which had been dear to Pitt also. Year after year both these great men had raised their voices against the detestable trade in slaves by which England was being enriched, and now that he had power Fox determined to show that his sympathy with these poor oppressed creatures was not a mere matter of words. In June, 1806, therefore, he pledged himself to introduce a measure of total abolition.

It was his last speech in Parliament. Though he did not live to see it a law, he, and he alone, must ever be credited with the measure by which it was made a felony for British subjects to trade in negroes. For this, no less than for his service to the colonies, he should be eternally honored in America.

CHAPTER IV

WHEN EARL PERCY LIVED OPPOSITE THE COMMON

OF course the enforcement of the Boston Port Bill worked great hardship to the town. Boston was preeminently a trading centre and, with its commerce cut off, its warehouses empty and its ships idle at the wharves, thousands were thrown out of employment. The other towns along the coast line refused, however, to take advantage of Boston's plight, and relief was freely sent to the boycotted city.

The legislature met now at Salem, for rebellious Boston could no longer be the seat of government, and to it came, soon after Gage had taken possession, a messenger to dissolve its sessions. The members, however, held the door against this messenger and, before he had had a chance to deliver his lord's decree, a call to the other colonies had been sent out, — and the first step toward the initial meeting of the Continental Congress had been taken. To its sessions in Philadelphia John and Samuel Adams were

sent as delegates, the absence of the former giving us the first of those remarkable letters from Abigail Adams to which reference will be made later, and that of the latter supplying to Dr. Joseph Warren the opportunity to draw up at Milton, in the county of Suffolk, a series

THE SUFFOLK RESOLVES HOUSE, MILTON

of resolves which fairly set on foot the Revolution.

These resolves, nineteen in number, were by far the boldest doctrines ever adopted or promulgated in America, and probably did more than any one other thing to bring matters to a crisis. They declared that the sovereign who

breaks his compact with his subjects forfeits their allegiance. They arraigned as unconstitutional the repressive acts of Parliament, and rejected all officers appointed under their authority.

They directed collectors of taxes to pay over no money to the royal treasurer. They advised the towns to choose their officers of militia from the friends of the people.

They favored a provincial congress, and promised respect and submission to the Continental Congress. They determined to act upon the defensive as long as reason and self-preservation would permit, but no longer.

They threatened to seize every crown officer in the province as hostages if the governor should arrest any one for political reasons. They also arranged a system of couriers to carry messages to town officers and corresponding committees. They earnestly advocated the well-known American principles of social order as the basis of all political action; exhorted all persons to abstain from riots and all attacks upon the property of any person whatsoever; and urged their countrymen to " convince their enemies that in a contest so important, in a cause so solemn, their conduct should be such as to merit the approbation of the wise, and the admiration of the brave and free of every age and country."

No sooner had General Gage heard of the adoption of these resolves than he sent to England for more troops, and began that campaign of confiscation which ended in the fight of Lexington and Concord. Before we proceed to discuss the natural and inevitable outcome of these resolves let us, however, examine a little the state of mind of those other officers who were associated with Gage in the difficult task of putting down the Bostonians.

The most interesting personality in the group was he whom we in America know best as Earl Percy, a man whose father had voted against the Stamp Act, who was himself opposed to the American war, but who yet felt it to be his duty to come to America with his regiment when orders to that effect were given. To this man we are able to come pretty close to-day for we are so fortunate as to have now available, — through the diligent scholarship of the late Edward Griffin Porter and the careful editing of Charles Knowles Bolton, — a number of letters sent by Percy to his kinsfolk in England during the period of his Boston service. On the voyage over he had written: "Surely the People of Boston are not Mad enough to think of opposing us," but three months later (July 5, 1774) we find him recording a fear "that we shall be obliged to come to extremities . . . so extremely violent and wrong-headed are the people."

A few days later he adds that "as General Gage received orders to remain at Salem, I have been left commanding officer of the camp. . . . The people here talk much & do little; but nothing, I am sure, will ever reëstablish peace & quiet in this country, except steadiness & perseverance on the part of the Administration. . . . The people in this part of the country are in general made up of rashness & timidity. Quick and violent in their determinations, they are fearful in the execution of them unless, indeed, they are quite certain of meeting little or no opposition, & then, like all other cowards, they are cruel and tyrannical. To hear them talk you would imagine that they would attack us & demolish us every night & yet, whenever we appear, they are frightened out of their wits. They begin to feel a little the effects of the Port Bill & were they not supported by the other Colonies, must before this have submitted. One thing I will be bold to say, which is, that until you make their Committees of Correspondence and Congresses with the other Colonies high treason & try them for it in England, you must never expect perfect obedience & submission from this to the Mother Country."

"This is the most beautiful country I ever saw in my life," writes Percy, under the head, "Camp of Boston, Aug. 8, 1774," "& if the people were only like it, we shd do very well.

Everything, however, is as yet quiet, but they threaten much. Not that I believe they dare act."

A week later, he felicitates himself upon having acquired, in the town of which he was now practically the ruler, " a good house to dine in (for we are all obliged to remain at other times & sleep in camp). By this convenience I am enabled to ask the officers of the Line & occasionally the Gentlemen of the country, to dine with me; & as I have the command of the Troops here, I always have a table of 12 covers every day. This, tho' very expensive, is however, very necessary."

In a delightful little brochure called " Earl Percy's Dinner Table," Harold Murdock has pictured for us a typical dinner company at the headquarters of this hospitable host, — situated then at the corner of Winter and Tremont Streets, though there is evidence that, at one time, the young officer was entertained by William Vassall, on Pemberton Hill, in what was later known as the Gardiner Greene mansion. Mr. Murdock is a modern writer and there is no authentic document to support the list of " those present " which it has pleased him to draw up. But, so carefully and conscientiously has his little sketch been prepared, that I am very glad of his permission to quote from it here:

"The house occupied by Percy . . . had been built early in the century, and its windows looked out upon the open pasturage of the Common. Through the thin foliage of those youthful elms which Mr. Paddock planted, loomed the crest of Beacon Hill, with its gaunt signal drawn like a gibbet against the sky, while more to the west and down the slope there was a glimpse of the bright waters of the Charles, with the wooded heights of Brookline and Newton beyond. The location was most convenient for the Earl, who was always within a stone's throw of the camps. It is pleasant to see him crossing the Common each afternoon to do the honors of his mansion, and day by day and week by week it is interesting to watch his guests passing in and out of the great door. It opens to officers in scarlet and gold, and to officers in the blue of the Royal Navy, to gentlemen in silks and brocades and to gentlemen in velvet and lace. Old Dr. Caner goes up the path, leaning upon his stick, the great coach of Colonel Royall lumbers up to the garden gate, the chaise of Judge Lee waits in Winter Street to carry His Honor back to Cambridge.

"And now, as the darkness of an early spring day comes on, let us in imagination look into Earl Percy's dining-room and see what passes there. The newly lighted candles are burning brightly on the broad table around which the

Earl's eleven guests are sitting at their ease, all but three in the uniform of the royal army. The dinner is cleared away and the port and madeira are going the rounds. The Earl is chatting with a strapping officer on his left whose handsome face is a fair legacy from the race of which he comes. This is Lieutenant-Colonel Gunning of the 43d Foot. . . . On the right of Lord Percy is a lad of twelve or thirteen years, who is the hero of the occasion. This is Roger Sheaffe, son to the faithful customs collector whose memory is abhorred by rebellious Boston. He has won his way into the affection of the Earl who has promised to see to it that he gains a commission in his regiment. . . .

"The rather stout officer who sits beyond Sheaffe . . . is the Hon. Henry Edward Fox, the youngest son of the late Lord Holland, and a captain in the 38th Regiment. Any one familiar with the prominent faces at Westminster, at Brook's Club, or on the track at Newmarket, would recognize in the Captain a near kinsman to the celebrated Charles James Fox. . . . Harry Fox is said to have little of his brother's brilliancy and none of his vices, and when the 38th sailed for America Mr. Horace Walpole of Strawberry Hill informed Sir Horace Mann that they took with them Lord Holland's 'only good son.' . . . Across

the table is Captain William Glanville Evelyn of the King's Own, a man of quiet, serious countenance marked with the scars of smallpox. . . . He is flattered and happy to sit at Earl Percy's table to-night. Scandal has not left the Captain's name unsullied, and the curious among his acquaintance would know more of pretty Peggie Wright, who has come out to him from England. It is whispered that she was a servant in his father's household. . . .

" At the foot of the table the Reverend Mather Byles is discoursing with Major John Pitcairn of the Royal Marines, and keeping that staid old officer in a state of uproarious laughter. Poor Dr. Byles labors under the disadvantage of being considered not only a preacher but a poet and wit as well. Within the year a doggerel rhyme describing the local clergy has gone the rounds of Boston, and in the two stanzas devoted to Byles even his friends admit that a lively portrait has been drawn.

" There's punning Byles provokes our smiles,
A man of stately parts;
Who visits folks to crack his jokes,
That never mend their hearts.

" With strutting gait and wig so great,
He walks along the streets,
And throws out wit, or what's like it,
To every one he meets.

"Though not of the Church of England Dr. Byles is in the eyes of the army the most sensible as well as the most delightful clergyman in Boston. He has correspondents among the brightest literary lights in England, and will show with pride volumes from his library with the loving inscription of his dear friend, the late Mr. Pope of immortal memory. At heart an arrant Tory, he has kept his congregation in order by asserting that his functions are spiritual and that it is not for him to profane his pulpit by discussing the political problems of the day. . . .

"There is that in Major Pitcairn which attracts the Reverend Byles as it must all men who admire honest simplicity and courage. Here in rebellious Boston, hot-headed townspeople affronted by quarrelsome or drunken soldiers are glad to leave their grievances in Pitcairn's hands for reparation. Blunt and outspoken, he is yet a modest man, and in the long years that have passed since he left his Fifeshire home he feels that he has made little of his life. . . . If the time shall come, which God forbid, that the sword is really drawn in this distracted province, he will do his full duty to the King and will do it humanely by firing low with shotted muskets. In the mean time he is accomplishing as much for peace as any man in Boston who wears King George's livery."

Such were some of those whom Earl Percy entertained on Winter Street. He himself is shown by his pictures, and by letters and accounts which have come down to us, to have been a young man of courage and character, with a delicate high-bred face in which might be discerned just a tinge of melancholy, induced, very likely, by his unhappy domestic experience. For it was now five years since he had separated from that sprightly granddaughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whom he had made his wife in 1764, and of whom we are given a racy glimpse in the Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry.

Percy, not having a wife to whom he could send accounts of his American campaign, addressed his letters to his friends and kinsfolk overseas. And they, as good fortune would have it, preserved his communications carefully. At first the letters are disposed to undervalue the character and courage of the Americans but, little by little, there creeps in an appreciation of the resourcefulness of a people who could cope with a royal army, and parry blows inflicted by royal edicts. Under the heading "Camp at Boston, Aug. 21, 1774," he says:

"Their method of eluding that part of the Act [which swept away the rights of Massachusetts under the charter] relating to the town meetings is strongly characteristic of the people.

They say that since the town meetings are forbid by the Act, they shall not hold them, but as they do not see any mention made of county meetings, they shall hold *them* for the future. They therefore go a mile out of town, do just the same business there they formerly did in Boston, call it a county meeting, & so elude the Act. In short, I am certain that it will require a great length of time, much steadiness, and many troops, to reëstablish good order & government. . . ."

To his father, a month later, Earl Percy writes: "Things here are now drawing to a crisis every day. The People here openly oppose the new Acts. They have taken up Arms in almost every part of this Province, & have drove in the Govr & most of the Council. The few that remain in the country they have not only obliged to resign, but to take up arms with them. A few days ago, they mustered about 7000 men at Worcester, to wh place they have conveyed about 20 pieces of cannon. . . ."

For "the General's great lenity and moderation," Percy is beginning by this time to have only scant respect. He grants that Gage is behaving with exceeding "discretion and prudence," but he sees clearly, none the less, that the time for temporizing is almost past. With unmistakable pleasure he now writes that his superior officer has "given orders for fortifying the town."

A dawning respect for his opponents, too, is discernible in this letter, albeit the same is not very graciously expressed. "What makes an insurrection here always more formidable than in other places," he writes, "is that there is a law of this Province wh obliges every inhabitant to be furnished with a firelock, bayonet, & pretty considerable quantity of ammunition. Besides wh, every township is obliged by the same law to have a large magazine of all kind of military stores. They are, moreover, trained four times in each year, so that they do not make a despicable *appearance* as soldiers, tho' they were never yet known to behave themselves even decently in the field."

A pleasant touch of color is lent to Percy's next letter by his astonished reference to the Indian summer which Bostonians of to-day know so well. The date is October 27, 1774: "It was so warm yesterday," he writes, "and is again so warm to-day that I am obliged to sit with all my windows open. Nay, even this morning when I went to visit the outposts at daybreak it was quite mild and pleasant."

Earl Percy did his duty scrupulously, and there was probably very good ground for Dorothy Quincy's complaint that the morning exercises of the soldiers interrupted her beauty sleep.

"Things here grow more and more serious

every day," confides Percy to a military kinsman in England under date of November 1, 1774. " The Provl Congress at Cambridge have now come to resolutions which must be attended with fatal consequences to this country. They have voted an army of observation of 15,000 men, & have appointed a committee of 15 who are to have the conduct & management of the affairs of this Province; but they are particularly to take care that proper magazines are formed, & that their army is supplied with everything proper for carrying on war.

" They have chose Col. Ward, Col. Preble, & Col. Pomeroy, Genls to command this army, wh is to be divided for the winter into 3 corps: one at Charlestown, wh is just on the other side of the harbor from Boston, one at Roxbury, wh is just at the opposite end of the neck from Boston; & one at Cambridge wh is about 6m distant, & wh last place is to be Headquarters.

" It was for a long time debated in their councils whether they shd not form an encampment immediately, on some high ground just above Roxbury, & within random shot of our lines: but as the season was so far advanced the other plan was thot more advisable. As they only came to this resolution on the 29th of last month, they have not as yet assembled. If they really shd do so, I take it for granted the Genl will think it necessary to deprive them

of part of their quarters, at least by burning Charlestown and Roxbury directly.

"These resols they have kept private, for pretty good and substantial reasons, tho' those they have ventured to publish are not very moderate, as you may see by the enclosed newspaper. . . . Gen. Gage (by some conversation I have lately had with him on that subject) will, I fancy, be very earnest in his solicitations for more troops, & indeed, they will be absolutely wanted if we are to move into the country next spring to enforce the New Acts. For as this place is the fountain from whence spring all their mad & treasonable resolves & actions, it will be nec'y to leave a large corps here, to keep the town in order & protect the friends of Govt."

Obviously, Earl Percy and his superior officer had been deceived, just as it was meant they should be, into thinking the American force much larger than it really was at this time.

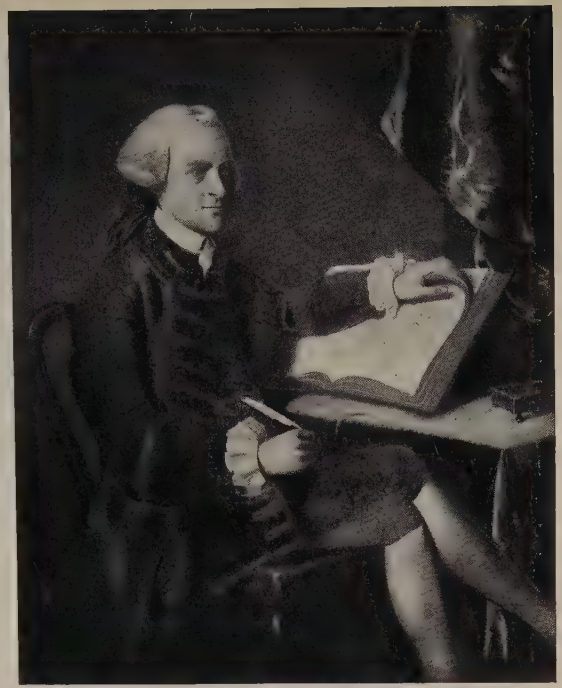
A letter of Percy's written about Christmas time, 1774, is interesting for its mention of "Mr. Paul Revere, a person who is employed by the Committee of Correspondence here as a messenger." Little did the writer think that Revere would soon, by his intrepidity and skill, defeat one of his own expeditions. The last Percy letter before the affair of April 19 is dated "Boston Apl 8. 1775," and begins:

"Things now every day grow more & more serious; A Vessel has arrived by accident here that has brought us a newspaper in which we have the joint address of the two Houses of Parliament to His Majesty; this has convinced the Rebels (for we may now legally call them so) that there is no hopes for them but by submitting to Parliament; they have therefore begun seriously to form their army & have already appointed all the Staff. They are every day in greater number evacuating this Town & have proposed in Congress, either to set it on Fire & attack the troops before a reinforcement comes, or to endeavor to starve us. Which they mean to adopt time only can show. The Genl however, has received no Acct whatever from Europe, so that, on our side no steps of any kind can be taken as yet. The Weather here for the last three weeks has been cold & disagreeable, a kind of second Winter. . . . I still continue to enjoy my Health perfectly & have very much surprised the Inhabitants here by going constantly all winter with my bosom open without a Great Coat. They own however that this was a remarkably mild winter."

To the Americans the mildness of the winter had been a great advantage, for it had enabled them to push their plans for resistance faster and farther than would otherwise have been possible. The Suffolk Resolves had been

adopted in September; on the fifth of October the members of the Massachusetts Assembly appeared at the Court House in Salem with the intention of holding their meeting there. But they were refused recognition by Gage, whereupon they resolved themselves into a Provincial Congress and adjourned to Concord. There on October 11, 1774, two hundred and sixty members, representing over two hundred towns, took their seats and elected John Hancock president and Benjamin Lincoln secretary. To Gage they promptly sent a message remonstrating against his hostile attitude. That personage responded by thundering recriminations at them. Shortly afterward, he issued a proclamation denouncing the Congress as "an unlawful assembly whose proceeding tended to ensnare the inhabitants of the Province and draw them into perjuries, riots, sedition, treason and rebellion."

Then the Congress adjourned to Cambridge, and appointed a committee of public safety, of which Hancock, Warren and Church were the Boston members. Even now, though, there was no intention to attack the British troops, only to make preparations for self-defence should that become necessary. In the Massachusetts *Gazette* and Boston Weekly News Letter of February 23, 1775, is published a resolution passed at the Provincial Congress in Cambridge



JOHN HANCOCK.
From the painting by Copley
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DR. WARREN.
From the painting by Copley
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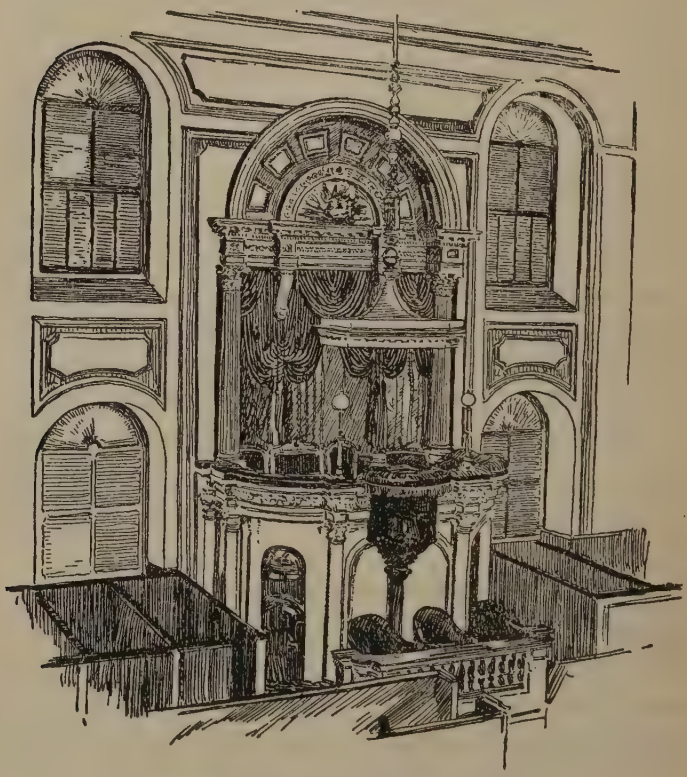
on February 17, and recommending that the militia drill as much as possible and that " such persons as are skilled in the Manufacturing of firearms & bayonets be encouraged diligently to apply themselves thereto for supplying such of the inhabitants as shall be deficient." This is signed by John Hancock as president.

From this time on events crowd. The fifth of March was at hand and Dr. Warren craved the privilege of delivering the customary address, in the Old South Meeting-House, in commemoration of the Boston Massacre. The actual date having fallen on Sunday, a warrant was issued for a town meeting to be held on March sixth. The trifling difficulty that town meetings were no longer permissible was got over by the announcement that this was an adjournment of the Port Bill Meeting of the June 17 preceding!

It required considerable nerve to speak in a patriotic strain just then, for Gage had now under his command eleven regiments of infantry and four companies of artillery. He had come to the point of using them, too, at least for threatening purposes. Some accounts tell us that the aisles of the church were so blocked by soldiers when the hour for Warren's " Massacre " speech arrived, that the orator of the occasion had to enter through a window back of the pulpit. It was known indeed that some at-

tempt was to be made to interrupt the meeting. But Samuel Adams had resolved to keep the peace if it were possible and so, when forty



INTERIOR OF THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH

British officers entered, he asked the civilians occupying the front seats to yield their places to the visitors.

At one point in the address an officer thus

seated held up a few pistol bullets in his open palm, but Warren, nothing daunted, dropped his handkerchief upon them and went on with his address. Yet he alluded feelingly to the "ruin" all around, and exclaimed in the course of his remarks: "Does some fiend, fierce from the depths of hell, with all the rancorous malice that the apostate damned can feel, twang her destructive bow, and hurl her deadly arrows at our breast? No, none of these; but how astonishing! It is the hand of Britain that inflicts the wound. The arms of George, our rightful king, have been employed to shed that blood which freely should have flowed at his command, when justice or the honor of his crown had called his subjects to the field."

Pretty fiery words these, and it seems strange, looking back, that the peace was not disturbed by them. It was afterwards learned that an attempt was to have been made to seize the persons of Adams, Hancock and Warren, and that a certain ensign had been appointed to give the signal for the others by throwing an egg at Dr. Warren in the pulpit. But the young fellow had a fall on the way to the meeting, which dislocated his knee and broke the egg, — on which account the scheme failed.

The time for blows was not yet quite ripe. From the newspapers of the day, it would appear indeed, that, outside of a certain limited

circle, life in Boston was going on much as usual. Thomas Turner, a dancing master, advertises for pupils quite as if no such thing as war was at hand, and the public entertainments of the day seem to have been well attended. One advertisement relative to a performance at a certain concert room is of interest. No checking system for wraps had then been devised, and as a result we come on such a notice as: "EXCHANGED, At Concert Hall, Thursday evening, the 16th of March, a long new blue Bath coating Surtout, which has a velvet Collar of the same Colour: Whoever is possessed of the above is requested the Favor to deliver yt to Joe at the British Coffee House, or leave it at the Concert Hall, where an old short blue surtout remains."

Yet this calm was only that which precedes the storm. Before March had blown itself out, a number of drunken British officers were hacking the fence before Hancock's house opposite the Common, and making it necessary for that gentleman to apply for a guard. The time was now close at hand when Hancock himself became the admitted object of a certain military manoeuvre still remembered by British soldiers.

To describe the Battle of Lexington from an American standpoint would not fit well into the scope of this chapter, but let us see how

Earl Percy regarded it. The official account sent by him to General Gage, the next day, was written at Boston and runs as follows:

"In obedience to your Excells orders I marched yesterday morning at 9 o'clk, with the first Brigade and 2 field pieces, in order to cover the retreat of the Grenadiers & Light Infy, on their return from the Expedition to Concord.

"As all the houses were shut up & there was not the appearance of a single inhabitant, I could get no intelligence concerning them till I had passed Menotomy, where I was informed that the Rebels had attacked His Majesty's Troops, who were retiring, overpowered by numbers, greatly exhausted & fatigued, & having expended almost all their ammunition. And about 2 o'clok I met them retiring through the Town of Lexington.

"I immediately ordered the 2 Field-pieces to fire at the Rebels, and drew up the Brigade on a height. The shot from the cannon had the desired effect, & stopped the Rebels for a little time, who immediately dispersed, & endeavoured to surround us, being very numerous. As it began now to grow pretty late, & we had 15 miles to retire, & only our 36 rounds I ordered the Grenadiers and Lgt Infy to move on first, & covered them with my Brigade, sending out very strong flanking parties, wh were absolutely

necessary, as there was not a stone-wall, or house, — though before in appearance evacuated, — from whence the Rebels did not fire upon us.

" As soon as they saw us begin to retire, they pressed very much upon our rear guard, which for that reason I relieved every now & then. In this manner we retired for 15 miles under an incessant fire all round us, till we arrived at Charlestown, between 7 & 8 in the even, very much fatigued with a march of above 30 miles, & having expended almost all our ammunition.

" We had the misfortune of losing a good many men in the retreat, tho' nothing like the number wh, from many circumstances, I have reason to believe were killed of the Rebels.

" His Majesty's Troops during the whole of the affair behaved with their usual intrepidity & spirit. . . ."

Unofficially, in a letter to the military friend who was one of his regular correspondents in England, Percy wrote that of his men sixty-five were killed, one hundred and fifty-seven wounded, and twenty-one missing. Of the officers, one was killed, fifteen were wounded and two were taken prisoners. " During the whole affair," he then went on, " the Rebels attacked us in a very scattered irregular manner, but with perseverance & resolution. . . . Whoever looks upon them as an irregular mob, will

find himself much mistaken. They have men amongst them who know very well what they are about, having been employed as Rangers agnst the Indians & Canadians, & this country being much covd with wood, and hilly, is very advantageous for their method of fighting.

" Nor are several of their men void of a spirit of enthusiasm, as we experienced yesterday, for many of them concealed themselves in houses, & advanced within 10 yds to fire at me & other officers, tho' they were morally certain of being put to death themselves in an instant. You may depend upon it, that as the Rebels have now had time to prepare, they are determined to go thro' with it, nor will the insurrection here turn out so despicable as it is perhaps imagined at home. For my part, I never believed, I confess, that they wd have attacked the King's troops, or have had the perseverance I found in them yesterday. I myself fortunately escaped very well, having only had a horse shot. . . ."

Lord Dartmouth, secretary of state for the Colonial department, was highly pleased with Percy's gallant conduct on this occasion. To the Earl's father, the Duke of Northumberland, he wrote: " Lord Dartmouth presents his compts to the Duke of Northd & has the honor to send His Grace two extracts from private letters from Boston, wh have been communi-

cated to him. . . . 'Ld Percy has acquired great honor, he was in every place of danger, cool, deliberate, & wise in all his orders.' . . . 'Ld Percy commanded and behaved with distinguished honor, & tho' he was continually in a shower of bullets, & an object that was much aimed at on horseback, came off unhurt.' Blackheath, 11 June, 1775."

As a reward for his gallantry, Percy was made " a Major-General in America," the commission being signed " at our Court at St. James, 22nd June, 1775." He led his men with spirit at the attack upon Fort Washington, in November, 1776, but, from an inability to agree with Howe, he took steps, in 1777, to obtain a recall. Two years later, he was divorced from his first wife, Lord Bute's daughter, and the same year he married again, — happily this time, and lived to a ripe old age. He seems in many ways the ablest soldier as well as the most gracious personality, of all the officers of the king who were stationed at Boston.

CHAPTER V

THE SPRIGHTLY CHRONICLES OF JOHN ANDREWS

AT the very time when Earl Percy was entertaining Boston Tories in his house at the northerly corner of Winter and Tremont streets a man who was later to occupy that house was writing from his home on School Street a series of letters in which may be found the most racy description available of the Boston of just that period. John Andrews — for that was this man's name — was a prosperous merchant with a good deal at stake, and he was by no means hot for war when he began, in 1772, to send to his brother-in-law in Philadelphia his impressions of the trend of things. But, as the years went on and the insolent encroachments of England increased he, as an honest man, came to range himself squarely on the side of the patriots. Yet he never gives a warped or one-sided view of the situation, and his narrative is relieved by many a touch of humor. In its way and for the limited period with which it deals, these letters are almost as

enlightening as is Sewall's Diary concerning his time. I therefore give them here at some length.

Andrews believed in civic progress; with undisguised delight he writes: " March 15, 1773, our very respectable Town meeting have voted to have 300 lamps properly to light this town — a thing I have long wished for." The next day he adds to his journal letter: " I suppose you must have seen reprinted in your papers the messages passing to and from our Governor and house of Representatives respecting the most important matter of right of parliament to tax America, which have been very lengthy on both sides, frequently filling up near a whole paper. We have had an innovation here never known before — a Drum or Rout given by the Admiral past Saturday evening, which did not break up till 2 or 3 o'clock on Sunday morning, their chief amusement being playing cards." How Sewall would have quoted Scripture after recording that! But John Andrews, characteristically, presents his gossip without comment, and runs it in, with no attempt at easy transition, hard on the heels of his politics.

The sensation aroused by the discharge upon Boston of the Hutchinson letters is very interesting as reflected in this contemporary letter:

" June 4, 1773, The minds of people are

greatly agitated on account of some original letters that have been sent from London to the General Court that were wrote some three or four years since by the Governor and Lieutenant Governor and Auchmuty &C., very much to the prejudice of the province, and recommending or rather urging y^e^ necessity of all ye measures which have been lately taken with us: also pointing out the absolute necessity of taking off five or six of the leaders in the opposition, such as Otis, Adams &C enumerating their several names; without which, they say, it is impracticable to accomplish their plans. The Lieutenant Governor strongly recommends in one of his letters his son Daniel as Secretary for y^e^ province. Thus much has transpired respecting them as they are enjoined not to be published."

Poor Hutchinson! These were *private letters* which he had written to friends in England, and which, having by some means fallen into the hands of Benjamin Franklin, — then agent of Massachusetts in London, — were sent by him to Hancock. The latter was quick to see in the letters a chance to fan to fever heat the smouldering resentment towards the Governor, and had given all possible publicity to the unfortunate remarks therein. The letters were printed in Boston June 16, 1773, and as a result of what the Americans insisted on reading

into them a formal petition was sent to the king for the removal of their odious writer.

The militia had now come to the point of training regularly on the Common, and as Andrews sat writing his letter his eyes were "almost every moment taken off with the agreeable sight of our militia companies marching past. . . . Were you to see them you'd scarcely believe your eyes, they are so strangely metamorphos'd. From making the most despicable appearance they now vie with the best troops in his majesties service, being dressed all in blue uniforms, with drums and fifes to each company dressed in white uniforms trimmed in the most elegant manner; with a company of Grenadiers in red with every other apparatus, that equal any regular Company I ever saw both in regard to appearance and discipline, having a grand band of musick consisting of eight that play nearly equal to that of the 64th. What crowns all is the Cadet company, being perfectly compleat and under the best order you can conceive of, with a band of musick likewise, that perform admirably well. What with these and Paddock's company of artillery make ye compleatest militia in America; . . . In addition to all this the Town House is fitted up in the most elegant manner, with the whole of the outside painted of a stone color, which gives it a fine appearance."

Enter now the *dramatis personæ* of the famous Tea Drama! . . . "Arrived Saturday evening . . . the detested Tea. What will be done with it, I can't say: but I tremble for y^e^ consequences should y^e^ consignees still persist in their obstinacy and not consent to reship it. They have softened down so far as to offer it to the care of the Council or the town till such times as they hear from their friends in England, but am perswaded, from the present dispositions of y^e^ people that no other alternative will do, than to have it immediately sent back to London again. . . . Y^e^ bells are ringing for a general muster, and a third vessel is now arriv'd in Nantasket road. Handbills are stuck up, calling upon Friends! Citizens! and Countrymen!"

Several of these handbills are in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and one which was reproduced in Draper's *Gazette* of November 3, 1773, reads as follows:

"To the Freemen of this and the neighboring towns:

"Gentlemen, — You are desired to meet at Liberty Tree, this day at twelve o'clock at noon; then and there to hear the persons to whom the tea shipped by the East India Company is consigned, make a public resignation of their office as consignees, upon oath; and

also swear that they will reship any teas that may be consigned to them by said Company by the first vessel sailing for London.

"O. C. SECRETARY.

"☞ Show us the man that dare take this down."

On December 1, 1773, Mr. Andrews writes: "Having just return'd from Fire Club, and am now, in company with the two Miss Masons and Mr. Williams of your place, at Sam. Eliot's, who has been dining with him at Col°. Hancock's and acquaints me that Mr. Palfrey sets off Express for New York and Philadelphia at five o'clock tommorrow morning, to communicate y^e^ transactions of this town respecting the tea. . . . The consignees have all taken their residence at the Castle, as they still persist in their refusal to take the tea back. Its not only y^e^ town, but the country are unanimous against the landing it, and at Monday and Tuesday Meetings, they attended to the number of some hundreds from all the neighboring towns within a dozen miles."

The next letter, dated December 18, 1773, was all worn to shreds when the editor of the series, Winthrop Sargent, transcribed it. Its battered condition was due, doubtless, to its having been passed from one curious hand to

another. The matter in it is the most extraordinary to be found in any original document of American history.

" . . . Such is the calm composure of the people that a stranger would hardly think that ten thousand pounds sterling of the East India Company's tea was destroy'd the night or rather evening before last, yet it's a serious truth; and if yours together with the other Southern provinces, should rest satisfied with their quota being stor'd, poor Boston will feel the whole weight of ministerial vengeance. However, its the opinion of most people that we stand an equal chance now, whether troops are sent in consequence of it or not; whereas, had it been stored, we should inevitably have had 'em, — to enforce the sale of it.

" The affair was transacted with the greatest regularity and dispatch. Mr. Rotch, finding he exposed himself, not only to the loss of his ship but for y^e^ value of the tea, in case he sent her back without it [the tea], *without a clearance from the custom house* as y^e^ Admiral kept a ship in readiness to make a seizure of it whenever it should sail under those circumstances; therefore declined complying with his former promises, and absolutely declared his vessel should not carry it without a proper clearance could be procured or he to be indemnified for the value of her: — when a general muster

was assembled, from this and all y^e^ neighboring towns, to the number of five or six thousand, at 10 o'clock Thursday morning in the Old South Meeting House, where they passed a unanimous vote that the tea should go out of the harbour that afternoon, and sent a committee with Mr. Rotch to y^e^ Custom house to demand a clearance, which the collector told 'em was not in his power to give, without the duties being first paid. They then sent Mr. Rotch to Milton to ask a pass from y^e^ Governor, who sent for answer that 'consistent to the rules of government and his duty to the King he could not grant one without they produced a previous clearance from the office.'

"By the time he returned with this message the candles were light in the house, and upon reading it, such prodigious shouts were made that induced me, while drinking tea at home, to go out and know the cause of it. The house was so crowded I could go no farther than the porch, when I found the moderator was just declaring the meeting to be dissolved, which caused another general shout, outdoors and in, and three cheers. What with that and the consequent noise of breaking up the meeting, you'd have thought that the inhabitants of the infernal regions had broke loose. For my part, I went contentedly home and finished my tea, but was soon informed what was going

forward: but still, not crediting it without occular demonstration, I went and was satisfied. They mustered, I'm told on Fort Hill, to the number of about two hundred, and proceeded two by two to Griffin's wharf, where . . . before nine o'clock in the evening every chest from on board the three vessels was knocked to pieces and flung over the sides. They say the actors were Indians from Narragansett. Whether they were or not, to a transient observer they appeared as such, being cloathed in Blankets with the heads muffled, and copper color'd countenances, being each armed with a hatchet or axe and pair of pistols. . . . Should not have troubled you with this by this post hadn't I thought you would be glad of a more particular account of so important a transaction, than you could have obtained by common report.

"Sunday evening, I give you joy of your easy riddance of the banefull herb; being just informed by the arrival of the post that its gone from whence it came. You may bless your stars that you have not a H—n and board of Commissioners resident with you. I forgot to acquaint you last evening that a brig belonging to one of the consignees is at shore on ye back of Cape Cod, drove thither by a storm last Fryday week who has the last quota of Tea for this place, being 58 chests, which com-

pleats the 400. — Am informed some Indians were met on y^e^ road to Plimouth, which is almost fifty miles this side of Cape Cod. Its unlucky that brig has y^e^ lamps on board for illuminating our streets. Am sorry if they are lost, as we shall be deprived of their benefit this winter in consequence of it."

(The lamps were not lost. John Rowe's Diary for March 3, 1774, records: "Last evening the Lamps were Lighted for the first time — they Burnt Tolerable Well.")

"April 14, 1774. Have enclosed you the anniversary oration delivered by Col. Hancock. Its generally allowed to be a good composition and asserted to be his own production both spirited and nervous."

As a matter of fact this oration was written by Samuel Adams. That wise "master of the puppets" saw very clearly that it would avail more to the cause if fiery arguments seemed for once to proceed from a rich and well-born gentleman like Hancock. (On another occasion Hancock read as his own a speech which had been written for him by Theophilus Parsons and, when he concluded, one of his friends hastily took the manuscript from him that the handwriting might not be observed. Hancock appears to have lent himself without scruple to these little deceptions, very likely because

he really believed that the "salvation of the nation" rested upon him, and that any such expedient was, therefore, justifiable.)

General Gage, upon his arrival in Boston, was given a very hearty welcome, — chiefly, as it would seem, because he was to supersede Hutchinson. Andrews describes the affair thus: "Our Militia was yesterday mustered for the reception of General Gage, who was proclaimed Governor, amid the acclamations of the people. He expressed himself as sensible of the unwelcome errand he came upon, but . . . would do all in his power to serve us. Whether they were only words or not of course can't say; am a little doubtfull. There was an elegant entertainment provided for him at Faneuil Hall, and after a number of toasts gave by him in which the prosperity of the town of Boston was included, he gave Governor Hutchinson, which was received by a general hiss. . . . The damned arch traitor, as he is called, is very much chagrined at being superseded, as its only last Thursday when he gave orders for repairs to his houses in town and country, and upon the workman's suggestions that he would be succeeded soon, he said it was like many other reports that prevailed, for that he had all the satisfaction he could wish for or expect from home and every part of his conduct was entirely approved of, and left to his option

whether to enjoy the Government or go to England."

This spectacle of a workman hinting to a royal governor that he has come about to the end of his rope is delicious, I think. It shows that the day of democracy had very nearly dawned in America.

They that dance must pay the piper, however, and Boston was to be charged a very high price for her late contumacy in the matter of the tea. John Andrews records gloomily on June 12, 1774: " They intend to deprive us of all trade in the future. . . . Our wharfs are entirely deserted; not a topsail vessel to be seen either there or in the harbor, save the ships of war and transport, the latter of which land their passengers in this town tommorrow. Four regiments are already arrived and four more expected. How they are to be disposed of can't say. Its gave out that if the General Court dont provide barracks for 'em they are to be quartered on the inhabitants in the fall: if so I am determined not to stay."

A few months after this Andrews describes categorically what has come to be known as the Erskine incident, — the shocking conduct of fifteen officers " at a house towards New Boston improved by one of the Miss Erskines (a family noted for their hospitality and kindness to strangers, in admitting all comers to their

b—d and board),"—an offence against decency which was promptly reported to Earl Percy, "who expressed himself much displeased with the officers' conduct, and said he would take effectual means to prevent the like behavior in future."

Quite a Sewall touch may be found, later in this same letter (of August 1, 1774), wherein a wedding is described at which Andrews and his wife "Ruthy" were present. "We were entertained with a very pretty collation, consisting of cold ham, cold roast beef, cake cheese &c." Then without any break Andrews continues: "Among the innumerable hardships we suffer, that of not being suffered to convey any sort of merchandize across the ferry is not the least; whereby we are necessitated to receive every kind of goods from Marblehead or Salem via Cambridge, which adds one third to the length of the way, which is attended with the expence of eight dollars a load for about 28 or 30 miles, or 40 ′ lawful money at y^{e} lowest rate it is done for. It is no uncommon thing to hear the carriers and waggoners, when they pass a difficult place in y^{e} road, to whip their horses and damn Lord North alternately:—. . . I think myself well off to take cash enough to supply the necessary demands of my family and you may as well ask a man for the teeth out of his head as to

request the payment of money which he owes you. . . . Notwithstanding which there seems to be ease contentment and perfect composure in the countenance of almost every person you meet in the streets, which conduct very much perplexes the Governor and others, our lords and masters, that they are greatly puzzled and know not what to do or how to act, as they expected very different behavior from us. I hope we shall have resolution and virtue enough to observe a steady course and not give them the least advantage by any misconduct of our own, much more to quiet any dissensions among ourselves that may tend to disturb that harmony so necessary to the welfare of us all.

"August 11. . . . The ultimate wish and desire of the high Government party is to get Samuel Adams out of the way, when they think they may accomplish every of their plans: but however some may despise him he has certainly very many friends. For not long since some persons (their names unknown) sent and asked his permission to build him a new barn, the old one being decayed, which was executed in a few days. A second sent to ask leave to repair his house, which was thoroughly effected soon. A third sent to beg the favor of him to call at a taylor's shop and be measured for a suit of cloathes and chuse his cloth, which were finished and sent home for

his acceptance. A fourth presented him with a new whig, a fifth with a new Hatt, a sixth with six pair of the best silk hose, a seventh with six pair of fine thread ditto, a eighth with six pair shoes, and a ninth modestly enquired of him whether his finances want rather low than otherwise. He replyed it was true that was the case but he was very indifferent about these matters so that his poor abilities was of any service to the Publick; upon which the Gentlemen obliged him to accept of a purse containing about 15 or 20 Johannes. I mention this to show you how much he is esteemed here. They value him for his good sense, great abilities, amazing fortitude, noble resolution, and undaunted courage; being firm and unmoved at all the various reports which were propagated in regard to his being taken up and sent home notwithstanding he had repeated letters from his friends, both in England as well as here, to keep out of the way."

The gift of clothes to which Andrews here refers was for the purpose of making Adams decent for his journey to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia.

"Like the African habituated to slavery, I begin now to be a little reconciled to a loss of business and an inactive state of life," writes Andrews humorously under date of August 16, 1774. This letter is further interesting by reason

of its account of an important meeting of " the Cadet company at Faneuil Hall. Col°. Hancock communicated to them a letter he had received from the Secretary, by order of the Governor, dismissing him from any further service as Captain of that Company: when they passed a vote to return their Colors to his Excellency, and acquaint him that they should not in future esteem themselves as his body guard; as also to deliver their Equipage, Musical instruments &c into Colonel Hancock's keeping till some future time, being determined not to appear under any other leader while he lives, as by the establishment of the Company they have a right to choose their own officers."

Even the rather timorous John Andrews is beginning now to see that a clash of more or less seriousness is inevitable. On August 20 he writes: " When I reflect on the unhappy situation we are in I can't but be uneasy less the trade of the town should never be reinstated again: but, on the other hand, when I consider that our future welfare depends altogether upon a steady and firm adherence to the common cause, I console myself with the thoughts that, if, after using every effort in our power, we are finally obliged to submit, we shall leave this testimony behind us, that, not being able to stem the stream, we were of necessity borne down by the torrent. You can

have no just conception," he naïvely continues, "how sensibly I am affected in my business. If you'll believe me (though I have got near two thousand sterling out in debts and about as much more in stock) I have not received above eighty or ninety pounds Lawful money from both resources for above two months past; though, previous to the port's being shut, I thought it an ordinary day's work if I did not carry home from 20 to 40 dollars every evening!"

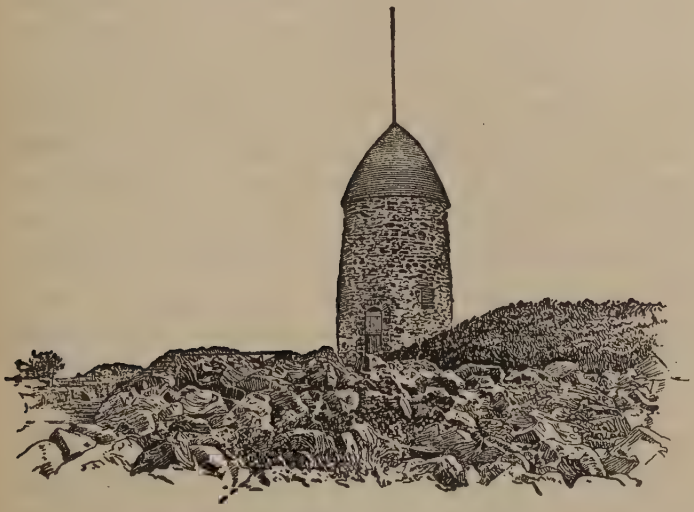
An interesting glimpse of the military display in which the British then in Boston indulged is afforded by this passage in the letters.

"At sunset last evening I amused myself with a walk in the Mall, and could not but admire at the subservient honors paid his Excellency, being attended by five or six field officers and two or three aid de camps with eight orderly sergents at an awful distance in the rear: parading up the street from Sheriff Greenleaf's he met with 'Squire Edson (a mere plowjogger to look at) one of the new-fangled refugee councellors, whose townsmen at Bridgewater, after some exhortation, thought proper to send him to Coventry, nor would they even deign to sing ye psalm after his reading it, being a deacon of the parish, such is the detestation in which they are all held that refuse to resign. His Excellency, after about ten minutes earnest conversation with him, proceeded to Earl Percy's

who occupies a house at the head of Winter street, belonging to Inspector Williams. While he went in his attendants of high and low rank stood waiting at the gate like so many menial slaves. . . .

"September the 1st. Yesterday in the afternoon two hundred and eighty men were draughted from the severall regiments in the common and furnished with a day's provision each, to be in readiness to march early in the morning. Various were the conjectures respecting their destination, but this morning the mystery is unravelled for a sufficient number of boats from the Men of War and transports took 'em on board between 4 and 5 o'clock this morning, and proceeding up Mistick river landed them at the back of Bob Temple's house, from whence they proceeded to the magazine [The Old Powder House], situated between that town and Cambridge, conducted by Judge Oliver, Sheriff Phips and Joseph Goldthwait, and are now at this time (8 o'clock) taking away the powder from thence, being near three hundred barrells, belonging to the Province, which they are lodging in Temple's barn, for conveniency to be transported to the Castle, I suppose. . . . September 3, As a continuation of the other sheet must observe to you that between three and four thousand [of our men] remained upon the field in Cambridge till night,

when they peaceably returned each one to his own house, but not till they had procured a written acknowledgement from Governor Oliver that he would give up his seat in Councill. . . . They also procured a written obligation from



OLD POWDER HOUSE, SOMERVILLE

Sheriff Phips . . . that he would not act officially in any case upon the principal of y^e^ new establishment. It is worthy remark that Judge Lee observed to 'em, after he had made his resignation that he never saw so large a number of people together and preserve so peaceable order before in his life. . . . Sunday September the 4th The Commander in Chief asked the Lieutenant Governor how many the

mob consisted of that were before his house. He told him about four thousand, but they were not a mob by any means, but consisted of the leading men in the county and reputable substantial farmers."

Upon this incident, at the house which was afterwards the home of Elbridge Gerry and which is now a shrine for pilgrims because of its associations with James Russell Lowell, we may well pause for a moment. It is certainly one of the most remarkable chronicled by Andrews. For Thomas Oliver was a great deal of a person and by his marriage to Elizabeth Vassall he was intimately connected with all the leading Cambridge loyalists. Until 1774 Oliver had had little to do with politics and his appointment by the Crown to the post of lieutenant-governor, in that year, was at the suggestion of Hutchinson, who probably thought he would be unobjectionable to the people. But, as lieutenant-governor, he was also presiding officer of the so-called "Mandamus Council," a body which was the special object of patriot resentment. The people were resolved Oliver should resign the post. He, accordingly, did so after the following form:

"CAMBRIDGE, September 2, 1774.

"I, Thomas Oliver, being appointed by his majesty to a seat at the Council Board, upon

and in conformity to the Act of Parliament, entitled An act for the better regulation of the Provinces of Massachusetts Bay, which, being a manifest infringement of the Charter rights and privileges of the people, I do hereby, in conformity to the commands of the body of the County now convened, most solemnly promise and engage, as a man of honor and a Christain that I never will hereafter upon any terms whatever accept a seat at said board on the present novel and oppressive plan of government. My house at Cambridge being surrounded by about four thousand people, in compliance with their command I sign my name

"THOMAS OLIVER."

Governor Gage appears to have now decided that the time had come for him to move into Boston. On September 8 Andrews writes: "As the Governor, Commissioners, and indeed all the Governmental gentry have taken up their residence in town for the Winter, the 59th regiment is expected from Salem immediately. They have fixed the colors and laid out the ground for their encampment at y^e^ side of y^e^ Neck near y^e^ Windmill. Yesterday, between one and two o'clock P. M. the General, with a large Parade of attendants, took a survey of the skirts of the town; more particularly that

part opposite the country shore. Tis supposed they intend to erect Batteries there to prevent

MILITARY HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL GAGE

any incursions of the country people from that quarter, having effectually secured the Neck

by the disposition of the Field Pieces; and their caution extends so far as to have a guard patrole Roxbury streets at all hours of the night, as well as another posted at Charlestown ferry every night, after the evening gun fires."

A vivid picture of the treatment commonly meted out to the Tories is found in Andrews' letter of September 9.

"Colonel Frye of Salem . . . has resigned all his posts of honor and profit. Indeed necessity obliged him to as he and his family were in danger of starving; for the country people would not sell him any provisions, and the inhabitants, however well disposed any might be to him, dare not procure him any. . . . The present temper of the people throughout the Province is such that they won't suffer a tory to remain anywhere among 'em without making an ample recantation of his principles; and those who presume as to be so obstinate as not to comply, are obliged to take up residence in this city of refuge. . . ."

Petty attacks made upon citizens by groups of soldiers, and the great difficulty experienced by General Gage in finding workmen to build barracks for his men occupy Andrews' attention throughout the greater part of his September letters. Then, on the twenty-sixth, he writes: "Sometime this day the Governor had a conference with Col. Hancock, requesting

him to use his influence with the committee to reconsider their vote respecting the barracks. The Colonel observed to him that he had taken every possible measure to distress *us:* . . . He likewise told him that he had been threatened and apprehended his person was in danger, as it had been gave out that he deserved to be hanged: upon which the Governor told him that he might have a guard, if he chose it, to attend him night and day. You will naturally conclude that he declined accepting. . . .

" September 27th. At four o'clock yesterday afternoon, the workmen all packed up their tools and left the barracks, frames &c; so that I am apprehensive we in the town will feel ill effects of it, as it has been given out that the troops will force quarters next month, if barracks are not provided for 'em; neither should I blame them for so doing, as the nights are so cold already that it's impossible for 'em to sleep comfortable under their slight canvas tents. And as to empty houses, now since we have got so many refugees among us, there is not half sufficient to hold what troops we have got already here. After the carpenters had left off work, the General sent Col. Robinson and Major Sheaffe to Mr. Hancock to let him know [that] if they would proceed with the barracks, he [Gage] could suffer anything to be transported within the limits of the harbour,

under the sanction of King's stores; but all would not avail, — as they very justly supposed, that after the work was compleated he would withdraw the indulgence, as he deems it. . . ."

A delightful snap-shot of Yankee character is given us by Andrews under the date of October first.

"It's common for the Soldiers to fire at a target fixed in the stream at the bottom of the Common. A countryman stood by a few days ago and laughed very heartily at the whole regiment's firing and not one being able to hit it. The officer observed him and asked why he laughed? Perhaps you'll be affronted if I tell you replied the countryman. No, he would not, he said. Why then says he, I laugh to see how awkward they fire. Why, I'll be bound I hit it ten times running. Ah! will you, reply'd the officer; come try: Soldiers, go and bring five of the best guns and load 'em for this honest man. Why, you need not bring so many: let me have any one that comes to hand reply'd the other but I choose to load myself. He accordingly loaded and asked the officer where he should fire? He replied to the right — when he pulled trigger and dropped the ball as near the right as possible. The officer was amazed and said he could not do it again, as that was only by chance. He loaded again. Where shall

I fire? To the left — when he performed as well as before. Come! once more, says the officer. — He prepared the third time, — where shall I fire *naow?* In the center. He took aim and the ball went as exact in the middle as possible. The officers as well as soldiers stared, and tho't the Devil was in the man. Why, says the countryman, I'll tell you *naow.* I have got a boy at home that will toss up an apple and shoot out all the seeds as it's coming down! . . .

" One more anecdote, Bill, and I'll close this barren day. When the 59th regiment came from Salem and were drawn up on each side of the Neck a remarkable tall countryman, near eight feet high, strutted between 'em at the head of his waggon, looking very sly and contemptuously on one side and t'other; which attracted the notice of the whole regiment. — Ay, ay, says he, you don't know what boys we have got in the country. I am near nine feet high and one of the smallest among 'em."

Poor Gage was made miserable by such countrymen as that. Their resourcefulness and touchiness was amazing, and, of course, they took a wicked joy in harrying him. " They are continually sending Committees upon one errand or another," records John Andrews, " which has caused the Governor to say that he can do very well with the Boston Selectmen, but the damned country committees plague his

soul out, as they are very obstinate and hard to be satisfied. This day (October 5, 1774) a deputation of twelve came to town with a very spirited remonstrance from the body of Worcester County, which consists of five and forty towns; where they have incorporated seven regiments consisting of a thousand men each, chose their officers and turn out twice a week to perfect themselves in the military art — which are called minute men, i. e. to be ready at a minute's warning with a fortnight's provision, and ammunition and arms. . . . At Newbury bridge they have got an Old Man fixed with a drum, who, as soon as he observes a government man enter, parades with his drum beating and proclaims through the town, ' a tory come to town.'

" October 14 A committee from the provincial Congress waited upon the Governor this afternoon, with an address or remonstrance. He treated them very politely but would not allow it to be read to him. He told them he would consider whether he could admit of an address from a provincial congress. Colonel Lee of Marblehead, their chairman, told him that admit or not admit, times were such now that something must be done and that it was highly necessary that they should be heard and regarded. Upon which his Excellency told him he would take it as a favor if he would leave it

for his perusal, and he would endeavor to give them all the satisfaction in his power consistent with his duty to his Majesty.

PROVINCE HOUSE, WHERE GENERAL GAGE LIVED WHILE IN BOSTON

" October 25. By a vessel just arrived from Bristol, we have accounts rather more favorable than heretofore, as they now begin to view the

Port Bill in its true light, and have opened subscriptions, both in London and Bristol, for the relief of this town. Am told that one alderman in the former city put down five hundred pounds sterling — which circumstance has served in a great measure to compose the minds of the people here, as one third of the inhabitants, by reason of things looking very dark lately, are in pursuit of houses in the country, in order to remove with their families. . . . Am determined for my own part not to think of anything of the kind but to stay here as long as I can get provisions to eat and can go and come where I please. . . . We have had so remarkable a fine season that many bushes that had lost their leaves are rebudded again — and in some Gardens in town they have trees that are in blossom; this, and several preceding days, have been as warm as in June."

The next entry of interest to us is that of "December 18th. The Somerset of 74 guns arrived this forenoon, being the last of the squadron that came out with the Scarborough." Then, on December 25, — which, it is interesting to note, John Andrews does not call Christmas day, — "The packet has brought credentials that dub William Pepperell a Night, for his steady adherence to the Government side in not resigning his Councellorship — a

bauble he has been seeking after a long time, and could not procure it when at home, because not worth an estate of three thousand a year — the most he could presume upon being seven hundred."

Pepperell's house — then worth "seven hundred" ? — is still standing in Kittery, Maine; from this mansion it was that he escaped to Boston after the people of his own county (York), had passed, on November 16, 1774, a resolution in which he was declared to have "forfeited the confidence and friendship of all true friends of American liberty, and ought to be detested by all good men." Pepperell was a grandson of the hero of Louisburg and had married the beautiful Elizabeth Royall, daughter of Isaac Royall, who built the fine old mansion which still stands, bearing his name, in Medford, Massachusetts. Lady Pepperell, it is sad to note, died of small-pox on the vessel which was bearing her and Sir William from Boston to the more congenial soil of England, directly after John Andrews wrote the letter just quoted. Her husband was allowed £500 annually by the home government and treated with much deference. He was the good friend of all refugees from America, and entertained hospitably at his pleasant home. He died in Portman Square, London, December, 1816, at the age of seventy. He appears to have been

sincerely devoted to the king's cause from the first, and so does not merit the anathema often bestowed upon him as a turncoat.

John Andrews begins quite blithely the year now at hand: "January 1, 1775. With wishing you a happy new year, Bill, I must add my wishes that we may have a less troublesone year than last and that Great Britain may see her error in distressing the Colonies, and restore to them their just rights and liberties; that we may once more see that harmony prevail which formerly used to subsist between them." By the next day, however, Andrews seems to have concluded that there was very little chance of harmony, for he writes: "This afternoon, an officer of the 10th regiment, one Dunlap, an ensign, being warm or rather frantic with liquor, stopped a man who drives a waggon between Salem and here, in union street, and ordered him to turn out of the way for him to walk on. The waggoner refused; he made no more words but struck across the face with a hickory stick, upon which the waggoner closed in upon him, took his stick from him and beat him pretty decently. . . . January 4, The Discontent of the Soldiers has become so general that they have doubled all the guards and made one or two regiments lay under arms, as well as that they have fixed a field-piece in the Centre of the town to be fired in case of a mutiny, whereby all

those that are not concerned in it are to appear under arms."

"This morning we had quite a novel sight," writes Andrews, with real journalistic enthusiasm, on January 6. "The Sailors belonging to the Transports consisting of about 30 or 40 dressed in white shirts ornamented with various colored ribbons disposed crossways on their bodies with knots and garlands, paraded each side of a long rope dragging a plow, accompanied with one compleatly tarred and feathered, representing a he Devil, together with a She Devil and an attendant, each furnished with a bag to collect money, stopping every person of genteel appearance to request a remembrance of old England, wishing 'em a merry Christmas. The former looked as compleately like a deveil as the most fertile invention could form an idea of or picture. The General gave them two half Joes, and it is supposed that they collected at least forty guineas. The design of it was to celebrate the twelfth night or the breaking up of Christmas."

Those in high places were glad enough to have the soldiers amuse themselves. For the poor fellows were dying at an alarming rate. "Scarce a day passes without three or four soldiers' funerals," Andrews records, "a spot of ground at the bottom of the common being

allotted for them, which they have improved for upwards of a hundred already."

The Queen's birthday — January 18 — was duly celebrated by the army and painstakingly described by our indefatigable letter-writer: "In the afternoon a large company of officers assembled at the Coffee House, with a band of Musick in the balcony, and the King's own grenadiers upon the opposite side of the street; when upon every toast they gave three chears, after which one of their number came out to the balcony and announced it to the Commander of the Granadiers, who thereupon ordered a volley to be fired, when the music struck up and after that succeeded the drums. This they continued till near nine o'clock. Among their toasts was . . . Confusion to the American Army, — Lord North — with a number of such exasperating toasts, which the populace which were gathered upon the occasion took no notice of, save the last, when they gave a general hiss and exclaimed damn him, upon which the announcer of the toast cryed bless him, which was retorted upon him by frequent curses and execrations, [so] that the Grenadiers were ordered to clear the streets with their bayonets. . . ."

It was about a fortnight after this that there occurred the famous remonstrance of the schoolboys whose coasting privileges were being curtailed. Andrews tells the story thus: "Shall

close this letter by giving you a small anecdote, relating to some of our school lads — who as formerly in this season improved the Coast from Sherburn's hill down to School street. General Haldiman, improving the house that belongs to Old Cook, his servant took it upon him to cut up their coast and fling ashes upon it. The lads made a muster and chose a committee to wait upon the General, who admitted them and heard their complaint, which was couched in very genteel terms complaining that their fathers before 'em had improved it as a coast for time immemorial &c. He ordered his servant to repair the damage, and acquainted the Governor with the affair, who observed that it was impossible to beat the notion of Liberty out of the people as it was rooted in from their Childhood."

A sidelight upon the religious situation in Boston, just at this time, is afforded by Andrews in a letter dated March 18, 1775.

"An express came to the Governor with letters by the packet on Wednesday evening but nothing transpired but to a few of his refugee councellors, who have been observed ever since to be much crest-fallen. Old Bl—e (Parson Byle, the Tory wit?) was heard to exclaim yesterday — 'We shall lose the day. Good God! what will become of us?' A certain Reverend Doctor of the Establish'd Church in this town

has lately said that he would rather wade up to his knees in blood, than that the Ministry should give way. Thursday was observed here

THE OLD WEST CHURCH, WHOSE SERVICE WAS DISTURBED BY BRITISH SOLDIERS. THE BUILDING IS NOW USED AS A BRANCH PUBLIC LIBRARY

as a general fast. An officer, with men from the 4th Regiment in Barracks at West Boston, erected a couple of tents just at the back of Howard's meeting and conducted a parcell of

fifes and drums there, which played and beat Yanky Doodle the whole forenoon service time, to the great interruption of the congregation. They intended to repeat the same in the afternoon but were prevented by orders from the General. The officers behave more like a parcell of children, of late, than men. Captain —— of the Royal Irish first exposed himself by behaving in a very scandalous manner at the South meeting, while Dr. Warren was delivering the oration in commemoration of the Massacre. He got pretty decently frightened for it. A woman, among the rest, attacked him, and threatened to wring his nose! . . .

" Monday morning, Our provincial congress is to meet next month at Concord, when, I am told, there is to [be] an army of observation encamped consisting of twenty thousand men. Am also informed that the congress have expended near a million in our Old tenor for ammunition and provisions. This I know, that they have had upwards of fifty ton of shot, shell &c cast besides an innumerable number of Musket balls. Have seen twenty load covered with dung to go out of town myself, but lately all carts have been searched by the Guards, and unluckily, last Saturday evening a load of cartridges were seized packed in candle boxes, consisting of 13500 besides 4 boxes balls. The countryman struggled hard before he would

deliver 'em and received two or three bad wounds. The same evening eight or nine officers paraded the streets and abused every person they met, but finally met with their matches and were all made to lay level with the ground. — and yesterday four Sergeants and as many men were sent to insult John Hancock, under pretence of seeing if his stables would do for barracks. He went directly to the General who ordered a party there, but they were gone. The General told him if he was any ways insulted again to write a billet and send it by a servant, and he would immediately redress him — but it seems the officers and soldiers are a good deal disaffected towards the Governor, thinking, I suppose, that he is partial to the inhabitants; many of the latter have made no scruples to call him an Old Woman." (Gage had married an American and his officers inclined to a feeling that his wife influenced her husband in favor of the rebels. For years, indeed, it has been thought that it was through Mrs. Gage that the plans of the British on the night of April 18, became known; but, in our next chapter, we shall have something to advance which may, perhaps, be held to exonerate that lady.)

The affair of April 19 is now at hand. Before leaving the letters of John Andrews, let us follow the story of that encounter as he tells it.

On the very day after the skirmish he writes: "... Last Saturday P. M. orders were sent to the several regiments quartered here not to let their Grenadiers or light Infantry do any duty till further orders, upon which the inhabitants conjectured that some secret expedition was on foot and being on the look out, they observed those bodies upon the move the evening before last, observing a perfect silence in the march towards a point opposite Phip's farm, where [boats?] were in waiting that conveyed 'em over. The men appointed to alarm the country upon such occasions got over by stealth as early as they [could] and took their different routs.

"The first advice we had was about eight o'clock in the morning when it was reported that the troops had fired upon and killed five men in Lexinton — previous to which an officer came express to his Excellency Governor Gage, when between eight and nine o'clock a brigade marched out under the command of Earl Piercy, consisting of the Marines, the Welch fusilers, the 4th Regiment, the 47th and two field pieces. About twelve o'clock it was gave out by the General's Aide camps that no person was killed and that a single gun had not been fired, which report was variously beleived — but between one and two certain accounts came that eight were killed outright and

fourteen wounded of the inhabitants of Lexinton — who had about forty men drawn out early in the morning near the meeting house to exercise. The party of the Light Infantry and Grenadiers, to the number of about eight hundred, came up to them and ordered them to disperse. The commander of them reply'd that they were only innocently amusing themselves with exercise, that they had not any ammunition with 'em and therefore should not molest or disturb them, which answer not satisfying, the troops fired upon and killed three or four, the other took to their heels and the troops continued to fire. A few took refuge in the meeting, when the soldiers shoved up the Windows and pointed their Guns in and killed three there. Thus much is best account I can learn of this fatal day." And not too near the truth is it, John Andrews! However, let us read the rest of the report:

"You must naturally suppose that such a piece would rouse the country (allowed the report to be true). The troops continued their march to Concord, entered the town, and refreshed themselves in the meeting and town house. In the latter place they found some ammunition and stores belonging to the country, which they found they could not bring away by reason that the country people had occupied all the posts around them. They therefore

set fire to the house, which the people extinguished. They set fire a second time, which brought on a general engagement at about eleven o'clock. The troops took two peices of cannon from the peasants, but their numbers increasing they soon regained 'em and the troops were obliged to retreat towards town. About noon they were joined by the other brigade under Earl Piercy, when another very warm engagement came on at Lexinton, which the troops could not stand; therefore were obliged to continue their retreat which they did with the bravery becoming british soldiers — but the country were in a manner desperate, not regarding their cannon [any more] in the least, and followed 'em until seven in the evening by which time they got into Charlestown, when they left off the pursuit lest they might injure the inhabitants. I stood up on the hills in town and saw the engagement very plain. It was very bloody for seven hours. Its conjectured that one half the soldiers at least are killed. The last brigade was sent over the ferry in the evening to secure their retreat — where they are this morning entrenching themselves upon Bunker's Hill [to] get a safe retreat to this town. Its impossible to learn any particulars as the communication between town and country is at present broke off. They were till ten o'clock last night bringing over the wounded several

of which are since [dead], two officers in particular. When I reflect and consider that the fight was between those whose parents but a few generations ago were brothers I shudder at the thought and there's no knowing where our calamities will end."

Andrews is now worried about his personal safety, too. On April 24, he writes: "Yesterday, though Sunday, we had town meetings all day, and finally concluded to deliver up all our arms to the Selectmen, on condition that the Governor would open the avenues to the town, which is to be comply'd with tommorrow, when if I escape with the skin of my teeth shall be glad, as I don't expect to take more than a change of apparell with me. Sam. and his wife with myself and Ruthy intend for Nova Scotia."

Yet on May 6 he wrote: "You'll observe by this that I'm yet in Boston and here like to remain. Three of us chartered a vessel a fortnight since to convey us to Halifax . . . but the absolute refusal of the Governor to suffer any merchandize to be carried out of the town has determined me to stay and take care of my effects. . . . Near half the inhabitants have left the town already and another quarter at least have been waiting for a week past with earnest expectation of getting papers, which have been dealt out very sparingly of late, not above two or three procured of a day and those

with greatest difficulty. Its a fortnight since the communication between town and country was stopped. Of consequence our eyes have not been blessed with either vegetables or fresh provisions. P. S. You can have no conception, Bill, of the distresses the people in general are involved in. You'll see parents that are lucky enough to procure papers, with bundles in one hand a string of children in the other wandering out of town . . . not knowing whither they'll go. . . . Your uncle and aunt are very desirous for us to [go to London with them] but my finances wont at present admit of it, as my whole interest, saving outstanding debts, is in town and cant be removed. . . . No person who leaves the town is allowed to return again."

So John Andrews stayed on in Boston and took care of his property. During the siege he suffered a good deal from the lack of those "fresh vegetables" to which his letters so frequently have referred, but he managed to live through this deprivation and was able to enjoy an excellent meal, with General Washington as his guest at his School Street home soon after the evacuation. In 1785 Mr. Andrews was elected a selectman of Boston, and continued in that office until 1790, when he declined to serve longer. He was long remembered by the "oldest inhabitant" as a little old gentleman of trim dress, powdered hair and

white-top boots, who lived in an antique wooden house at the corner of Winter and Tremont (then Common) Streets, in the midst of a beautiful garden which stretched in the rear of his mansion to what is now Hamilton Place. Yet we of to-day should very likely have forgotten even his name, were it not for the sprightly letters which he wrote to his brother-in-law in Philadelphia about Boston at the most exciting period of her history.

CHAPTER VI

THE MESSENGER OF THE REVOLUTION

THE first point which the historical pilgrim from the West or from abroad seeks out, after arriving in Boston, is Bunker Hill Monument. The next day he inevitably spends at the North End, visiting the church from whose steeple were hung the signal lights connected with Paul Revere's famous ride to Lexington, and roaming through the house, now happily open to the public, from which, on that eventful night, the " messenger of the Revolution " went forth on his daring errand.

The Lexington ride was by no means the first that Revere had taken in the service of rebellious Boston, and, until Longfellow wrote his poem, it did not seem any more important than other similar exploits. This fact it is which accounts for the many historical errors, which have come to be accepted as facts, in connection with the ride, and for the difficulty with which, so long after the event, the truth about it can be brought to common

knowledge. For instance, it is now a well-established fact that the lanterns were hung in Christ Church steeple, not by Newman the sexton, but by Captain John Pulling, Jr., a

PAUL REVERE HOUSE AFTER RESTORATION

friend of Revere and a vestryman of the church. But, so firmly has the other story become implanted in the common mind that writers far and wide go on making the old misstatement.

Paul Revere himself, however, is our immediate concern. What of him? His father,

after whom he was named, was also a goldsmith, and had been called, in his early days, Apollos Rivoire. But Huguenot names were not easily managed by the stiff Puritan tongues of the pre-Revolutionary period, and so, about the time of his marriage to Deborah Hitchborn of Boston (June 19, 1729), the elder Rivoire sensibly anglicized both his Christian name and his patronymic. Paul was his third child, and he first saw the light January 1, 1735.

He was educated at the "North Grammar School" on North Bennet Street, the institution with which the famous pedagogue, John Tileston, was connected as pupil, usher, and master for a period of eighty years. After leaving school, Paul entered his father's shop, learned the trade of a gold and silver smith, and developed great skill as an engraver, not only of the tankards, spoons and mugs cherished to-day in many New England families, but also as the engraver on copperplate of historic scenes closely connected with the struggle for independence. For already what was to become a passion in the man — the love of liberty — had taken firm possession of the youth. When he was scarcely twenty, he had a commission as second lieutenant in the expedition against the French at Crown point!

After his initial experience in military life, Revere returned to Boston and took unto him-

self a wife. Subsequently, for a number of years, he was occupied with the engraving and the sale of caricatures, or what we of to-day would call political cartoons. Some illustrations which he had made at the time of the Stamp Act attracted a great deal of attention, and that of 1768, picturing the Rescinders, was exceedingly popular and brought him in a good bit of money. On the back of Revere's original print on this subject is written an account of the circumstance therein depicted, together with the names of the men, seventeen in number, who voted to " rescind." Painstakingly Revere has put just seventeen men into his picture. The cut-line at the top of this spirited caricature is " A Warm Place — Hell," and the representation shows us Satan and an agile assistant hustling the renegades into a pair of monstrous open jaws. Satan himself is exclaiming: " Now, I've got you! a fine haul, by Jove! " while his assistant is shown flying towards the first man, — intended to represent Hon. Timothy Ruggles, who is evidently reluctant to leap into the yawning maw, — with the command: " Push on, Tim! " On the extreme right of the picture, in order that there should be no doubt about its local application, is drawn in the cupola of the Province House, with its Shem Drowne Indian taking patient aim!

The verse beneath the sketch was written

by Dr. Benjamin Church, afterwards convicted as a traitor to the American cause, who hap-

A Warm Place — Hell
On brave Rescinders! to yon yawning Cell,
Seventeen such Miscreants sure will startle Hell;
There puny Villains damn'd for petty Sin,
On such distinguish'd Scoundrels gaze and grin:
The out done Devil will resign his Sway,
He never curst his Millions in a day.

pened into Revere's shop while the engraver was at work on the plate. It runs:

"On brave Re cinders! to yon yawning cell!
Seventeen such Miscreants sure will startle hell;
There puny Villains, damn'd for petty Sin,
On such distinguish'd Scoundrels gaze and grin;
The out done Devil will resign his sway,
He never curst his Millions in a day."

Another theme which Revere improved was the Boston Massacre. A third famous plate is his "View of Boston in 1768," the British being depicted, in this drawing, as in the act of landing their troops. No less than seven churches, besides Faneuil Hall and the Old State House, are here to be seen, for all that part of Boston from the "Old Brick Church" to the "North Battery" is included in the sketch.

A very well-known piece of Revere's work is on the bill-head of the Cromwell's Head Inn, a famous tavern on School Street, which, says Goss, — from whom the Revere data already cited has been quoted, — "stood until 1888." On this same site during the early years of the nineteenth century flourished Crosby's Restaurant, cannily fostering its relationship to the older eating-house, where, in 1756, Washington was entertained, and at which, in 1782, the Marquis de Chastellux made his headquarters.

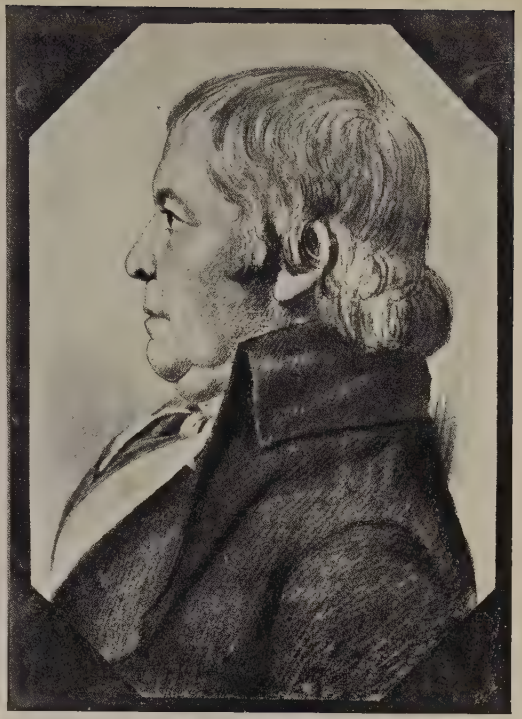
To be sure there seems to be some question whether Revere always originated the drawings of the plates which, when engraved and printed, brought him in such good returns. There is extant a letter sent him by Henry Pelham in which the definite statement is made, that, at least in the case of the Boston Massacre design, Revere acted dishonorably. In extenuation one can only say that Revere's plate is marked merely "engraved printed and sold

by " not " designed by." Moreover, Pelham's accusation is unsubstantiated by any other documents which I have been able to find. The letter however follows:

" THURSDAY MORNING
" BOSTON, March 29, 1770

" TO MR. PAUL REVERE, PRESENT, —

" *Sir*, — When I heard that you was cutting a plate of the late Murder I thought it impossible as I knew you was not capable of doing it unless you had coppied it from mine and as I thought I had intrusted it in the hands of a person who had more regard to the dictates of Honour and Justice than to take the undue advantage you have done of the confidence and trust I reposed in you. But I find I was mistaken and after being at the great Trouble and Expence of making a design, paying for paper, printing &c find myself in the most ungenerous Manner deprived not only of any proposed Advantatge but even of the expence I have been at as truly as if you had plundered me on the highway. If you are insensible of the Dishonour you have brought on yourself by this Act, the world will not be so. However I leave you to reflect upon and consider of one of the most dishonourable Actions you could well be guilty of. " H. PELHAM."



PAUL REVERE.
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MRS. REVERE.
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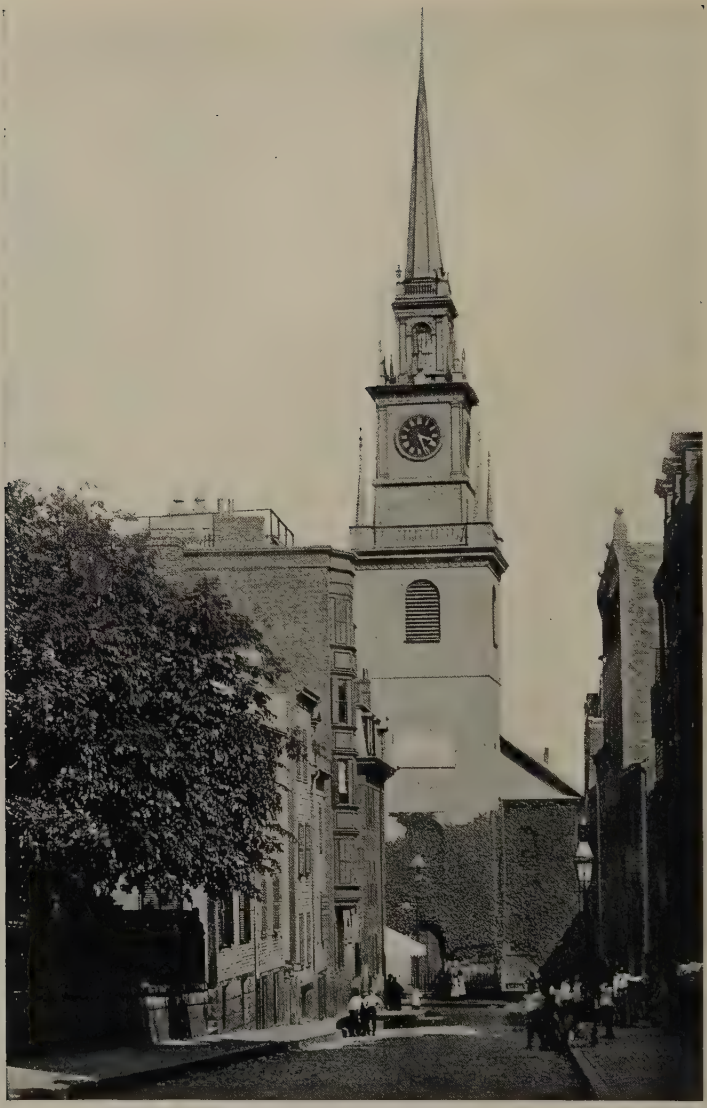

THE OLD NORTH CHURCH.
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To his brother, Charles Pelham of Medford and Newton, Henry Pelham on May 1, 1770 wrote: "Inclosed I send you two of my prints on the late Massacre." The fact that the Massacre plate which Revere engraved shows more distinct artistic power than any other of his things unfortunately gives color to Pelham's claim. For Henry Pelham was an artist and Revere was not.

So profitable did Revere find the engraving of militant cartoons that he was able, in 1770, to purchase the house in North Square now associated with his name. North Square was the Court end of Boston at that time, and contained some of the finest residences of which the town could boast. Here, then, it was that Revere lived about a quarter of a century, and all through the years of the War of the Revolution. Here, too, on May third, 1773, Sarah, the wife of his young manhood, died.

Yet the North Square home was not long without a mistress, for after a few months, "his household being in sore need of a mother's care," he addressed his attentions to an excellent and charming woman, Rachel Walker. Among the leaves of one of Revere's day-books is found a poetic effusion which played a part in the courting of Miss Walker. The verse and its interpretation runs:

"Take three fourths of a Paine that makes Traitors confess
(Rac)
With three parts of a place which the Wicked don't bless (Hel)
Joyne four sevenths of an Exercise which shop-keepers use (Walk)
Add what bad men do, when they good actions refuse, (Er)
These four, added together with great care and Art,
Will point out the Fair One that's nearest my Heart."

They were married October 10, 1773 — Revere and this "Fair One" — by Rev. Samuel Mather. Not long afterwards the bridegroom began those public services which have since made him famous; whenever there was an important message to be carried to the sister colonies, he was the man to whom it was intrusted. He also served on many patriotic committees and was a prime mover in the numerous clubs whose object it was to foster the spirit of rebellion. Some of these clubs had been meeting for years, — the "Sons of Liberty" in a distillery, and also in the Green Dragon Tavern, and the North and South End "caucuses" in places convenient to their respective members. John Adams, in his Diary, gives us an interesting glimpse of their manners and customs:

"Feb. 1, 1763. — This day learned that the Caucus Club meets at certain times in the garret of Tom Dawes, the adjutant of the Boston regiment. He has a large house, and he has a movable petition [sic] in his garret, which he takes down, and the whole club meets in one room.

There they smoke tobacco until you cannot see from one end of the garret to the other. Then they drink flip, I suppose, and there they choose a moderator who puts the questions to the vote regularly; and selectmen, assessors, collectors, wardens, firewards and representatives, are regularly chosen before they are chosen in the town. . . . January 15, 1766. — Spent the evening with the Sons of Liberty at their own apartment in Hanover Square, near the Tree of Liberty. It is a counting-room in Chase and Speakman's distillery; a very small room it is. There were present John Avery, a distiller of liberal education; . . . I was very cordially and respectfully treated by all present. We had punch, wine, pipes and tobacco, biscuit and cheese. They chose a committee to make preparations for grand rejoicing upon the arrival of the news of a repeal of the stamp act."

The particular club to which is due credit for effective action on the eve of April 19 was, however, that made up of about thirty mechanics who had enrolled themselves as a kind of volunteer committee to watch over the British. Of this club Revere was the head, and it met, as he himself says, "at the Green Dragon Tavern." Just how that group got to know immediately the plan of the British to march to Concord and to arrest, on the way, John Hancock and Samuel Adams (who were staying

with Parson Clark at Lexington) has never been determined. One tale runs that a groom at the Province House, who happened to drop into a stable near by on Milk Street told the stable-boy that he had overheard a conversation between Gage and other officers. "There'll be hell to pay to-morrow," the jockey thereupon predicted. It was alleged that this significant conversation was speedily repeated and carried to Paul Revere, who enjoined silence and remarked to his informant: "You are the third person who has brought me the same information."

Another story has it that the great secret was revealed by an incautious sergeant-major in Gage's army quartered in the family of an Englishman, Jasper by name, who was secretly sympathetic towards the rebel cause, and who kept a gunsmith's shop. Jasper is said to have repeated what he had gathered from the British officer to Colonel Josiah Waters, one of the patriot leaders, who promptly made the facts known to the Committee of Safety. Still another story which bears all the earmarks of probability is that the news was communicated through a Mrs. Stedman, who lived at the corner of Winter and Washington Streets and who, on account of the scarcity of servants, had been glad to avail herself of the services of a woman whose husband was a British sol-

dier named Gibson. On the evening of the eighteenth of April a grenadier in full regimentals knocked at Mrs. Stedman's door and inquired for Gibson. On being told that he would soon be at the house, an order was left for him to report himself at eight o'clock at the bottom of the Common, equipped for an expedition. Mrs. Stedman hastened to inform her husband of this alarming summons, and he at once carried the news to Dr. Benjamin Church, who lived near by on Winter Street, and who, at that time, may have been loyal to the American cause, and have pushed the news on to Revere.

A brand new and not uninteresting explanation of the celerity with which the news reached Revere found its way to me from Mrs. E. Corinna Wheeler, an aged lady then living in Boston, who declared herself the only surviving possessor of the facts about that night. "My great-grandmother," she asserted in the course of a talk, "was Lydia Ballard Lewis, and in 1775 she was a girl of fifteen. It was to her brother, a bright Yankee boy, Sam Ballard by name, that the intelligence of the Committee of Safety was due, and the exact form in which she related the story afterwards to my mother is as follows: It was a great thing in those times for the boys to hang about the inn doors to pick up a few shillings and sixpences by holding

horses, while their owners went inside for a drink. On the week before the eighteenth my great-great-uncle, then a boy of thirteen, overheard in this way the conversation of two British officers. That conversation was im-

GREEN DRAGON TAVERN

portant. For they talked of the plan to capture Hancock and Adams.

" Sam went immediately with his news to the landlord of the Green Dragon, and he informed the Committee of Safety which had its meetings in an upper room of that tavern. Acting on this information the committee appointed a spy to hide in the rooms where the British held their councils. The spy learned the rest. Then the committee held another meeting and planned the

ride of Paul Revere. But on the night of the eighteenth the committee was carefully watched, for the British were determined that they should *not* do the very thing they accomplished, — that is, get news of the march to Lexington and Concord. The committee did not dare to venture out, but somehow they *must* send word to Revere. It suddenly occurred to Dr. Warren that no suspicion would be aroused to see a boy running up the causeway from the Green Dragon to Revere's house. So, about ten o'clock, he despatched that same thirteen year old Sam Ballard to carry the message to Paul Revere!"

In a letter sent in 1798 to Jeremy Belknap (secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society), which letter was afterwards published in the Proceedings of that body, Revere himself, then an old man, told in detail the story of his famous ride. "About ten o'clock," he declares, "Dr. Warren sent in great haste for me, and begged that I would immediately set off for Lexington, where Messrs. Hancock and Adams were, and acquaint them of the movement and that it was thought they were the objects. When I got to Dr. Warren's house [on the site of the present American House in Hanover street] I found he had sent an express by land to Lexington — a Mr. William Dawes. The Sunday before, by desire of Dr. Warren, I had been to Lexington, to Messrs. Hancock and

Adams, who were at the Rev. Mr. Clark's. I returned at night through Charlestown; there I agreed with a Colonel Conant and some other gentlemen, that if the British went out by water we would show two lanthorns in the North Church steeple, and if by land, one as a signal; for we were apprehensive it would be difficult to cross the Charles River, or get over Boston Neck. I left Dr. Warren, called upon a friend and desired him to make the signals."

The common mistake about the identity of this "friend" with Robert Newman, the sexton of Christ Church, emanated in 1876 from the late Dr. Burroughs, rector of that parish, who made the statement in a centenary sermon, which was widely printed and circulated. Thus the idea that Newman actually did the deed of valor— for it meant risking one's neck in a city, given over, as Boston then was, to the domination of the British, — got pretty firmly implanted in the minds of the American people. Had it not been for the diligence of Rev. John Lee Watson, D. D., who was assistant rector of Old Trinity under Bishop Griswold, it is probable that the claim would have gone undisputed.

Dr. Watson, however, knew very well that in the Pulling family, with which he was remotely connected, it had long been a cherished tradition that their ancestor, Captain John

Pulling, Jr., who was the intimate friend of Paul Revere, displayed the signals on that eventful night; that it was to Pulling, indeed, that Revere specifically refers as the "friend" who cooperated with him in this matter. Accordingly he set himself promptly to collect his evidence, and, something over a year after Dr. Burroughs had preached his sermon, published all that he had gathered on the subject.

Dr. Watson showed that John Pulling, Jr., son of John and Martha Pulling, was born in Boston, February 18, 1737, and was brought up in Christ Church, where his father was first a warden and later a vestryman. Young Pulling received his education in the town schools of that day, married the daughter of Colonel John Lee of Manchester, and at the time of the revolution was well established as a successful Boston merchant.

From boyhood he had been an intimate friend of Paul Revere and, in all the patriotic undertakings with which Revere's name was associated, Pulling also had a place.

In the records of the Boston committee of correspondence, "Captain John Pulling and Major Paul Revere" are mentioned as having been together chosen for membership; it is also recorded that "at a meeting of the freeholders and other inhabitants of the town of Boston, in public town meeting assembled, at

the old brick meeting house," it was " voted that Captain John Pulling, Major Paul Revere " and others " be appointed a subcommittee to collect the names of all persons who have in any way acted against or opposed the rights and liberties of this country." Moreover, Revere's narrative of the events of the memorable eve of April 19 refers to his " friend " in just the casual way a simple man would do if that " friend " were an intimate comrade.

Pulling's house was near the church and, as soon as Revere had left him, he began to watch for a favorable opportunity to go to the home of the sexton, on Salem Street, and ask that functionary for the keys, which he would not, of course, refuse to give to one who was a vestryman of the church. He then let himself into the sacred edifice, carefully locking the door behind him. Then climbing to the upper window of the steeple, he waited for a favorable moment — and hung out the two lanterns by which those on the other side were told " the British were going by water."

Immediately upon the discovery by the authorities that signals revealing their plans had been made from the church, a search was set afoot for the rebel who made them. The sexton was naturally suspected and promptly arrested. He protested his innocence; and, when questioned, declared that " the keys of the church

were demanded of him at a late hour of the night by Mr. Pulling, who, being a vestryman, he thought had a right to them; and, after he had given them up, he had gone to bed again, and that was all he knew about it." This answer was all that was necessary to procure his release and turn the search toward Pulling.

The real "rebel," however, got wind of the investigation and, disguised as a laborer, made his escape on a friendly vessel. How long he remained in hiding is not known, but his family stayed for some time in an old building on the sea-shore at Cohasset, suffering not a little for want of the necessaries of life. For they had left behind them in their precipitate departure much of their "abundant means" and the family fortunes were never recouped.

To be sure, Mr. Pulling returned to Boston after the siege was raised, and was active, until the end of the war, in 1783, in all the patriotic measures of the time, but his health had been a good deal broken by privation, and he died January 25, 1787, aged only fifty.

The story of that night, however, was told to the children of the Pulling family as a part of their family history, and a patriotic granddaughter, Mary Orne Jenks of Salem, did not a little, toward the end of her life, to render to the right person credit for the plucky deed.

"I know that he (John Pulling) held the lan-

terns on that night," she repeatedly said and wrote: " but how can I prove it after all these years? If this sexton, Newman — I never heard his name before — was the person, and was arrested, is it very likely he could escape and remain in Boston? "

A conclusive argument in Pulling's behalf lies in the fact that Revere, in his narrative, gives an account of about thirty persons, mechanics and others, " who had agreed to watch the movements of British soldiers and tories," and who were in the habit of meeting, to compare notes, at the Green Dragon Tavern in Union Street.

" We were so careful," Revere continues, " that our meetings should be kept secret, that every time we met every person swore upon the Bible that they would not disclose any of our transactions but to Messrs. Hancock, Adams, Drs. Warren, Church and one or two more."

In other words, they swore to confide their plans only to the committees chosen by themselves, to which both Paul Revere and John Pulling belonged. It is hardly reasonable to suppose that the church sexton, Newman, would have been admitted into a confidence which these careful men had repeatedly " sworn upon the Bible " to keep inviolate.

Subsequent to the publication of Dr. Watson's letters, a Baptist minister, Rev. Henry F. Lane,

who was the son of John Pulling's granddaughter, wrote in regard to the matter: "When I was a lad, I distinctly remember hearing from my mother's grandmother, who died in Abington about 1846, in her 99th year, that her husband hung the lights from the steeple of the Old North church. His residence at the time was on the corner of what were then called Ann and Cross sts. The British made diligent search for him, and I have heard my great-grandmother give a very vivid description of their searching the house to find him, and how he avoided capture by her concealing him under an empty winebutt in the cellar. He escaped from Boston in a small skiff, while the British had possession, by disguising himself as a fisherman; was challenged while passing under the hawser of a British man-of-war and landed on Nantasket beach."

The wife who very bravely shared her husband's exile was a Hingham woman whose maiden name was Sarah Thaxter. Pulling was her second husband, as she was his second wife. She belongs more really to his fame than does Annis Lee, his first wife, because she suffered much for and with him. For a time she was in concealment in an old cooper shop on the Cohasset shore, and in that rude dwelling she gave birth — before being joined by her husband — according to the statement of

Harvey H. Pratt, her great-great-grandson and a well-known Boston attorney, to a girl baby. Mr. Pratt owns the Bible from which the wife of the lantern hanger got her comfort and support during this trying ordeal.

Before the affair of the lanterns John Pulling had taken part in the Boston tea party, differing from most of the others on that occasion in appearing without disguise. Instead he wore his usual three-cornered hat, on the rim of which Mrs. Pulling found, upon his return home, a small quantity of the obnoxious tea. This she preserved in a glass vial that she kept carefully stowed away in a desk now owned by her great-great-grandson, Clifford Reed of Dorchester, Massachusetts.

Mr. Reed also cherishes in his home a chest long used by Mrs. Pulling and upon which, family tradition says, the lantern hanger's wife once served a lunch to General Joseph Warren when he came to borrow money with which to push on preparations for war. So far as is known no picture of Captain John Pulling, Jr., is in existence.

At the Massachusetts Historical Society, where this whole matter was threshed out more than a quarter of a century ago by the late Charles Deane, very well known as a careful antiquarian, Pulling's share in the events preceding the skirmish at Lexington has long been an accepted fact.

After leaving the friend who was to make the signals, "I went home," Revere's narrative continues, "took my boots and surtout, went to the north part of the town, where I kept a boat; two friends rowed me across Charles River a little to the eastward where the Somerset man-of-war lay. It was then young flood, the ship was winding and the moon rising. They landed me on the Charlestown side. When I got into town, I met Colonel Conant and several others; they said they *had seen our signals.*"

These signals, it is thus made clear, were *for these waiting ones*, — in case Revere had not been able to get across. As it was, he had only to find a horse and be off. Longfellow's picture of him, stamping up and down by the side of his valiant steed, searching the sky line for "a glimmer and then a gleam of light" is pure poetry, — just as it was meant to be.

"While the horse was preparing," Revere's narrative continues, "Richard Devens Esq., who was one of the Committee of Safety, came to me and told me that he came down the road from Lexington after sundown that evening; that he met ten British officers, all well mounted and going up the road. I set off upon a very good horse; it was about 11 o'clock and very pleasant. . . ."

Ere the "messenger of the Revolution" had gone far on his way, however, he discerned

two British officers just ahead of him. Whereupon he turned quickly, and though pursued, made good his escape by passing through Medford and up to Menotomy (now Arlington). "In Medford," he records, "I waked the captain of the minute men and after that, I alarmed almost every house, till I got to Lexington." Just at this point, it will be seen, the facts agree with the stirring lines of the poem:

> "A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
> A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
> And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
> Struck out by a steed flying fearless, and fleet:
> That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light
> The fate of a nation was riding that night."

I once had the pleasure of holding in my hand the small gold watch that rested in Revere's pocket as he made his daring ride. Paul Revere left this watch by his will to his son, Joseph Revere, who in turn passed it down to Colonel Frederick W. Lincoln of Canton, his nephew, and the revolutionary scout's grandson. This Colonel Lincoln was for many years the head of the Revere Copper Company's works in Canton, the industry, it will be remembered, with which Paul Revere was so long connected.

Frederick W. Lincoln, the mayor of Boston, was adopted by Colonel Lincoln, and because of this, as well as from the fact that he was the

patriot Paul's great-grandson, he would have been the natural heir to the watch. But Colonel Lincoln had in the present owner's father, Dr. Phineas Miller Crane, late of East Boston, a friend as near and dear to him as Damon was to Pythias.

Dr. Crane was the son of Major-General Elijah Crane, who commanded the troops in New England during the War of 1812, and was also in his time high sheriff of the county and grand master of the grand lodge of Massachusetts Free and Accepted Masons. Dr. Crane was often at his friend's home in Canton, and there one day he met the young lady with whom he fell in love, and whom he resolved to marry. He had just graduated from Harvard College and the Harvard medical school, but soon he established a practice, and in 1833 he persuaded Susan Dwight to share his home and fortunes.

Dr. Crane had often admired the Paul Revere watch, and his love for the timepiece was shared by his bride. One day, in the course of conversation, he let this fact drop to Colonel Lincoln, proposing, half in jest, that he sell him the watch to give his bride as a wedding present. Colonel Lincoln was, of course, not in the least tempted by the money, and he was naturally somewhat averse, anyhow, to having the relic go to one not of the Revere blood, but it seemed to him a splendid opportunity to put the seal

on a friendship that had meant much to both men, as well as to Miss Dwight, and he consented to part with the watch.

From that time, 1833, till September, 1901, when she passed away, — leaving the watch to her son, Frederick Lincoln Crane, of Malden, — Mrs. Crane cherished this relic with tenderest love. All the Revere family and traditions were known to her, Paul's daughter being long one of her friends, and she fully appreciated the great honor done her in making her the custodian of the relic. On the slender chain, like a woman's neck chain, which came with the watch, her husband had her initials engraved, and these were easily distinguished. Rather curiously, those little letters, S. H. C., seemed to be the only marks on the handsome relic. No maker's name was visible. The number of the watch in its 18-carat gold case, I discerned as 24,650 and that watch-makers were efficient in Revere's day is evidenced by the fact that, more than one hundred and twenty-five years after the night this watch served its owner on his famous ride it was keeping good time.

This very interesting timepiece must have pointed to twelve, midnight, when Revere rode up to the Lexington parsonage, at which Samuel Adams and John Hancock, together with Dorothy Quincy and her chaperon, Hancock's aunt, were staying as guests. An orderly stationed out-

side requested the horseman not to make so much noise, lest he disturb the family.

"Noise!" answered Revere, "you'll have noise enough before long. The regulars are coming out."

When Hancock heard this stirring news, he

THE RESTORED HANCOCK-CLARK HOUSE, LEXINGTON

was impelled by martial pride, coupled, perhaps, with the feeling that he must show himself every inch a hero in the presence of his lady-love, to show fight and, in after years, his widow related that it was only with great difficulty that he was dissuaded from going out to join the soldiers who soon assembled. As it was, he was all night cleaning his gun and sword, and putting his accoutrements in order. Adams'

good sense it was which finally settled the matter for, clapping Hancock on the shoulder, he said, decisively: "That is not our business; we belong to the cabinet." "Yet it was not till break of day that Mr. Hancock could be persuaded that it would be improper for him to expose himself against such a powerful force," ran the story as his widow related it, nearly fifty years later at a little dinner-party given in Boston by Mr. Stephen Codman, — a party at which General William H. Sumner was one of the guests, and from which he hurried home to write down the lady's words just as they had fallen from her lips.

"But, overcome by the entreaties of his friends, who convinced him that the enemy would indeed triumph, if they could get him and Mr. Adams in their power; and finding by the inquiries of a British officer (a forerunner of the army) who asked where Clark's tavern was, that he was one of their objects, he, with Mr. Adams, went over to Woburn," related Hancock's Dorothy Q. The ladies remained and saw the battle commence. Mrs. Scott says the British fired first, she is sure (after Hancock's death his widow married Captain Scott). This was a point much contested at the time, and many depositions were taken to prove that the British were the actual aggressors.

"One of the first British bullets whizzed by

old Mrs. Hancock's head, as she was looking out of the door, and struck the barn," runs this narrative as General Sumner wrote it. "She cried out, What is that? they told her it was a bullet and she must take care of herself. Mrs. Scott was at the chamber window looking at the fight. She says two of the wounded men were brought into the house. One of them, whose head was grazed by a ball, insisted that he was dead; the other, who was shot in the arm, behaved better. . . .

"After the British passed on towards Concord, they received a letter from Mr. Hancock informing them where he and Mr. Adams were, wishing them to get into the carriage and come over and bring the fine salmon that they had had sent to them for dinner. This they carried over in the carriage and had got it nicely cooked and were just sitting down to it, when in came a man from Lexington whose house was upon the main road, and who cleared out, leaving his wife and family at home, as soon as he saw the British bayonets glistening as they descended the hills on their return from Concord. Half frightened to death he exclaimed 'The British are coming! The British are coming! my wife's in *etarnity* now.' Mr. Hancock and Mr. Adams, supposing the British troops were at hand, went into the swamp and staid till the alarm was over."

Upon their return to the house Miss Quincy told Mr. Hancock that, having left her father in Boston, she should return to him to-morrow. "No, madam," said he, "you shall not return as long as there is a British bayonet left in Boston." She, with the spirit of a woman, said: "Recollect, Mr. Hancock, I am not under your control yet. I shall go in to my father to-morrow." But she did not go. In fact it was three years later when she next entered Boston. And then she was Mrs. Hancock.

What of Revere, however, after he had roused the inmates of the Clark house? Let us return to his narrative, so as to get the story in his own picturesque language.

"After I had been there for half an hour Mr. Dawes arrived who came from Boston over the neck; we set off for Concord & were overtaken by a young gentleman named Prescot, who belonged to Concord & was going home [He too, had been spending a happy evening with his fiancée]. When we had got about half way from Lexington to Concord the other two stopped at a House to wake the man. I kept along. When I had got about two hundred yards ahead of them I saw two officers as before. I called to my companions to come up, saying there were two of them (for I had told them what Mr. Devens told me and of my being stopped) in an instant I saw four of them

who rode up me with their pistols in their hand, said G—d d—n you stop, if you go an inch further you are a dead man.' immeaditly Mr Prescot came up we attempted to git thro them, but they kept before us and swore if we did not turn into that pasture they would blow our brains out (they had placed themselves opposite to a pair of Barrs, and had taken the Barrs down) they forced us in, when we had got in, Mr. Prescot said put on.

" He took to the left I to the right towards a wood to the bottom of the Pasture intending, when I gained that, to jump my Horse & run afoot; just as I reached it out started six officers, seized my bridle, put their Pistols to my breast, ordered me to dismount which I did: One of them who appeared to have the Command there and much of a Gentleman, asked me where I came from; I told him, he asked what time I left it, I told him, he seemed surprised, said Sir may I have your name, I answered my name is Revere, what said he Paul Revere; I answered yes; the others abused much but he told me not to be afraid no one should hurt me; I told him they would miss their aim. He said they should not, they were only awaiting for some deserters they expected down the road; I told him I knew better, I knew what they were after; that I had alarmed the country all the way up, that their Boats were

catched aground, and I should have 500 men there soon; one of them said they had 1500 coming: he seemed surprised and rode off into the road, and informed them who took me, they came down immeaditly on a full gallop, one of them (whom I since learned was Major Mitchell of the 5th Reg.) Clapped his Pistol to my head, and said he was going to ask me some questions if I did not tell him the truth he would blow my brains out.

" I told him I esteemed myself a Man of truth, that he had stopped me on the highway & made me a prisoner, I knew not by what right; I would tell him the truth; I was not afraid; He then asked me the same questions that the others did, and many more, but was more particular; I gave him much the same answers; he then Ordered me to mount my horse, they first searched me for pistols. When I was mounted the Major took the reins out of my hand, and said by G—d Sir, you are not to ride with reins I assure you; and gave them to an officer on my right to lead me, he then Ordered 4 men out of the Bushes & to mount their horses; they were countrymen whom they had stopped who were going home; then ordered us to march. He said to me ' We are now going towards your friends and if you attempt to run or we are insulted we will blow your brains out.' When we had got into the Road they formed a circle

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THE ROOM OCCUPIED BY HANCOCK AND ADAMS ON THE NIGHT OF PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

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OLD KITCHEN OF THE CLARK HOUSE.

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THE OLD BELFRY, LEXINGTON.
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and ordered the prisoners in the centre: & to lead me in the front. We rid towards Lexington, a quick pace; They very often insulted me calling me Rebel &c &c after we had gone about a mile, I was given to the Serjant to lead, he was Ordered to take out his pistol (he rode with a hanger) and if I ran to execute the major's sentence; When we got within about half a mile of the meeting house we heard a gun fired; the Major asked me what it was for, I told him to alarm the country; he ordered the four prisoners to dismount, they did, then one of the officers dismounted and cutt the Bridles, and saddels, off the Horses, & drove them away, and told the men they might go about their business; I asked the Major to dismiss me, he said he would carry me let the consequences be what it will. He then Ordered us to march, when we got within sight of the meeting House, we heard a Volley of guns fired, as I supposed at the tavern as an alarm; the Major ordered us to halt, he asked me how far it was to Cambridge, and many more questions which I answered; he then asked the Serjant if his horse was tired, he said yes; he Ordered him to take my horse; I dismounted, the Serjant mounted my horse; they cutt the Bridles & Saddle of the Serjant's horse & rode off, down the road.

" I then went to the house where I left Messrs. Adams and Hancock, and told them what had

happened, their friends advised them to go out of the Way; I went with them about two miles across road: after resting myself I set off with another man to go back to the Tavern; to enquire the News; When we got there, we were told the troops were within two miles. We went into the Tavern to git a Trunk of papers belonging to Col. Hancock, before we left the House, I saw the ministeral troops from the Chamber window, we made haste & had to pass our Militia, who were on the green behind the meeting house, to the number as I supposed, about 50 or 60. I went thro them; as I passed I heard the commanding officer speake to his men to this purpose, 'Lett the troops pass by and don't molest them without They begin first.' I had to go a cross Road but had not got half Gun shot off, when the Ministeral Troops appeared in sight behinde the Meeting House; they made a short halt, when one gun was fired. I heard the report, turned my head, and saw the Smoake in front of the Troops, they imeaditely gave a great shout, ran a few paces, and then the whole fired. I could first distinguish Iregular fireing, which I supposed was the advance guard, and then platoons. at this time I could not see our Militia for they were covered from me by a house at the bottom of the Street."

This was the "battle" of Lexington. Just

who began it we shall probably never know but the chances are that, as Dorothy Quincy said, the regulars fired the first shot. Major Pitcairn, " who was a good Man in a bad Cause, insisted upon it to the day of his Death that the Colonists fired first. But he does not say that he *saw* the Colonists fire first. Had he said it I would have believed him," wrote President Ezra Stiles of Yale in his Diary.

In any case the war of the Revolution was now begun. On April 20 Hancock, as president of the Provincial Congress, advised those patriots still in Boston, to leave the town, and, on that same day Revere was permanently engaged by Dr. Warren, president of the Committee of Safety, " as a messenger to do the outdoors business for that committee."

CHAPTER VII

WHEN FANEUIL HALL WAS A PLAYHOUSE

DIRECTLY after the skirmish at Lexington and Concord, Governor Gage wrote to his friends in England: "Conciliation, moderation, reasoning is over; nothing can be done now but by forcible means. Tho' the people are not held in high estimation by the troops, yet they are numerous, worked up to a fury, and not a Boston rabble but the farmers and the freeholders of the country. A check anywhere will be fatal and the first stroke will decide a great deal. We should therefore be strong and proceed on a good foundation before anything decisive is tried." Pursuant to which General Gage fortified Boston as carefully as he could, — and the siege of that rebellious town began.

But, though Boston was shut up, General Gage could not prevent the minutemen from pouring in from all directions to the surrounding settlements, and the day after the Lexington affair there was a good-sized army in Cam-

bridge ready to do whatever might seem best for the patriots' cause. They had not long to wait for work. On the night of June 16 General Ward, the commander of all the colonial forces, sent a detachment under Colonel Prescott, together with some Connecticut men under Captain Knowlton, to takepossession of Charlestown. The soldiers stopped on the top of Bunker Hill, and then, after some discussion, decided to advance half a mile farther to Breed Farm, where the hill sloped toward the south and whence they could command the town and shipping better. There they laid out a redoubt, at which they worked all night and, on the left, was constructed a rude breastwork, known as the rail fence, at which the Connecticut men were stationed.

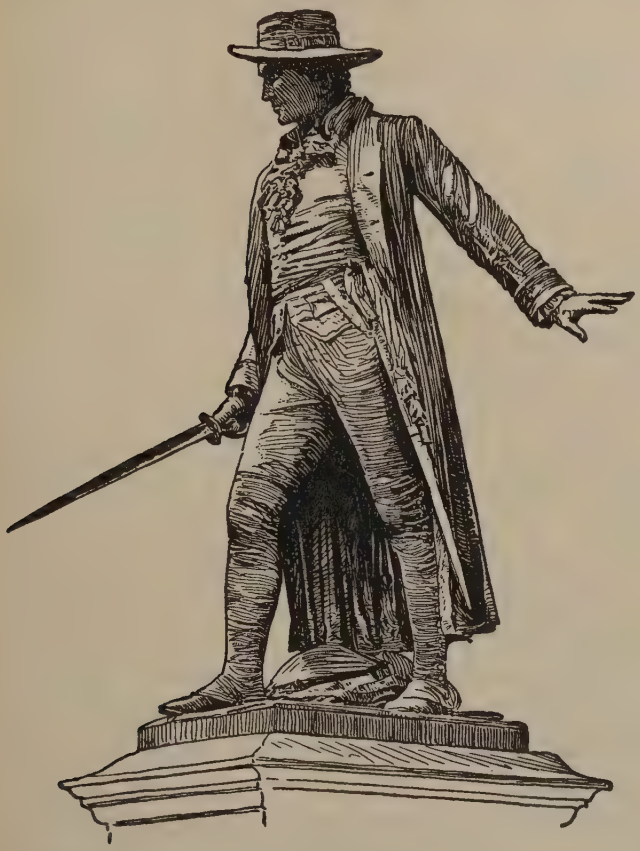
When General Gage, from across the river, beheld these evidences of military activity he was not a little disturbed in mind. Yet it was not until noon that General Howe, who with Clinton and Burgoyne had now arrived in Boston at the head of reinforcements, landed with two thousand men near the present site of the Charlestown Navy Yard, and advanced against the breastworks of the hill.

We need not fight here the battle which followed, nor attempt to depict the havoc that ensued when Howe ordered the village of Charlestown to be set on fire. Suffice it to say

that, after a hard contest, the Americans were overcome by greater numbers and forced to leave their position, having a record of one hundred and forty-five men killed and missing, and three hundred and four wounded. Two hundred and twenty-four of the attacking force were killed and eight hundred and thirty wounded. So only the pitiful lack of powder on the American side prevented them from carrying off an actual as well as a virtual victory. As it was, however, the British were left in possession of the field, for they had carried the position at the point of the bayonet and technically the day was theirs.

Among the many Americans who distinguished themselves at Bunker Hill the names of Prescott, Putnam and Warren stand out most clearly. Prescott was a Groton man, who had already had military experience under General Winslow at the capture of Cape Breton. Of his intrepidity on the day of the battle many anecdotes are told, among them that of the way in which he inspired confidence in his men. A private had been killed by a cannon ball and Prescott, perceiving that this had made some of the soldiers sick at heart, mounted the parapet and walked leisurely around it, cheering his soldiers by approbation and humor. General Gage, who was reconnoitering the Americans through his glass, inquired of Councillor

Willard, near him, who that tall, commanding figure was. Willard borrowed the glass, looked



STATUE OF COL. WILLIAM PRESCOTT, BUNKER HILL

through it, and said: "It is my brother-in-law." "Will he fight?" again inquired Gage. "As long as a drop of blood remains in his

veins," answered the other. Prescott had long before proved himself a fighter; to him is attributed the excellent advice given to the men at Bunker Hill: " Don't fire until you see the whites of the enemies' eyes."

Putnam, also, rendered very valuable service that day. Accounts of his activities vary greatly, but there is no doubt whatever that he was in the hottest of the fight at the rail fence, that he was applied to constantly for orders, — and that he also gave orders without being applied to. A letter of the period gives us a vivid picture of the way in which he rallied reinforcements.

" Just after dinner on Sunday, 17th ult, I was walking out from my lodgings [in Cambridge] quite calm and composed, and all at once the drums beat to arms and bells rang and there was a great noise. Captain Putnam came by on full gallop. ' What is the matter? ' says I. ' Have you not heard? ' ' No.' ' Why, the regulars are landing at Charlestown,' says he, ' and father says you must all meet and march immediately to Bunker Hill to oppcse the enemy.'

" I waited not but ran and got my arms and ammunition, and hastened to my company (who were in the church for barracks) and found them nearly ready to march. We soon marched with our frocks and trousers on over our other clothes, (for our company is in uniform wholly

blue turned up with red) for we were loth to expose ourselves by our dress." No service was more brilliant than that of these Connecticut troops, who, on a broiling summer's day, met the British, undeterred by the handicap of an extra suit of clothing.

Colonel Richard Gridley, the chief engineer of the army, who planned the works on Breed's Hill, also rendered notable service during the battle, and Colonel John Stark — afterwards the hero of Bennington — behaved with characteristic bravery during the attack, leading his New Hampshire men in a way which reflected lasting honor upon his state.

The hero *par excellence* of the fight on Bunker Hill was, however, Dr. Joseph Warren, who, three days before, had been elected major-general, but whose commission had not yet been received by him. He is said to have disapproved the occupation of so exposed a situation, but, when this action was decided upon, he resolved to share the peril of it, replying to the affectionate remonstrance of Elbridge Gerry: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" The day before the battle he officiated as president of the provincial congress, and that night he slept at Watertown. When he awoke, on the morning of the seventeenth, he was feeling very ill, and it was only by the exercise of considerable fortitude that he managed to journey to Cambridge,

where almost as soon as he arrived he threw himself on a bed. Yet the instant he heard that the British were about to attack the works on Breed's Hill, he declared his headache to be gone. Then, after attending a hasty meeting with the Committee of Safety, he armed himself and went to Charlestown. Putnam asked him for orders, but Warren declined to give any, inquiring only where he could be most useful. Putnam directed him to the redoubt, remarking that *there* he would be covered, but Warren instantly replied: "Don't think I come to seek a place of safety; tell me where the onset will be most furious." Again Putnam pointed to the redoubt adding: "That is the enemy's object, and if that can be defended the day is ours."

Warren thereupon passed to the redoubt, where the men received him with cheers of enthusiasm. Prescott, who was only a colonel, and knew that, save for a technicality, Warren would have been his major-general, here tendered him the command, just as Putnam had done. But again this honor was declined. Then the soldier physician mingled in the fight, defending with great bravery the redoubt which he was one of the last to leave. In his retreat he seemed unconscious of the balls whizzing all about him, but he had proceeded only a few rods when one struck him in the face and he fell to the ground, — dead. General Howe could scarcely

credit this news when it came to him. Then he declared that " that victim was worth five hundred of his men."

One of the British officers who was slain was Pitcairn, who did not yield his place until he had received four balls in his body. " I have lost my father," his son exclaimed as he fell. " We have all lost a father," was the echo of the regiment. Burgoyne, who was directing the firing of batteries in the harbor, related that when Major Pitcairn was shot, his son carried him on his back to the boats, a quarter of a mile off, kissed him and instantly returned to his duty. " This circumstance in the hands of a good painter or historian," comments Burgoyne, who had quite an eye for the dramatic, " would equal most that can be found in antiquity."

The house recognized by historians as the one which sheltered Pitcairn during his mortal agony has been recently demolished. It was known as the Stoddard house because Thomas Stoddard, a boat-builder, lived there at the time, and assisted in carrying the wounded major there for treatment. As soon as General Gage heard that Pitcairn was wounded he summoned his own physician, Dr. Thomas Kast, and requested him to attend the patient, as the regular army surgeons were overwhelmed with work. Kast at once repaired to the Prince Street

house, arriving there late in the afternoon. When he announced that he was come from General Gage, to do all that was possible to help the major in his distress, Pitcairn, always courteous, replied that he wished the doctor to thank the general for his kindness in remembering him, but added that he was afraid that he was beyond all human aid.

Kast asked him where he was wounded, and on receiving a reply that it was "Here, sir," — Pitcairn indicating his breast, — the doctor started to remove the sheets to examine the wound. Pitcairn, however, objected, saying: "Excuse me; it is useless, my time is short. You cannot do anything for my relief; my wound must cause death immediately; I am bleeding fast internally."

Dr. Kast still persisted, saying that perhaps the wound was not as bad as the major supposed, and requested that he be allowed to examine it.

Pitcairn replied: "Doctor, excuse me; I know you can do nothing for me; do not argue the matter with me . . . let me say a few words to you about my private concerns."

The doctor listened to such messages as the dying man had to leave for his friends, after which Pitcairn allowed the doctor to open his vest and examine the wound. As he did so the blood spurted out with great force, it is

said, leaving stains on the floor, which remained there for many years.

Dr. Kast did what he could to aid the dying major, and then returned to report the case to General Gage. Before he arrived for a second time at the house Major John Pitcairn had passed away.

The room in which he died is generally supposed to have been the one which was just over the store. In the eighteenth century there was no shop located in the house, as in later days, living rooms being on all floors. Pitcairn's remains were placed under Christ Church and the story goes that when, some years afterward, they were sought to be sent back to England, another body was sent in their stead, owing to the difficulty of identification!

As for Warren's body, it was buried the next day on the spot where he fell by two young visitors to the battle-ground who recognized his well-known figure. In the following April the body was re-interred, with appropriate ceremonies, and deposited, "first in the Tremont Cemetery and subsequently in the family vault under St. Paul's church in Boston" (Frothingham). Perhaps the most beautiful short tribute to the hero of Bunker Hill anywhere to be found was that pronounced by Abigail Adams in her letter to her husband. "Not all the havoc and devastation they have made has wounded me

like the death of Warren. We want him in the senate; we want him in his profession; we want him in the field. We mourn for the citizen, the senator, the physician and the warrior."

It is in the letters of Mrs. Adams, indeed, that we get the best contemporary account of the way in which the Battle of Bunker Hill looked to those chiefly interested. On Sunday, June 18, she wrote: "The day — perhaps the decisive day — is come, on which the fate of America depends. My bursting heart must find vent at my pen. I have just heard that our dear friend Dr. Warren is no more, but fell gloriously fighting for his country; saying, Better to die honorably in the field than ignominiously hang upon the gallows. Great is our loss. He has distinguished himself in every engagement by his courage and fortitude, by animating the soldiers and leading them on by his own example. 'The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;' . . . Charlestown is laid in ashes. The battle began upon our intrenchments upon Bunker's Hill . . . and has not ceased yet, and it is now three o'clock Sabbath afternoon. . . . The constant roar of the cannon is so distressing that we cannot eat drink or sleep. May we be supported and sustained in the dreadful conflict. I shall tarry here [she was at her home in Braintree] til it is thought unsafe by my friends; and then I have secured

GENERAL HOWE.
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GENERAL BURGOYNE.
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myself a retreat at your brother's who has kindly offered me a part of his house."

In Boston itself, now that the battle had been waged and the people had proved that they could fight, there was real distress for the Americans. In a letter written to her husband early in July Mrs. Adams says: "The present state of the inhabitants of Boston is that of the most abject slaves, under the most cruel and despotic of tyrants. Among many instances I could mention let me relate one. Upon the seventeenth of June printed handbills were posted up at the corners of the streets and upon houses, forbidding any inhabitants to go upon their houses or upon any eminence on pain of death; the inhabitants dared not to look out of their houses nor to be heard or seen to ask a question. Our prisoners were brought over to the long wharf and there lay all night, without any care of their wounds, or any resting-place but the pavements, until the next day when they exchanged it for the jail. Their living cannot be good as they have no fresh provisions; their beef we hear is all gone and their wounded men die very fast, so that they have a report that the bullets are poisoned. Fish they cannot have, they have rendered it so difficult to procure; and the admiral is such a villain as to oblige every fishing-schooner to pay a dollar every time it goes out. The money that has been paid for passes is

incredible. Some have given ten, twenty or thirty dollars to get out with a small proportion of their things!"

John Andrews could not get a pass, as we have seen, and even John Rowe, whose friends were almost all Tories and who himself leaned hard to Gage's side, found himself forced to stay on in the beleaguered city. This was a measure of self-protection on the part of the British; they feared that the city would be destroyed by the Americans unless some of their own kinsfolk were kept there as hostages. Rowe's Diary, usually illuminating, because it gives social details as well as bare facts, is unfortunately missing for the period from the Battle of Bunker Hill to the end of that year. But John Andrews' letters have taken us over the same ground, so we may very well skip now to the interesting entry made by Mr. Rowe on December 29, — which entry has already given us our chapter-heading: "The Busy Body Acted tonight." Rowe does not say where this theatrical performance took place, but we know from other sources that the scene of the festivity was in Faneuil Hall, and that the actors were a number of officers and ladies who had formed themselves into a Society for Promoting Theatrical Amusements (under the patronage of General Howe) and who, in their announcement, stated that their own amusement and the benevolent pur-

pose of contributing to the relief of distressed soldiers, their widows and children, were the two objects they as " Promoters " had in mind.

FANEUIL HALL

The performances at the Faneuil Hall play-house began at six o'clock, and the entrance fee was one dollar for the pit and a quarter of a dollar for the gallery. For some reason, either

because the play was immensely popular or from some difficulty with the currency, those in charge were obliged to announce after a few evenings: " The managers will have the house strictly surveyed and give out tickets for the number it will contain. The most positive orders are given out not to take money at the door, and it is hoped gentlemen of the army will not use their influence over the sergeants who are door-keepers, to induce them to disobey that order as it is meant entirely to promote the ease and convenience of the public by not crowding the theatre."

Beside The Busybody, there were given in this improvised playhouse the tragedies of Tamerlane and Zara, and the farces of The Citizen and The Apprentice. The most notable piece presented was the local farce of The Blockade of Boston written by General Burgoyne, who had a reputation as a wit and dramatist to sustain as well as high standing as an officer. Because Burgoyne has no standing at all with most Americans, however, I wish to give here a little sketch of the man himself before proceeding to describe what happened at Faneuil Hall the evening his farce was produced. For one whom Lord Macaulay describes as the possessor of " wit, fashion and honor, an agreeable dramatic writer and an officer whose courage was never questioned " deserves more considera-

tion than opprobrious characterization as "the man who caused the old South Church to be turned into a riding-school." Particularly is other distinction his due, when we find that it was not his regiment at all which turned the ancient edifice to purposes of military exercise.

John Burgoyne was born in the year 1722. His father was the second son of the third baronet of the name, and his mother was the daughter and heiress of a wealthy London merchant. To the bitter tongue of Horace Walpole may be traced the slanderous assertion, long accepted as true, that Burgoyne was the natural son of Lord Bingley. All evidence, however, establishes his parentage as above stated. Young Burgoyne entered the army at an early age and, when he was scarcely more than a boy, he made an imprudent marriage. For his wife was Lady Charlotte Stanley, daughter of one of England's greatest peers, and, because the young people knew her father's consent could not be gained, they summarily eloped.

Now, charming and socially gifted though he was, even Burgoyne could not solve successfully the problem of a living for two people on an income too small for one. So, in 1747, he retired from the army and took up his abode on the Continent. At this period the Burgoynes formed that friendship with the Franklands of Boston which was renewed, during the siege,

by the widow (Agnes Surriage) of him who had formerly been collector of the Boston port.

In 1757 Burgoyne went back to the army, and he served his country with great distinction in the numerous wars which England then had on her hands. Then during the period of the Seven Years Peace he travelled again, incidentally making the acquaintance in Germany of the Baroness Riedesel and her husband, — a friendship to which the Baroness refers in letters written while she was a prisoner in Cambridge.

That Burgoyne was highly honored at this time of his life by the finest spirits in England is shown by the following letter from the Earl of Chatham:

"December 14, 1766.

"DEAR SIR,

"I will not attempt to tell you how much pleasure and how much instruction I have received from the Observations &c which you were good enough to send me. It would not be less difficult to describe the sensations which the honour of the letter accompanying the Observations have filled me with. Allow me to offer in one hasty line more real acknowledgements than the longest letter could contain; and to assure you that I count the minutes while indispensable business deprives me of the pleasure of seeing you. If Wednesday morning next

at Eleven should suit your convenience, I shall be extremely happy in the honour of seeing you at that time. I am, with the truest esteem and most distinguished consideration, Dear Sir,

" Your most faithful and most obedient humble servant

" CHATHAM."

With a handsome person, a manner the charm of which neither man nor woman could, it was said, easily resist, a genial kindly nature which drew all hearts towards him, a ready wit and a cultivated mind, Burgoyne was indeed, at this period, a favorite in high circles. Sir Joshua Reynolds was one of his intimate friends and, " after Reynolds had painted his picture in 1766, he and Burgoyne met constantly in the Green Room of Drury Lane, at the dinners of the Thursday Night Club, at the Star and Garter, in fact at every place of amusement where the gay, the witty and the well-bred of London were gathered together."

All this while, too, Burgoyne was very happy in his home life, for the imprudent marriage had been one of deep and abiding affection, and a little fortune to which his wife soon succeeded made the bread and butter side of life fairly easy. In 1769 he was returned to Parliament from Preston. One of his constituents on this occasion, it is interesting to note in passing,

was Richard Arkwright, who had recently arrived in the town to put up his first spinning jenny, and who was so destitute at the time that the suit in which he went to the polls to vote for Burgoyne had to be raised by a subscription!

When George III decided to strengthen the army in America, Parliament by no means agreed that the step was necessary. Certain distinguished members saw clearly, indeed, that such action would greatly lessen the chances of an amicable adjustment of the difficulty. Charles Fox said that "he could not consent to the bloody consequences of so silly a contest about so silly an object, conducted in the silliest manner that history or observation had ever furnished an instance of, and from which we were likely to derive nothing but poverty, disgrace, defeat and ruin." Yet notwithstanding these and similar warnings, military reïnforcements were despatched to Boston, early in 1775, and in the spring of that year Major-Generals Sir William Howe, Clinton and Burgoyne arrived in the rebellious town and placed themselves under the command of General Gage.

Burgoyne had not sought this service. For several personal reasons he was distinctly disinclined, indeed, to the American post. On this account it is interesting to read his own

annoyed description of the manner in which he was told of his appointment. Lord Barrington had sent for him and after a few desultory remarks, " his lordship, with a sort of abruptness something like what Horace recommends to an epic poet, launching instantly *in medias res*, said he 'hoped and did not doubt that everything in America would mend, when I and the two other generals for whom he was to make out letters of service should arrive there.' The perfect indifference of his countenance, the tone of voice, the whole manner of opening to me one of the most important, of the most unexpected and, as might naturally be supposed, *the most disagreeable events of my life* suited the idea I had ever entertained of his lordship's feelings. . . .

" To separate for a length of time perhaps forever from the tenderest, the faithfulest, the most aimiable companion and friend that ever man was blest with — a wife in whom, in four and twenty years I never could find a momentary act of blame! The narrow circumstances, perhaps the distressed state in which she might find herself at my death, added severely to my anxieties. Men of the world in general are too callously composed to conceive what I endured. My intimates, even those of most sensibility, acquainted with the levities . . . of my common course of life, might have wanted faith in my sin-

cerity; I therefore concealed my heart from all; and I even suffered my dearest Charlotte herself — not, I hope, to doubt that I felt, — but rather to be ignorant how *much* I felt, than to expatiate on a subject that would be so afflicting to her in the tender and delicate state of her mind and health. . . .

"To General Howe I thought it a point of honor to mention that I wished myself employed in some more active station than the mere inspection of a brigade. He answered that 'he owned he wished to avoid going to Boston if possible.' I knew the reason given publicly by all his friends for that wish was the obligation his family owed to the Bostonians, who had raised a monument to the late Lord Howe. However, I very soon discovered that the secret and real reason was the low opinion he held of the commander-in-chief as a soldier. I believe he did justice, with all the world, to his personal and private character, but dreaded acting immediately under the orders of an officer whose talents were far inferior to his command."

Burgoyne's disinclination to leave England just then was in large measure due, as has been seen, to anxiety about the health of his wife. On the eve of his embarkation he wrote the King a letter explaining this, which he left in the hands of a friend with directions to deliver it in case of his death. It was never needed,

for the lady herself died in the autumn of 1776. But on the back of the letter says De Fonblanque, in his admirable work on Burgoyne, is the entry: "Though this letter was rendered useless by the death of Lady Charlotte I preserved the copy to show my thoughts of that excellent woman at different periods of my life." The letter itself is a credit to Burgoyne's heart:

"PORTSMOUTH, April 18th, 1775

"SIRE, Whenever this letter shall be delivered to your majesty the writer of it will be no more. It may therefore be esteemed an address from beyond the grave, and under that idea I am persuaded your majesty will consider with indulgence both the matter and the expression.

"My purpose, sire, is to recommend to your royal protection Lady Charlotte Burgoyne, who at my death will have to combat the severest calamities of life, — a weak frame of body, very narrow circumstances, and a heart replete with those agonies which follow the loss of an object it has long held dear. . . . Your Majesty, acquainted with the value of female excellence, will hear without impatience a husband's praises. I protest, with the sincerity of a man who meditates death while he writes, and calls God to witness to his testimony, that, in the great duties of life I do not know that Lady Charlotte

ever committed a fault, except that, if a fault it can be called, of love and generosity, which directed her choice to me without consulting her family — even that is now cancelled in their eyes, upon a review of our happiness during a course of twenty-four years, no minute of which has been embittered except by sickness or separation.

"My heart tells me, Sire, that I am not presumptuous in this application. I received your Majesty's commands for America with regret, the first sensation of that nature I ever experienced in a call for service, but I have not a less sense of duty; I have scorned to propose terms to my obedience, or to take advantage of the crisis of receiving your royal orders to prefer a petition for the provision of my family. I rely on your Majesty's heart to accept with indulgence this humble mark of my respect, and I take confidence to assure your Majesty that, whatever may be my fate in ensuing trials, I shall be found to my last moment,

"Your Majesty's zealous soldier and most faithful subject

J. Burgoyne."

Things in Boston proved to be even worse than Burgoyne had anticipated, and very soon he was sending back to England his understand-

ing of the reasons *why* the king's troops had made so little headway. Gage, he felt positive, was not in the least the man for the place he held! "I believe him capable," he wrote, "of figuring upon ordinary and given lines of conduct; but his mind has not resources for great and sudden and hardy exertions, which spring self-suggested in extraordinary characters and generally overbear all opposition. . . . I hope I shall not be thought to disparage my general and my friend in pronouncing him unequal to his situation when I add that *I think it one in which Caesar might have failed.*"

Burgoyne, a little further on, in the letter just quoted, laments the lack of spies, adding that, if the Americans had been taken in time, almost any of them might have been bought for English uses. That he was wrong in this I have no need, of course, to say. But that one American officer, General Charles Lee, practically offered himself to Burgoyne there is unfortunately no doubt whatever. Lee was undoubtedly a man of considerable ability and great accomplishments, versed in the law, and fluent, not only in most of the Continental languages but in several Indian dialects, also. He was, besides, a brave soldier. In the American campaign against the French his service elicited high commendation, and he later served with distinction the English cause in Portugal,

Poland and Turkey. While in Portugal he was closely associated with Burgoyne and promptly upon that general's arrival in Boston, he wrote to bid him welcome. De Fonblanque quotes this letter and one or two others from the remarkable correspondence which ensued. But the interview therein suggested never came off, and Lee continued to be a major-general on the American side. In 1778, he was brought to a court martial by Washington for insubordination, and Lafayette has left it on record that the only time he ever heard Washington swear was when, about this time, he called General Charles Lee a " damned poltroon." In another place I have given a rather careful sketch of this soldier of fortune, so I will not longer allow his vagaries to delay the rising of the curtain upon Burgoyne's piece, " The Blockade of Boston."

It was booked to be given for the first time on any stage at Faneuil Hall on the evening of January 8, 1776. The comedy of the Busybody had already been acted, and the orchestra was playing an introduction for the farce, when the actors behind the scenes heard an exaggerated report of a raid made upon Charlestown by a small party of Americans. One of the actors, dressed for his part, that of a Yankee sergeant, came forward upon the stage, called silence, and informed the audience that the alarm guns

had been fired and that Charlestown was the scene of a battle.

Taking this for the opening portion of the new piece the audience applauded enthusiastically. Then, suddenly, an order was given in dead earnest for the officers to return to their posts. Naturally the hall was thrown into dire confusion at this, the officers jumping over the orchestra, at great expense to the fiddles, the actors rushing wildly about in their eagerness to get rid of their make-up and costumes, the ladies alternately fainting and screaming. But they had to revive themselves and get home as best they could — those ladies. For some time it was the chief delight of the patriot dames to relate how the feminine portion of the revellers were obliged to pick their way home through the dark Boston streets unattended by any of their usual escorts. The News Letter published by Madam Draper all through the Siege, duly reports the incident, and adds: "As soon as those parts in the Boston Blockade which are vacant by some gentlemen being ordered to Charlestown can be filled, that farce will be performed, with the tragedy of Tamerlane." Rowe's Diary records that the play actually came off on January 22.

Yet, try as they would to divert themselves, it was mighty dull work for the officers as well as for the Americans to stay cooped up through

the dismal winter months on the little peninsula that then constituted Boston. In its physical features the Boston of the period was much nearer to that occupied by Blackstone than to the Boston of to-day. It still had its three rough hills, — Copp's, Fort and the three-headed Beacon Hill; its coves, including the mill pond, bounded roughly by what we now know as Prince, Salem, Hanover, Hawkins, Green and Leverett Streets, and it was dammed by the causeway, — now Causeway Street, — and connected with the harbor by the mill creek. The Common ended in a marsh a little below where Charles Street now borders it. The whole peninsula comprised less than a thousand acres, being about a mile and three quarters long from the neck to Winnisimmet Ferry and a little more than a mile wide at its widest point. There were no bridges connecting the town with the neighboring points of land, and when Lord Percy travelled out to Lexington to carry aid to Colonel Pitcairn he had perforce to go by way of Boston neck to Brookline and cross Brighton bridge, — the only one which then spanned Charles River.

The population was now reduced to six thousand, five hundred and seventy-three by actual count — in July — exclusive of the troops with their wives and children. Of these the spiritual pastor was Dr. Andrew Eliot, whose

congregation at the new North Church had been the largest in Boston for the years immediately preceding the Revolution. He had stayed on in the beleaguered town, fulfilling his duties as preacher faithfully, while acting, also, as the tender friend of the poor people, who were many of them in great need. Dr. Eliot pluckily preached the Thursday lecture as long as even "two or three were gathered together" to listen. But his Diary for November 30 (1775) notes pathetically: "Preached T. L. The attendance of this lecture being exceedingly small and our work greatly increased in other respects, Dr. Mather and I, who since the departure of our other Brethren, had preached it alternately, thought proper to lay it down for the present. I preached the last sermon from these words in Rev. 2, 'Remember how thou hast received &c.' An affecting occasion of laying down a lecture which had subsisted more than 140 years. The small congregation was much moved at the conclusion."

For the officers King's Chapel or Christ Church were the customary places of worship, while Trinity, the other Episcopal edifice, gave spiritual comfort to Rowe and his friends. The Rev. Dr. Mather Byles, Jr., was rector at Christ Church and Dr. Henry Caner was in charge of King's Chapel. Both stuck to the regular Church of England service as long

as they remained in the town, which was until the evacuation. At Trinity, on the contrary, a slight effort was made to accommodate the liturgy to the patriotic feelings of the time and, when Rev. Dr. William Walter, the rector, departed for Halifax with the British troops, Rev. Samuel Parker, his assistant, was persuaded by the good Dr. Eliot to remain at his post in order that Episcopalians might not be wholly left without a shepherd.

In the Hollis Street Church of Mather Byles, Sr., troops had been quartered and the old West Church and the Brattle Street Church were similarly requisitioned. As for the church in North Square — it was pulled down for fuel; and the Old South, as every copy-book tells us, was used for a riding-school. In justice to General Howe it should, however, be said that at the time of the evacuation, when the temptation to despoil the enemy's property was very great, he made every effort to restrain his men. Once he even sent out this drastic order: "The commander in chief, finding, that notwithstanding former orders that have been given to forbid plundering, houses have been forced open and robbed, he is therefore under the necessity of declaring to the troops that the first soldier who is caught plundering will be hanged on the spot."

Concerning the fine mansions of which the

British took possession there is little that is startling to relate. These officers were gentlemen and they did no harm to the houses they occupied. Even Hancock's house, upon General Washington's report, received no damage worth mentioning, the furniture and the family pictures being unmolested. General Clinton was the tenant here, while Burgoyne occupied the Bowdoin mansion, situated where the Unitarian Building now stands. Howe, like Gage before him, had his headquarters in the Province House. Occasionally, of course, an officer in his cups would forget himself, and it is to one such, no doubt, that we owe the attack upon the picture celebrated by Oliver Wendell Holmes in his poem, " Dorothy Q." Holmes himself told the story as follows:

" The painting hung in the house of my grandfather, Oliver Wendell, which was occupied by British officers before the evacuation of Boston. One of these gentlemen amused himself by stabbing poor Dorothy (the pictured one) as near the right eye as his swordsmanship would serve him to do it. The canvas was so decayed that it became necessary to remount the painting, in the process of doing which the hole made by the rapier was lost sight of." In his poem, it will be recalled, Holmes promises the little maid to

" . . . heal the stab of the Red-Coat's blade,"

a promise which he surely may be said to have amply kept.

None of the pastimes, honorable or otherwise, in which the British shut up in Boston indulged could change the fact that they had not enough to eat, and that the provisions which they did get were often not of the best. The Yankees outside had a joke that the Town Bull, aged twenty, was killed and cut up for the officers' mess. Small favors were very gratefully received, too, when they took the form of food. "Why should I complain of hard fare," one officer in the town wrote his father. "General Gage and all his family have for this month past lived upon salt provision. Last Saturday General Putnam, in the true style of military complaisance which abolishes all personal resentment and smooths the horrors of war when discipline will permit, sent a present to General Gage's lady of a fine quarter of veal, which was very acceptable and received the return of a very polite card of thanks."

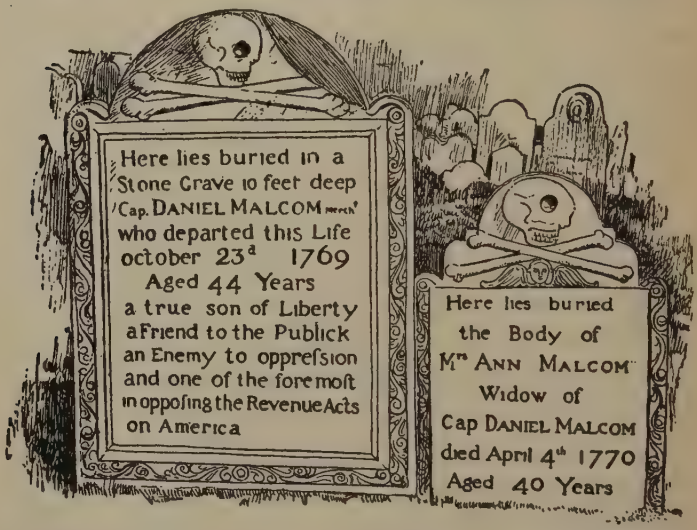
One account, dated the middle of December, says: "The distress of the troops and inhabitants in Boston is great beyond all possible description. Neither vegetables, flour nor pulse for the inhabitants; and the king's stores so very short none can be spared from them; no fuel and winter set in remarkably severe. The troops and inhabitants absolutely and literally

starving for want of provisions and fire. Even salt provision is fifteen pence sterling per pound." After reading which one is more disposed to forgive the destruction of the old John Winthrop house for purposes of firewood.

Those inhabitants of the town who had money to spend did not lack necessities, though, if we may trust the testimony of our old friend, John Andrews, who writing at the end of the siege says: "I am well in health, thank God, and have been the whole of the time, but have lived at the rate of six or seven hundred sterling a year; for I was determined to eat fresh provisions while it was to be got, let it cost what it would; that since October I have scarce eat three meals of salt meat, but supplied my family with fresh at the rate of one shilling to one shilling sixpence sterling the pound. What wood was to be got was obliged to give at the rate of twenty dollars a cord, and coals, though government had a plenty I could not procure (not being an addressor or an associate) though I offered so high as fifty dollars for a chaldron and that at a season when Nabby and John, the only help I had, were under inoculation for the small-pox, that, if you'll believe me, Bill, I was necessitated to burn horse-dung."

"Many were the instances," he continues, "of the inhabitants being confined to the provost for purchasing fuel of the soldiers, when

no other means offered to keep them from perishing with cold, yet such was the inhumanity of our masters that they were even denied the privilege of buying the surplusage of the soldiers' rations. Though you may think we had plenty of cheese and porter yet we were obliged



STONE IN COPP'S HILL, USED AS A TARGET BY BRITISH SOLDIERS

to give from fifteen pence to two shillings a pound for all we ate of the former, and a loaf of bread of the size we formerly gave threepence for thought ourselves well off to get for a shilling. Butter at two shillings. Milk, for months without tasting any. Potatoes from nine shillings to ten shillings and sixpence a bushel and everything else in the same strain."

Very soon after the Battle of Bunker Hill, General Howe succeeded Gage in the direction of the soldiers in Boston, and in his large military family things went on in fairly orderly fashion. The number of the troops (including women and children) was about fourteen thousand. Of these seven hundred men lived in barracks on Bunker Hill, while, of the remainder, all who were not stationed at the castle or on board the fleet, lived in the town itself, some at the Common, some in the intrenchments at the neck and in the fortification on Copp's Hill. (Those on the hill amused themselves by shooting at the gravestones erected there to patriots.) Some, as we have already seen, were quartered in houses. Looking back it is difficult to understand Howe's inaction, but the fact is that he believed the American army to be much stronger than it really was and, after the experience of Bunker Hill, the matter of occupying some of the posts commanding the town, — such as Dorchester Heights, — did not seem to him an entirely easy proposition. To Lord Dartmouth he wrote that the opposing army was not "any ways to be despised; it had in it, many European soldiers, and all or most of the young men of spirit in the country, who were exceedingly diligent and attentive in their military profession." The best that he could hope to do was to remove his army, unimpaired in strength, to

New York, as soon as the necessary transports should be available.

But the men over whom Washington had been made commander-in-chief, immediately after Bunker Hill, were by no means the well-regulated body they were generally thought to be. Stealing, drunkenness, disobedience and desertion had to be combated constantly by the officers, and those who best understood the actual situation almost despaired, for a time, of ever finding in the men at Cambridge a strong instrument for either attack or defence. General Greene wrote of them: "They are naturally as brave and spirited as the peasantry of any other country; but you cannot expect veterans of a raw militia of only a few months' service. The common people are exceedingly avaricious; the genius of the people is commercial from their long intercourse with trade. The sentiment of honor, the true characteristic of the soldier has not yet got the better of interest."

Yet there was, of course, a great deal of quiet heroism in that camp across the river from Boston. Many simple affectionate men were there who longed greatly to return to their homes, and yet remained steadfastly at their posts. One such was William Turner Miller, who wrote his wife: "Dearest Lydia, I received your kind letter by Mr. Burr as also the Inkstand Corn & Cucumber you sent Every letter

& present from you is Like a Cordial to me in my absence from you my Heart is delighted in Reading Your Letters Especially when on the Countenance of them you Appear to be in Health and when you appear by your Letters to be in Trouble I Long to participate with you."

Here, as in the Boston camp, there was every kind of accommodation for the soldiers. "It is very diverting to walk among the camps," wrote the Rev. Mr. Emerson, who visited Cambridge just after Washington's arrival. "They are as different in their form as the owners are in their dress and every tent is a portraiture of the temper and taste of the persons who encamp in it. Some are made of boards and some of sail-cloth. Some partly of one and some partly of the other. Again, others are made of stone and turf, brick and brush. Some are thrown up in a hurry; others curiously wrought with doors and windows done with wreaths and withes in the manner of a basket. Some are your proper tents and marquees looking like the regular camp of the enemy."

The critical time for Washington came at the close of the year, — just when the chief concern of the British officers was the proper production of Burgoyne's farce! For the commander-in-chief of the American forces had to face the problem of disbanding one army and recruiting another within musket

shot of the enemy. Moreover, he was almost without powder! At one time it was suddenly discovered that there was only half a pound of powder to a man. General Sullivan writes that when General Washington heard of this he was so much struck by the danger " that he did not utter a word for half an hour." Then messengers were despatched to all the Southern colonies to call in their stores, and a rule was sent out that every person who fired his gun without positive orders would be punished immediately by a regimental court martial. A favorite diversion, before this, had been that of firing at geese as they passed over the camp.

Washington had long ago wished to attack Boston, but he could not get his officers to agree with him that this was an advisable step to take. Yet he urged it so earnestly and so repeatedly that, on December 22, after long and serious debate, Congress passed a resolution authorizing him to make an assault upon the British forces " in any manner he might think expedient notwithstanding the town and property in it might be destroyed." Upon the receipt of this resolution, the Chief again called a council of war and pointed out, that, in his judgment, " it was indispensably necessary to make a bold attempt to conquer the ministerial troops in Boston before they could be reinforced in the spring, if the means should be provided

and a favorable opportunity should offer." The result of this council was a requisition on Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire for thirteen regiments of militia. But there was still a pitiful scarcity of military stores. "Near two thousand men now in camp are without firelocks," Washington wrote on February 9 and, on the next day, he declared in a letter to Joseph Reed: "My own situation is so irksome to me at times, that if I did not consult the public good more than my own tranquillity, I should long ere this have put everything on the cast of a die. So far from my having an army of twenty thousand men well armed, I have been here with less than one half of that number, including sick, furloughed and on command, and those neither armed nor clothed as they should be. In short, my situation is such that I have been obliged to use art to conceal it from my own officers."

But the time was now at hand for decisive action. As March came in, in its usual breezy fashion, the militia of the towns next to Dorchester and Roxbury were ordered to repair to the lines at these places, instantly upon a signal being given, carrying with them their arms, ammunitions and accoutrements. The plan was to occupy Dorchester Heights and so draw the British into some kind of movement. But Washington kept this plan carefully secret,

and for the three nights of Saturday, Sunday and Monday, the 2nd, 3d, and 4th of March, a furious cannonade was directed upon the enemy from Cobble Hill, Lechmere's Point and Lamb's Dam with the intention of diverting attention. Then, on the third night, under the direction of Gridley, who had planned the works on Bunker Hill, and of Colonel Rufus Putnam, a son of the general, intrenchments were erected on Dorchester Heights, and men were marched to defend them while in Boston the unconscious British slept the sleep of the over-confident.

For the rest of the story we cannot do better than turn to the journal of a young lieutenant in a Connecticut regiment who has left a vivid and minute description of the evacuation of Boston, — and of the events immediately preceding it, — as it appeared to an eye-witness immensely interested in all that was going on.[1]

Under the date of January 8, 1776, he records: "About three o'clock came into camp at Roxbury, found our company in the house that Col. Huntingdon lately occupied, fixed our straw buncks, prepared our lodgins and went to bed a little after 8 o'clock; was soon alarmed on the other side of the water; dressed myself, went up on the hill, where I saw a small village near the water, on the west of Charlestown, in flames. January 9. — After breakfast went over

[1] [Quoted in the *Historical Magazine*, 1864, vol. 8, page 326.]

to Col. Parson's regiment; saw Lieut. Baldwin and some others; drank some sling with them at Eldredge's; went into the regiment where I lit of Ensign Lyman, and drank some flip with him; saw a man who was in last night's attack on Charlestown, by whom I learned that about four hundred men under Major Knowlton were sent there to burn the houses left standing by the Regulars when they burnt the rest of the town last June [at the Battle of Bunker Hill] which they effected with great success, burning all the houses except two or three, and took five prisoners without the loss of a man.

" January 10. — After breakfast took a view of the town where we encamped last summer; now a desolate place, the tents all struck and carried off, the chimneys left partly standing and partly thrown down; but none of my companions with whom I have spent so many agreeable hours now appear there, nor will they again for some are already numbered with the dead.

" January 11. — After breakfast went up onto our regimental parade where I lit of one Lieut. Pidge of the minute men who belongs in Attleboro, as he tells me. I find him an honest uncultivated fellow who talked very sensibly and freely on the two capital vices of the country viz. the tyranny and pride of the Clergy (or as he calls them, the Bandeliers) and

enslaving the Africans; he made many just observations thereon but in coarse vulgar language.

" Sunday, January 14. — About two o'clock went to my friend Burrell's where we dined on a noble good turkey, after which I sat awhile with him, his wife and some other ladies.

" January 18. — After breakfast, I took a walk up on the hill, and from there down to General Spencer's. Coming back I met Capt Mills who informed me of a report in camp that General Montgomery had been defeated near Quebec; but the Report being told several ways we hope it is groundless.

" Sunday January 21. — After breakfast took a walk up into the woods beyond Parker's the Butcher and wrote twelve lines more of the Poem I have in hand, viz:

' Can any one whom Heaven's care hath bless'd,' —

" Sunday Feb. 4. — Went to the Hospital about 1 o'clock and attended the funeral of Charles Wright of our company. He was buried in a new Burying Place at the south end of Jamaica Pond. . . . In the evening had considerable discourse with Capt Jewett on the subjects of Religion &c.

" Feb 14. — Just before day-light we were alarmed by seeing all the buildings on Dor-

chester Neck in flames, which made a grand appearance. While viewing them I lost a sly dog of a prisoner, who made his escape from the Guard. Had a good breakfast of fried eels, after which, feeling unwell, took a nap.

" Feb. 19. — Made an evening visit at Col. Wyllys where met a number of gentlemen: while there Col. Robinson and Mr Chase came in with little Ashley who was about to engage Maj. Park in a duel, which was a matter of great diversion to the company.

" Feb. 26. — After breakfast, Lieut. Harris and I set off for Cambridge, with Mr. Griffin, Capt Darrow, Ensign Pendleton &c. Obliged to go round by sign of the Punch Bowl on account of the bridge over the creek being broken to pieces by the ice: Arrived at Cambridge about 11 o'clock, and went into a tavern for refreshement, where we found Captain Giles Wolcott; then went over to the Colleges and to the Artillery Park, where we spent some time in viewing the Artillery and other warlike stores; then went to Prospect Hill, where we saw Generals Putnam and Sullivan viewing the works . . . came into town called in to see Lieut Adams where we found several officers playing cards. we here drank some toddy and dined on fresh codfish, fried. Set off for home, called in at a tavern in Brookline where we drank some flip with Capt Mason from Lebanon.

Our next remove we reached Capt. Darrow's quarters where we were very agreeably entertained by Dr. Eley's singing. . . .

" March 2. — I took a walk up to the Meeting House; saw the train at work fixing shells &c; also saw four mortars which were brought over from Cambridge. A mighty report prevails that the militia of the neighboring towns for twenty miles around are ordered to our assistance in the intended attack on Boston."

Our poet-soldier then proceeds to describe this attack, dwelling particularly on the masterly way in which Dorchester Heights had been fortified for it. Yet he does not even mention in connection with this strategic move the name of General Artemas Ward to whom recently discovered letters from Washington assign credit for the step. The nearest he comes to it is in a reference to " *Gen. Putnam and some other big officers.*" (All of which interestingly bears out the contention of General Dearborn that General Putnam was at that time a much over-estimated person. " He had entered our army," wrote Dearborn in 1818 in the course of his published Account of the Battle of Bunker Hill, " at the commencement of the Revolutionary War with such universal popularity as can scarcely now be conceived even by those who then felt the whole force of it and no one can at this time offer any satisfactory reasons why he was held in such

high estimation. I heard the gallant Colonel Prescott, observe after the war, at the table of his Excellency James Bowdoin, then governor of this Commonwealth," adds Dearborn, with evident relish, " ' that he [Prescott] sent three messengers during the battle to Gen. Putnam, requesting him to come forward and take the command, — there being no general officer present, and the relative rank of the colonel not having been settled; but that he received no answer and that Putnam's whole conduct was such, both during the action and the retreat, that he ought to have been shot.' " For, according to General Dearborn, Putnam kept too constantly, on this occasion, to the back declivity of Bunker Hill. Obviously, General Dearborn and Colonel Prescott had not been hypnotized by him.)

" Sunday March 10 " our lieutenant has something very interesting to write down in his journal: " By late movements in Boston it appears they are vastly alarmed; and that the enemy are conveying away their treasure with all speed; many think they will soon leave the town. About 4 this P. M. I went with Lieut. Harris upon the hill and saw upwards of 20 vessels under sail, going out of the harbor.

" Sunday March 17. — While at breakfast was alarmed by the drums beating to arms and the regiments were immediately hurried out.

I went up to the north of Ruggles Fort where I observed some very peculiar movements of the shipping; they continued falling down the harbor many of them surrounded with great numbers of boats till about noon. Then, I hear, the Selectmen of Boston came out to Roxbury and informed the Generals that the British troops had all embarked and left the town; whereupon a detachment from our army marched in with the American Standard displayed, and took possession of the town about 2 P. M. A party from Cambridge in boats landed on the Common at the same time.

"I met with some trouble this night with a praying sentry," adds the poet in anticlimax, "which is not very common in camp. Walked out to Brookline before dinner with Lieut. Chamberlin and bought half a quire of paper at the moderate rate of 3s 4d.

"March 19. — This evening the regulars blowed up part of the Castle and burnt the block-house on the lower point.

"March 20. — A little after sunrise, hearing a considerable cannonade down to the Castle, I went up on to the Hill and viewed the Castle, fort &c. Several guns were fired at the Castle while I was looking on. About 2 P. M. I went down to the old Boston fortifications and saw with great pleasure the curious works of the Regulars with many cannon &c which they left

on the ground. Returned about sunset and received one month's wages, £5 8. At about nine o'clock was going to bed, but observed a bright light down toward the Castle, went on to the Hill, where I had a fair prospect of the upper Block house and the large Barrack, with several other buildings on Castle Island all in flames, which so illuminated the air, that although it was a dark night, yet out of curiosity, I read part of a letter lately received from my wife. . . .

"March 25. — Went up to our upper fort from which I saw part of the British fleet under sail.

"March 28. — Went over to Cambridge; walked through the Burying Ground where I saw many monuments. Afterwards I met one Mr. Lambert, a Boston gentleman lately settled in Cambridge, who showed me the famous country-seats of Governor Oliver, Mr. Fayerweather, General Brattle, the Vassals and several other Tories who have fled to the ministerial army for refuge, and thereby sold their country. I took a view of the artillery on Cambridge Common where I observed among other valuable pieces the famous 'Congress' hooped up with bands of iron in the most shocking manner as if she had been ailing. Called at the college and bought a newspaper and proceeded immediately to Bunker Hill where I viewed the grand fortifications of the ministerialists which are indeed

vastly formidable and equal, perhaps superior, to any in New England. Then viewed the ruins of Charlestown, a place beautifully situated and advantageous for trade. Not a single building remains standing except a few barracks, block houses and huts erected by the British for their own necessity. It was thought to contain over one thousand houses before its destruction. . . . It is said that the British fleet sailed out of our harbor this morning and that one of the transports was drove on shore in such a manner it is to be hoped she will not be got off.

" March 29. — About noon Lieut. Waterman and I went into town up as far as the old South Meeting House and viewed the horrible destruction the ministerial troops had made in this famous building which is no less than 86 feet in length and 62 in width exclusive of the porches. The whole inside of this great house is entirely taken out except the gallery on one side and a great quantity of gravel laid on the floor to make it convenient place to exercise their horses in.

" March 30. — After breakfast all the officers of our company went into Boston. We called at several shops to buy such articles as we needed. Also went to Faneuil Hall to see the market mightily thronged with people. Observed the distinction made by the regulars in this elegant building in order to fix it for a playhouse; . . .

BOSTON IN 1774 FROM DORCHESTER HEIGHTS.

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COPPS HILL BURYING GROUND.

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we then proceeded to Beacon Hill where the agreeable prospect is vastly pleasing. We viewed the grand seat of the celebrated Col. Hancock together with the Almshouse and adjacent parts of the Common, walked through the town, observed two very large burying yards, the famous Stone Chapel and then came home.

"April 2. — After breakfast went to Col. Huntingdon's where received my old ration money of Quartermaster Fanning £3, 10. 0. Met Capt Peters and went with him into Boston again. Saw a peculiar scuffle between a soldier and an Irish woman. Went to the Town House and viewed all parts of this elegant building though much damaged by the troops. From the turret had an agreeable prospect of the different parts of the town; thence the North end to Dr. Cutler's church and burying ground and a three gun battery on Copp's Hill. Thence to Hancock's wharf where I saw a number of men dragging the harbor with a grapple for carriages &c which the enemy had thrown in. Saw Daniel Prentice selling bacon to the poor Bostonians. I then went up into the main street and with some difficulty obtained a dinner of codfish, hence to the Hay Market where I stopped some time to see the train remove a heavy cannon from that battery to Fort Hill, thence to Herman Brimmer's where I bought two pair of stockings."

CHAPTER VIII

A PAINTER OF FAIR WOMEN

THE painter in question is, of course, John Singleton Copley, who was born in Boston in 1737, and who left his native town, never to return, just before the outbreak of the Revolution. In calling Copley a painter of fair women, I have no wish, however, to detract from his reputation as a painter of men, also; for it is to him that we owe the stately pictures we inevitably associate with the names of John Hancock, John Adams and scores of other patriots.

Yet it is certainly true that there is a sensibility and beauty in his pictures of girls and women for which one seeks in vain in many of his male portraits. Very likely the dress of the women has something to do with this, for he delighted in the rich draperies and soft laces, the delicate textures and brilliant colors which characterized the female dress of his time. His granddaughter, Mrs. M. B. Amory, — who has written a capital biography of him, — even

attributes to his taste and skill the beautiful costumes which we admire to-day in all the pictures of that period. In other words, his own feeling for line and color, in the dress of a woman who might be sitting to him, reacted upon the fashions of the time. " He had theories and principles," says Mrs. Amory, " which were carried out with a scrupulous elaboration, whose effect heightened the charm of the picture. The rose, the jewel in the hair, the string of pearls around the throat, were no accidental arrangement, but according to principles of taste which he thoroughly understood. The hair ornamented in harmony with the full dress of the period; the fall of lace shading the roundness and curve of the arm, were perhaps unimportant details in themselves, but conduced, by their nice adjustment, to the harmonious effect of the composition. Added to these, he delighted to place his subject among kindred scenes: sometimes we catch a glimpse, in the distance, of garden or mansion; or at others of the fountain and the grove, the squirrel, that favorite of his brush, the bird and the spaniel, — all treated with equal grace and felicity." This reference to the squirrel reminds us that it was through a masterly work in which that fascinating little creature figured that Copley first got his chance to be a famous London painter.

The elder Copley died the year his son was born, and John's stepfather, Peter Pelham, the painter and engraver, — who married Mrs. Mary Copley when John was about nine years old, — himself passed away two years after that marriage, leaving his widow so ill-provided for that she was forced to keep a tobacco-shop on Bowdoin Square to support herself. So the lad had no very careful education, and according to his own words never saw a good picture till after he left America. Some writers attribute to Smibert credit for Copley's early skill, but as the visit of that painter to America (in company with Dean Berkeley) came in 1728, — almost a decade before Copley was born, — and as Smibert died when Copley was only thirteen the "influence" in question could scarcely have been very direct.

Family tradition tells us that Copley was, in truth, that exceedingly rare thing, — a natural genius. He began to draw on the walls of his nursery before he had ever ventured far from that narrow field of action, and he taught himself to paint, — by painting. When he was seventeen he quietly announced that painting was to be his profession and, in 1760, when he was twenty-three, he proved to Europe as well as America that he had made no mistake in his choice of a calling. For that year he sent, without name or address, an exquisite portrait

of his half-brother, Henry Pelham, to Benjamin West, a member of the Royal Academy, with the request to have it placed in the Exhibition Rooms. This picture, now well known as "The Boy And The Flying Squirrel," elicited from West at first sight the enthusiastic outburst: "What delicious coloring, worthy of Titian himself!" Yet he was at a loss what to do about the matter, as it was contrary to the rules of the Academy to place on its walls any picture by an unknown artist. West was perfectly sure, however, that this was the production of an American; he recognized in the wood on which the canvas was stretched the pine of the New World and he knew the squirrel to be such as is found only in the western forests. So, through his influence, this picture painted by a young countryman was admitted to the Exhibition, in spite of the rules. Later, the letter which identified the work as that of Peter Pelham's stepson arrived.

The attention and admiration excited by this remarkable painting were such that Copley's friends wrote most warmly to persuade him to go to England for the pursuit of his vocation, and West extended to him a hospitable invitation to be his guest in London. But the young man was now at the zenith, in Boston, of his success as a portrait painter, and he had an aged mother to support as well as his young

stepbrother to train in habits of industry. Accordingly, he put aside any thought of going abroad immediately and, with all diligence, pursued the work which was right at hand. There was then a great deal of wealth in and about Boston, and it came to be as much a matter of course for a rich man to have his wife or daughter painted by Copley as to send his son to Harvard. (Nearly three hundred portraits are credited to his brush during the twenty year period of his work in America.) By 1769, therefore, Copley was able to marry the lady of his choice, and that same year he made his initial investment in real estate.

All the beauty of which Copley makes the most in his various portraits of women was possessed in an exquisite way by this woman he made his wife. Her name was Susannah and her father was Richard Clarke, a wealthy merchant of the town and agent for the East India Company. Like the rest of Copley's subjects, she had neither toiled nor spun, — one can never associate any of his women with manual employment, — and her pictures show her to have had the high forehead and finely arched brow, as well as the delicately tapering fingers characteristic of a Copley woman. Moreover, her character was in harmony with her person. "She appears," says her biographer, "to have been one of those rare women in whom the moral

and mental qualities, joined to deep sensibility, are so nicely balanced that they exert the happiest influence over the home circle, cheering and enlivening without dazzling it."

The investment in real estate to which allusion has already been made, bore witness, as did the painting of this self-taught artist, to his keen sense of picturesque beauty. For, feeling that the time must surely come when Beacon Hill would be the favorite site for the homes of the wealthy and discriminating, he acquired there, for less than one hundred dollars an acre, a " farm," as he called it, which comprised over eleven acres. This estate may be said to have extended from Walnut Street, down Beacon Street to the river, with the back or hill line reaching through Walnut Street to Mt. Vernon Street and thence to Louisburg Square and across the square to Pinckney Street. The last-named street to the river formed its northern boundary.

According to Nathaniel I. Bowditch, Boston's old conveyancer, Copley's first transaction in realty was the purchase in 1769 of East's pasture, then so called, embracing two and a half acres, which in the old days was a part of Sewall's elm pasture, and in connection with the East pasture, a tract of six acres in extent, known as the Blackstone lot, which latter lot was a part of the town's original grant of fifty acres to

William Blackstone, who was Boston's first settler.

The land was purchased by Peter Chardon, an administrator of the estate of one Andrew Cunningham. In 1770 Copley also secured another parcel of the original Sewall pasture, also two and one-half acres in extent. This latter tract extended from Walnut Street along Beacon Street, toward the river for two hundred and sixty feet, and running back to Mt. Vernon Street, the line traversing diagonally through the lots on both sides of Chestnut Street.

Such was the "farm" of Boston's painter of 1770. Here he took up his residence, dispensing hospitality in princely style, and rearing his family of children. A snap-shot picture of him in his own background here is given us by Colonel John Trumbull in his Autobiography: "In January 1772 I was sent to Cambridge under the care of my brother, who, in passing through Boston indulged me by taking me to see the works of Mr. Copley. His house was on the Common where Mr. Sears elegant grand palazzo stands [now occupied by the Somerset Club]. A mutual friend of Mr. Copley and my brother, Mr. James Lovell, went with us to introduce us. We found Mr. Copley dressed to receive a party of friends at dinner. I remember his dress and appearance, — an elegant-looking man, dressed in a fine maroon cloth,

with gilt buttons. This was dazzling to my unpracticed eye. But his paintings, the first I had ever seen deserving the name, riveted, absorbed my attention, and renewed all my desire to enter upon such a pursuit."

Here Copley diligently practiced his art. Colonial dignitaries of church and State, graceful women and lovely children climbed the steep hill to his home that he might put on canvas their various forms and features. Excepting a visit to New York, in 1771, for the purpose of painting Colonel Washington, — as he was then known, — and some other persons of distinction, there were few events in his career.

But now the time arrived when Copley could no longer resist the desire to visit Europe and drink in the inspiration that must come from viewing there the works of the great masters. Leaving his little group of loved ones he embarked for England not, as has been said by some, because of his royalist tendencies, but with the very simple and clear-cut object of gaining, now that he had earned it, the development that every artist seeks when he goes abroad for travel and observation. Copley's sympathies and judgment were enlisted always on the side of liberty and independence; he had never been in political accord with his father-in-law, whom we know as one of the consignees of the hated tea. Still, the actual troubles of Boston

had not broken out when he sailed for England in June, 1774; as soon, indeed, as the newspapers acquainted him with them, he began to upbraid himself bitterly for having left his wife unprotected behind him.

Yet, at first, there is only exultation in his letters. For had he not reached, at last, a land where there were pictures to be seen? "I have just returned from Mr. West's house," he writes on July 21, 1774, "where I took tea. He accompanied me to the queen's palace where I beheld the finest collection of paintings I have seen, and, I believe, the finest in England. . . . I also went to the Park, which has all the beauty the most lively imagination can conceive of; the ladies made such a show that it was almost enough to warm a statue and to endue it with life. I have also been to Vauxhall and seen the ladies assembled though not in such numbers as later in the season. I went on board the queen's yacht, and here such a profusion of rich ornament presented itself as cannot be described. This is the ship that brought the queen, wife of George III, from Mecklenburg to England; the cabin is lined with crimson damask, bed the same. I have had a visit from Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Strange, the celebrated engraver. . . . Next week I shall be introduced to Lord Dartmouth by Governor Hutchinson."

For Hutchinson, now in high favor at court,

was, naturally, a person of whose good offices a painter would gladly avail himself. At small and intimate affairs where George III and Queen Charlotte made it a point to meet and greet each guest, he was always welcome, and once the queen made him very proud by complimenting him on the appearance of his daughter, Margaret, to whom he was devotedly attached.

Through Hutchinson, indeed, Copley got the great chance of this, his first visit to London. For the king and queen themselves consented to sit to him! The pictures which resulted were for Governor John Wentworth of New Hampshire.

Italy, however, was the Mecca of Copley's hopes, and to that country he soon pushed happily on, sending his wife from Genoa, on October 8, 1774, the following exquisite love letter: "Could I address you by any name more dear than that of wife I should delight in using it when I write; but how tender soever the name may be, it is insufficient to convey the attachment I have for you. Although the connection of man and wife as man and wife may have an end, yet that of love, which is pure and heavenly, may be perfected, — not that my love is not as perfect as it can be in the present state, but we may be capable of loving more by being more conformed to the infinite Source

of love. I am very anxious lest you should suffer by my absence, but I shall make the disagreeable separation as short as possible for my own sake, for, till we are together, I have as little happiness as yourself."

Very likely he was particularly glad, in the midst of his anxieties about his family, of the opportunity which came to him in Rome to paint Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Izard of South Carolina. The resulting picture is now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and is full of the atmosphere of the Eternal City. Mrs. Izard is supposed to have sketched in crayon the group of statuary in the background. The artist catches her pose just as she is handing the sketch to her husband for criticism. Mr. Izard seems to be searching for the proper word with which to characterize his wife's work; certainly he is not looking at the drawing in his hand.

" As soon as possible you shall know what my prospects are in England," writes Copley to his wife about this time, " and then you will be able to determine whether it is best for you to go there or for me to return to America. It is unpleasant to leave our dear connections; but if, in three or four years, I can make as much as will render the rest of our life easy and leave something to our family, if I should be called away, I believe that you would think it best to spend that time there; should this be done,

be assured I am ready to promise you that I will go back and enjoy that domestic happiness which our little ' farm ' is so capable of affording. I am sure you would like England very much; it is a very paradise; but so, I think, is Boston Common, if the town is what it once was."

But the town was no longer " what it once was!" The encroachments of the British soldiers and the turbulent spirit of the patriots combined to make it anything but a comfortable place of residence for a quiet lady whose only desire was to bring up her little brood in peace and comfort.

" I am sorry Boston has become so disagreeable," wrote Copley to his wife in October. " I think this will determine me to stay in England, where I have no doubt I shall meet with as much to do as in Boston and on better terms. I might have begun many pictures in London, if I had pleased, and several persons are awaiting my return to employ me. Mr. Wentworth will keep his commission for the portraits of their majesties for me. But to give you the trouble of crossing the sea with the children makes me very anxious. As for my property in Boston, I cannot count it anything now. I believe I shall sink it all; it is very hard but it must be submitted to. . . . I fear my estate will be greatly injured by the soldiers having the hill. I wish I had sold my whole place; I

should then have been worth something; I do not know now that I have a shilling in the world."

"My anxiety is greater than I can express for you, our dear children and friends," he wrote from Rome in December. "When I reflect on the condition Boston may be in I tremble for you all; in a state of bloodshed and confusion no one is safe and I greatly fear the dispute will end in the most fatal and dreadful consequences. We have the English papers every post; they come twice a week in the summer, in winter not so regularly; so I know tolerably well what goes on of a public nature, and sincerely wish you were away from the town till it is in a different state. . . . The trouble you must be in will quicken my return to England, for I feel for you more than I can express. I pray to God to keep you from every evil and, if general confusion is inevitable, I hope it will not take place till you are in England. It is suggested that Lord Chatham is coming into the administration; if so, the dispute will end speedily in favor of the Americans. But I suspect this will not be the case; it does not look likely that the measure carried on with so much vigilance and seemingly with so determined a resolution to humble the provinces will be relinquished. When I reflect what a happy people the Americans were, and how un-

happy they are at this time, I am much grieved; but I have dwelt longer on the subject than I intended, and shall leave it, for I avoid engaging in politics, as I wish to preserve an undisturbed mind and a tranquillity inconsistent with political disputes. . . . Should I now return to America I should have nothing to do and cannot think of going back to starve with my family."

When the news reached him that war had actually broken out he was terribly disturbed. "The country which was once the happiest on the globe will be deluged with blood for many years to come," he wrote. "It seems as if no plan of reconciliation could now be formed; as the sword is drawn, all must finally be settled by the sword. I cannot think that the power of great Britain will subdue the country, if the people are united as they appear to be at present. I know it may seem strange to some men of great understanding that I should hold such an opinion, but it is very evident to me that America will have the power of resistance until strong to conquer, and that victory and independence will go hand in hand." A little later he wrote: "Whoever thinks the Americans can be easily subdued is greatly mistaken; they will keep their enthusiasm alive until they are victorious. You know, years ago, I was right in my opinion that this would be the result of the attempt to tax the colony; it is now my settled conviction

that all the power of Great Britain will not reduce them to obedience."

Mrs. Copley had already arrived in England, when he got back there, having sensibly taken passage for the old country as soon as Boston became the seat of war. While journeying with all speed to join her there, her artist-husband fell in with Brook Watson as travelling companion, a man who, though in the prime of life, had for many years worn a wooden leg in place of one which, when a boy, he had sacrificed to the rapacious appetite of a shark. From the chance encounter with Watson sprang Copley's first historical picture, — "A Youth Rescued from a Shark." On one occasion, Professor Agassiz adduced in proof of his contention that sharks would attack the living this picture, of which he remembered to have seen an engraving somewhere.

Portraits, however, continued to be the work in which Copley was most successful, and of these perhaps the best is the so-called family picture in which are represented the artist, his wife, his father-in-law, Richard Clarke, and his four young children, three of whom survived him to a very advanced age. Against a background which is undoubtedly a faithful transcript of the family sitting-room is shown Mrs. Copley, seated on a crimson couch and caressing her only son, the future Lord Lyndhurst, while

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY.
From the portrait by the artist
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JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.
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ABIGAIL BROMFIELD.
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on the other side, his sister, scarce two years younger, is endeavoring to attract her share of the mother's attention. Mr. Clarke, seated near a window opening on a landscape scene, holds on his knee the baby of the family. In the foreground stands the eldest child in the quaint attire of the last century, while the artist himself, with palette in hand, contemplates the sweet domestic scene with a look of satisfaction. The details of the picture are done with wonderful care and accuracy, the stiff doll, the plump baby, the hats and plumes, the silk stockings, buckles and high-heeled shoes being marvels in their way. This picture, devised and executed just at the time when Copley collected his family about him in his pleasant English home, possesses, of course, decided autobiographical interest as well.

Among the first pictures of American women painted after the artist had settled down in England is that usually known as Abigail Bromfield and herewith reproduced. It is remarkable for the effect of a windy day given by the arrangement of the lady's draperies. Miss Bromfield was the first wife of Daniel Denison Rogers of Boston.

Both the Adams presidents were painted by Copley, John Adams in the well-known full-length picture with a map of Europe in his hand and a globe at his side now in the possession

of Harvard College, and John Quincy Adams in the exquisite portrait owned by the Adams family, and now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The Copleys had a good deal to do with John Adams and his wife during our first minister's diplomatic service in London on behalf of the infant colony; for while her husband strove at court to maintain the dignity of America, Mrs. Adams would stitch his shirts in Mrs. Copley's sitting-room and pour into the sympathetic ears of the artist's wife her tale of scant courtesy from the court, and the difficulty of maintaining appearances on the niggardly salary her husband drew.

The manner in which Copley did his work is of distinct interest to us. He sadly tried the patience of his sitters by his minute care and thorough fidelity in the execution of a picture. So thoroughly absorbed was he in the canvas before him that he required that a friend always accompany the sitter to keep up the flow of conversation and produce the animation which it was his task to bring out in line and color. No persuasions, no complaints of fatigue, could induce him to slight the most unimportant detail. And after hours of patient attention, the unfortunate sitter would often return to find every trace of the preceding day's work obliterated and the faithful artist alertly ready to begin his task all over again. To this care

and fidelity we owe much of the value of Copley's portraits.

Perhaps the most successful "fancy picture" of a woman which Copley ever produced [see frontispiece] is that of the first Mrs. Richard Derby of Boston, — well remembered for her extreme beauty and charming manners, — whom he painted under the guise of St. Cecilia. Mrs. Derby was the daughter of Dr. Nathaniel Coffin of Portland, Maine, and of his wife Eleanor Foster of Charlestown, Massachusetts. She married Richard Crowninshield Derby and they lived in a house which stood on Chestnut Street almost on the site now occupied by the Theological School of Boston University.

One of the Americans whom Copley painted about this time was Elkanah Watson. Mr. Watson had the good fortune to be present when George III declared the United States to be free and independent and to dine afterwards with Copley. He has left us in his "Men and Times of the Revolution," a vivid account of the scene, both in Parliament and at the painter's home. The date was December 5, 1782, and "in conformity with previous arrangements," he writes, "I was conducted by the Earl of Ferrers to the very entrance of the House of Lords. At the door he whispered: 'Get as near the throne as you can; fear nothing.' I did so and found myself exactly in front of it,

elbow to elbow with the celebrated Admiral Lord Howe. The Lords were promiscuously standing as I entered.

" It was a dark and foggy day, and the windows being elevated and constructed in the antiquated style, with leaden bars to contain the diamond cut panes of glass, increased the gloom. The walls were hung with dark tapestry representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada. I had the pleasure of recognizing in the crowd of spectators Copley and West the painter with some American ladies. I saw also some dejected American royalists in the group.

" After waiting nearly two hours the approach of the King was announced by a tremendous roar of artillery. He entered by a small door on the left of the throne, and immediately seated himself upon the Chair of State in a graceful attitude, with his right foot resting upon a stool. He was clothed in royal robes. Apparently agitated he drew from his pocket the scroll containing his speech. The Commons were summond; and after the bustle of their entrance had subsided, he proceeded to read his speech. I was near the King and watched, with intense interest, every tone of his voice and expression of his countenance. It was to me a moment of thrilling and dignified exaltation. . . . It is remarked that George III is celebrated for reading his speeches in a dis-

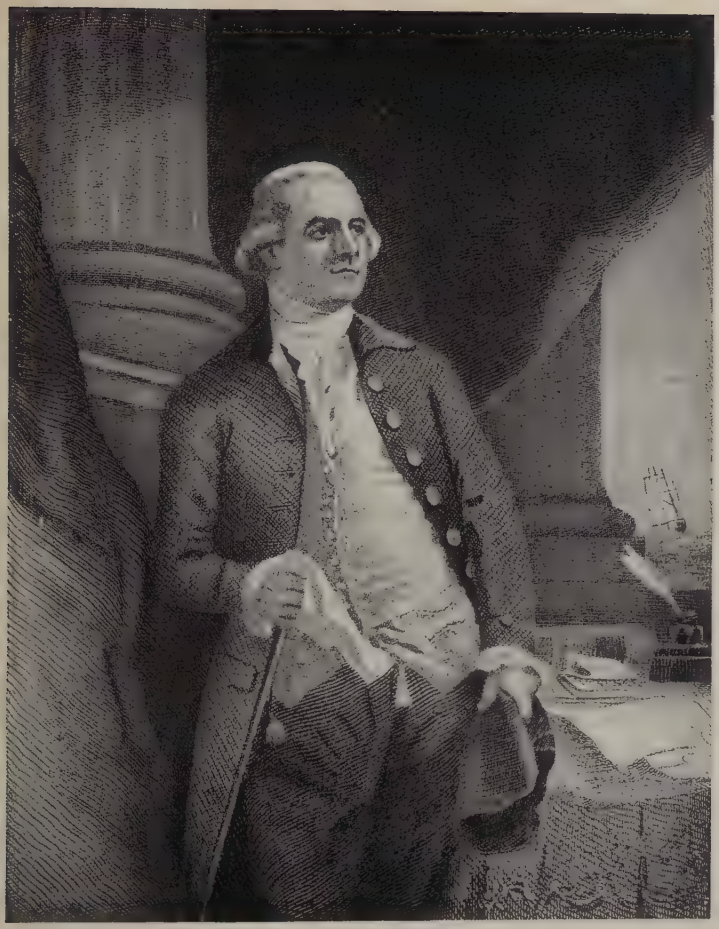
tinct free and impressive manner. On this occasion he was evidently embarrassed. He hesitated, choked and executed the painful duties of the occasion with an ill grace that does not belong to him."

" The painting of me had already been finished in most exquisite style," continues Watson, " in every part except the background, in which Copley and I designed to represent a ship, bearing to America the acknowledgement of our independence. The sun was just rising from the stripes of the Union streaming from her gaff. All was complete save the flag which Copley had not deemed proper to hoist, as his gallery was the constant resort of the royal family and of the nobility. I dined with the artist on the glorious fifth of December 1782, after listening with him to the speech of the king, formally recognizing the United States of America in the rank of nations. Previous to the dinner, and immediately after our return from the House of Lords Copley invited me into his studio; and then, with a bold hand, a master's touch, and I believe, an American heart, he attached to the ship the Stars and Stripes. This was, I imagine, the first American flag hoisted in Old England."

Copley's son, Lord Lyndhurst, had an American heart, too, even after he had become lord chancellor of England. A Boston-born boy,

he never lost his feeling of kinship for the place. There is a story that, on one occasion, having expressed some opinion not quite palatable to William IV that monarch said to him cuttingly: "Pray, my Lord, when did you leave America?" "Please your Majesty," was the response in slow and measured tones, "I crossed the Atlantic in the last ship that sailed from Boston under the British flag before the Declaration of Independence."

Lyndhurst's sister was Mrs. Gardiner Greene of Boston, and to the generosity of her husband he owed his chance when a youth to make the splendid place he ultimately did make for himself in England. For Copley's fortunes began to decline about the time his son was ready to practise law, and he was obliged to ask Mr. Greene to help the young man out. This was about 1804, and after the "farm," to which Copley had always hoped some day to return, had slipped irretrievably from his grasp. Copley's step-brother, Henry Pelham, had looked after the property for him during the occupation of Boston by the British and, after the close of the war and the restoration of peace, the big estate at the head of the Common began to be really valuable. Especially did the waste land of the western slope of Beacon Hill become an object of much interest to the speculators of that day when it was whispered about that



ELKANAH WATSON.

From a painting done in England by Copley. The stars and stripes on the flag in the background were painted in immediately after George III had declared the American colonies "free and independent states."

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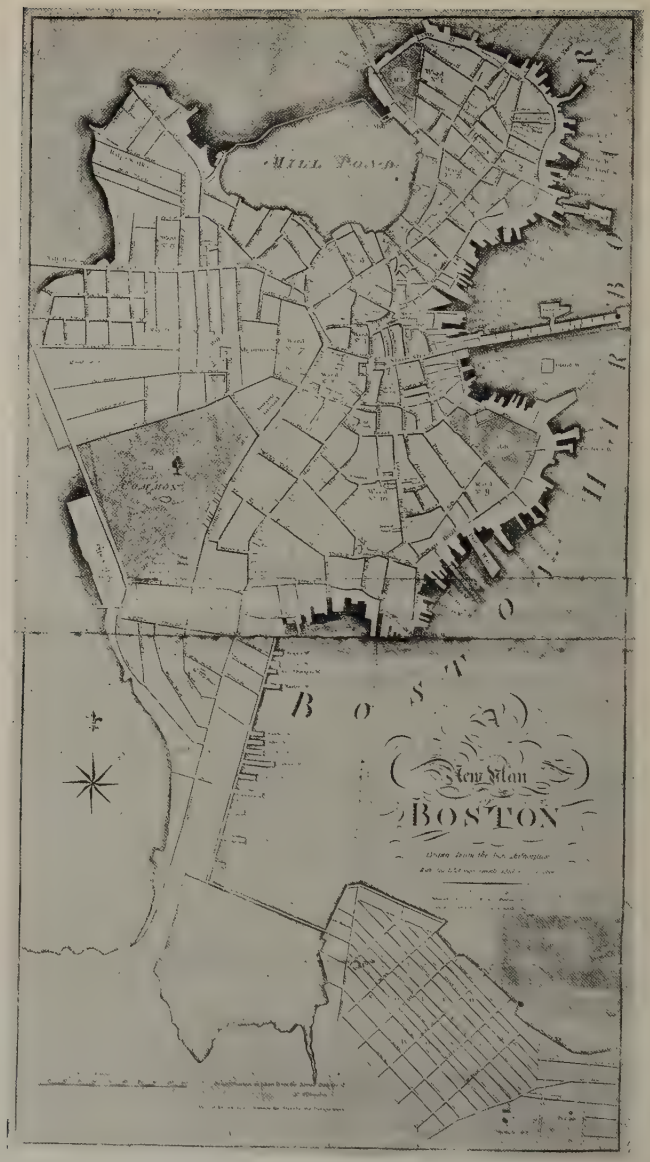

NORMAN'S MAP OF BOSTON IN 1806.

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the new state house would be located on the summit of the hill, and near the Beacon monument.

At the eastern corner of Beacon and Walnut Streets lived Dr. Benjamin Joy, an old Boston practitioner and shrewd man of affairs, who naturally enough heard of the state house project in advance of most people. Dr. Joy at once saw the value of the Copley tract.

For obvious reasons he did not wish to appear as a would-be purchaser of the Copley acres which adjoined his own property. He therefore enlisted the services of Harrison Gray Otis, a local lawyer, then of much repute, and Jonathan Mason, Jr., to secure the Copley estate, and whatever additional acreage in the vicinity could be obtained in their own names, as the Mount Vernon proprietors. Dr. Joy, after the land had been bought, would take his share.

In some way General William Hull, then a successful lawyer, was brought into the scheme, as was also, as an investor, James Swan, a Boston merchant, who resided abroad. It was through the instrumentality of General Hull that Copley gave a bond for the deed and received as part compensation for his property the sum of one thousand pounds.

Later on, when the deed reached London, Copley had heard, however, of the projected new state house and he refused to sign the deed.

The former Boston artist claimed that neither he nor his agent, who at that time was Samuel Cabot, one of the few residents of upper Beacon Street, knew of the contemplated new state house when the bond was executed, otherwise he would not have parted with his cherished Boston farm so readily. Legal complications followed, and Copley was forced to comply with the provisions of the original contract and sign away forever all ownership in the property upon whose future he had built so much. He sent his son, John Singleton Copley, then a young man who had just taken his university degrees, to Boston with full power to act in all matters that pertained to the affair in hand. On reaching Boston the son wrote the following letter to his father:

"Boston, Jan. 2, 1796,

"I have an opportunity of writing only one-half line by a vessel which sails almost immediately, to inform you of my safe arrival in Boston at 4 o'clock this morning, after a tempestuous passage of more than eight weeks. I am this instant going to Gen. Hull, whom I saw this morning. He has written to you upon your affairs at length. Scott has made affidavit that no such verbal transaction as you mentioned ever took place.

"The business cannot come on till May.

If you can make yourself a subject of the United States you are clear. If otherwise, I am not yet sufficiently informed to say what may be the result if you are decreed an alien; but take courage. I cannot say more than wish my most affectionate regards to my dear mother and my two amiable sisters, and add that they would be agreeably disappointed at a view of Boston. Your Dutiful Son."

The young attorney, afterward famed in England as Baron Lyndhurst, lord high chancellor, found it no easy task to straighten out the tangle into which the affairs of the Copley land investments had fallen, and to show the measure of success he reached in the adjustment of all differences, extracts from his own account should be quoted:

"I have, my dear sir," he writes to his father under date of February 27, 1796, "concluded my negotiations with Messrs. Mason, Otis, etc, etc: how you will be affected by the result, whether it will give you dissatisfaction or pleasure, I cannot determine.

"But had your ground been firmer still there was no hope that the business would be settled within the space of two years and a half. After much negotiation, and after various consultations with your counsel and with Mr. Rogers, I acceded, in pursuance to their advice,

to the following terms: That you should retain the £1000 received from Hull and that I should receive on your account an addition of 3000 guineas, deducting the amount of Phillips' mortgage.

"They also indemnify you against Hull, which will cost them, I understand, or rather I know, £2200 more. I do not believe that any person could have obtained from them one shilling more."[1]

Thus the dream of Copley's life after he left America vanished. The "farm" on Boston Common, to which he was so warmly attached, had slipped from his grasp, and his last aspiration of returning to end his life in his native land, among congenial scenes, of course melted away with it. He died in London, September 9, 1815, and was buried in the parish church of Croydon. In a niche of the wall above the tomb where he rests is a bust taken from the portrait which Gilbert Stuart painted of him and which, according to the testimony of Lord Lyndhurst, was the best likeness ever made of his father.

But the real memorial to Copley is to be found in his work, particularly in those exquisite portraits of fair New England women which, to this day, adorn the drawing-room walls of many a stately American mansion.

[1] [Letters quoted from Mrs. Amory's book.]

CHAPTER IX

JOHN HANCOCK AND HIS DOROTHY

MRS. MERCY WARREN, the favorite sister of James Otis, and a woman of keen observation wrote, towards the end of her life a "History of the Revolution" which, if it failed to do full justice to John Adams and one or two others, certainly set down with very nice discernment the political character of John Hancock. Hancock had long been a popular idol, and this cool analysis of him served, very likely, to correct a too-biased impression:

"Mr. Hancock was a young gentleman of fortune, of more external accomplishments than real abilities. He was polite in manners, easy in address, affable, civil and liberal. With these accomplishments he was capricious, sanguine and implacable: naturally generous, he was profuse in expense; he scattered largesses without discretion, and purchased favors by the waste of wealth, until he reached the ultimatum of his wishes, which centred in the focus of

popular applause. He enlisted early in the cause of his country, at the instigation of some gentlemen of penetration, who thought his ample fortune might give consideration while his fickleness could not injure, so long as he was under the influence of men of superior judgment. They complimented him by nominations to committees of importance, till he plunged too far to recede; and flattered by ideas of his own consequence, he had taken a decided part before the battle of Lexington, and was president of the provincial congress, when that event took place."

Now while this is probably as judicial a pronouncement upon John Hancock the politician as could well be put into such brief space, there is a sweet and generous side to Hancock, the man at which Mrs. Warren does not even hint. It is that which I hope to bring out. For, after all, life is more than politics. And Hancock's real mettle was pretty severely tested, as it seems to me, when, on the eve of being wedded to the girl he loved, he was warned to flee for his life from a proscription which logically would have disposed of him at the end of a rope in England.

Five days after the flight from Lexington, Hancock sent to the Massachusetts Committee of Safety the following letter, which I reproduce by the kindness of the New England Magazine.

" WORCESTER, April 24, 1775
Monday evening

" GENTLEMEN:

" Mr. S. Adams and myself, just arrived here, find no intelligence from you and no guard. We just hear an express has passed through this place to you from New York, informing that administration is bent upon pushing matters; and that four regiments are expected there. How are we to proceed? Where are our brethren? Surely, we ought to be supported. I had rather be with you; and, at present, am fully determined to be with you before I proceed. I beg, by the return of this express to hear from you, and pray, furnish us with depositions of the conduct of the troops, the certainty of their firing first, and every circumstance relative to the conduct of the troops from the 19th instant, to this time, that we may be able to give some account of matters as we proceed, especially at Philadelphia, also I beg you would order your secretary to make out an account of your proceedings since, what has taken place; what your plan is; what prisoners we have, and what they have of ours; who of note was killed, on both side; who commands our forces, &c.

" Are our men in good spirits? For God's sake do not suffer the spirit to subside, until they have perfected the reduction of our enemies. Boston must be entered; the troops must

be sent away. . . . Our friends are valuable, but our country must be saved. I have an interest in that town. What can be the enjoyment of that town if I am obliged to hold it at the will of Gen. Gage or any one else? I doubt not your vigilance, your fortitude and resolution. Do let us know how you proceed. We must have the Castle. . . . Stop up the harbor against large vessels coming. You know better what to do than I can point out. Where is Mr. Cushing? Are Mr. Paine and Mr. John Adams to be with us? What are we to depend upon? We travel rather as deserters, which I will not submit to. . . . Pray remember Mr. S. Adams and myself to all friends. God be with you. I am gentlemen, your faithful and hearty countryman

"JOHN HANCOCK."

In addition to the many political anxieties reflected in this letter John Hancock had a lover's fears for the safety of his fiancée, Dorothy Quincy, whom we last saw threatening, in a fit of feminine perversity, that she would go back into Boston, on the morrow, and join her father who was shut up there. This father, Edmund Quincy, is so interesting a person that we owe it to ourselves to digress for a bit in order to give him and his family due consideration.

His ancestral home was in the town which now bears his name, — but which was then

DOROTHY QUINCY HANCOCK.
From the painting by Copley
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PARLOR OF DOROTHY Q. HOUSE, QUINCY.
Showing wall paper hung for John Hancock's wedding
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called Braintree, — and his grandfather was the first Quincy to own the fine old roof-tree which we now know as the Dorothy Q. house. To attend the funeral of Colonel Quincy, as the first Edmund was always called, Judge Sewall drove out from Boston in 1697–1698, picking up Madame Dudley on the way, who "seem'd to be glad of the Invitation and were mutually refreshed by our Company." Scarcely two years later Judge Sewall was obliged to go to Braintree for another funeral, this time that of the widow. He notes in his diary: "Cousin Edmund Quinsey invited us; for I lodged there all night." This "cousin" Edmund it was who, by marriage with the lovely Dorothy Flynt, soon brought into the annals of Braintree the first "Dorothy Q."

When this maiden went out from her home at Dorchester — she was the daughter of Rev. Josiah Flynt of that place — to assume the care of a household, she was a girl of only seventeen, while her husband was scarcely three years older. But the young man showed himself very properly a Quincy, for early and rapidly he distinguished himself in public affairs. As the Rev. John Hancock, his pastor, later said of him: "This great man was of a manly Stature and Aspect, of a Strong Constitution, and of good Courage, fitted for any Business of Life, to serve God, his King, and Country."

This second Edmund Quincy it was who fashioned the old roof-tree into the house nearly as it stands to-day. The original building in all its lines is still to be discerned almost as plainly as if the newer edifice to which it is joined were transparent, for the old roof with its shingles is half a story beneath the later one, and the old windows and clapboards are clearly distinguishable from those of the more recent extension. The union of the new building with the old was done without any attempt to achieve a result architecturally imposing, and thus it comes about that the house has a full complement of haunted chambers, secret passages, and closets.

Into this pleasant home the Dorothy Q. of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem was born January 4, 1709. She was the fourth child of Edmund and Dorothy Flynt Quincy, and considerably younger than the others. She did not marry until the very late age, for a girl of that time, of twenty-nine. Meanwhile, the old house had become the property of her brother, Edmund, the father of Hancock's Dorothy.

This Edmund Quincy was graduated at Harvard in 1722, practised law and became Judge of Common Pleas. After his marriage to Elizabeth Wendell (April 15, 1725) they went to live in Boston, and it was in their home on the south side of Summer Street that Han-

cock's Dorothy was born, May 10, 1747. Yet when she was five years old she went back to live in the old homestead at Quincy a part of every year, and here it was that John Hancock first came to know her well. Tradition even says that it was in honor of Dorothy's marriage to " King " Hancock that the large north parlor of the house was hung with the wall-paper which still adorns it, — a Paris design showing Venus and Cupid in blue with pendent wreaths of red flowers. In one panel Cupid appears to be wooing the shy Venus; in the other she has dispatched him with an affirmative answer and he is speeding happily away amid very natural-looking birds of paradise, disporting themselves on the floral background. It seems a pity that paper so eminently fitted to nuptial rites should not have graced the Hancock wedding after all.

But for watchful Aunt Lydia Hancock, the patriot John would, very likely, never have enjoyed his bride, indeed. This lady was the widow of the rich merchant, Thomas Hancock, who, dying in Boston, had left the greater part of his wealth to his nephew and adopted son, John Hancock, whom he had adopted in 1744, when the boy's father, Rev. John Hancock of Quincy, died. Young Hancock was very fond of his Aunt Lydia, and she was bent upon giving nim the sweetheart of his choice. To this end

she often had Dorothy Quincy, whose mother was dead, to stay with her at her splendid mansion opposite the Common. Thus it was that Dorothy, whose own home as has been said was on Summer Street, happened to be near enough Earl Percy's soldiers to be annoyed by their morning drill.

The first public office which I find record of having been held by John Hancock was that of selectman. He was chosen on that board at the town meeting of March, 1765, very likely because his late uncle had for many years occupied the position. But that he was fast developing patriotic feeling on his own account is shown by a letter sent to one of his London correspondents the following November, in which he says: "I am invariably determined not to carry on business under a stamp, nor ever subject myself to be a slave without my own Consent." When the Stamp Act was repealed, the news was brought to Boston by John Hancock's vessel, and during the subsequent celebration "John Hancock Esq. gave a grand and elegant entertainment to the genteel part of the town and treated the populace with a pipe of Madeira wine. Erected at the front of his house, which was magnificently illuminated, was a stage for the exhibition of fireworks, which was to answer those of the sons of liberty! . . . Mr. Otis and some other gentle-

men who lived near the Common kept open house the whole evening, which was very pleasant; the multitude of gentlemen and ladies who were continually passing from one place to another added much to the brilliancy of the night," records a newspaper of the period.

At the following election, Hancock was chosen one of four representatives to the General Court, the other three from Boston being James Otis, Thomas Cushing and Samuel Adams. Circumstances which, I doubt not "the master of the puppets" had his share in arranging, had thrown Hancock and Adams much together of late. Adams had great skill in bringing to the front young men likely, for any reason, to be helpful to the Cause and Hancock, with his wealth and popularity, promised exceedingly well in that way. So they served together on various committees chosen to prepare letters and resolutions of importance. "If Adams wrote the letters, Hancock furnished the quills," says A. E. Brown, who has written an excellent Life of the younger man. This epigram besides being very striking is almost literally true. For what one man lacked the other supplied, the combination being sufficiently effective to induce the American Revolution and give George III many a bad quarter-hour.

From one point of view Hancock is more deserving of praise than any other Bostonian

who ranged himself on the side of the people as against the king. He was very rich, and since war presented to him the possibility of being stripped utterly of his possessions, he had everything to lose and nothing to gain by it. But he elected to work with the defenders of liberty and, when his commission as Colonel of the Cadets was revoked by Gage soon after that personage had landed in Boston, he merely said: "I shall always prefer retirement in a private station to being a tool in the hand of power to impress my countrymen." He continued his service in the General Court even after that body had been dissolved by Gage, and when he was appointed one of the delegates to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia he hesitated not a moment to accept the trust, though he quite understood that his goods as well as his life would be endangered thereby.

Of the Provincial Congress which met in October (1774) at Concord and then later at Cambridge, Hancock was president, and in that capacity became particularly responsible for the first Thanksgiving proclamation in which the "king" was not recognized.

When the second Provincial Congress opened at Cambridge, on February 1, 1775, John Hancock, representing Boston, was again unanimously elected president. He was further made one of a committee to consider and report "the state

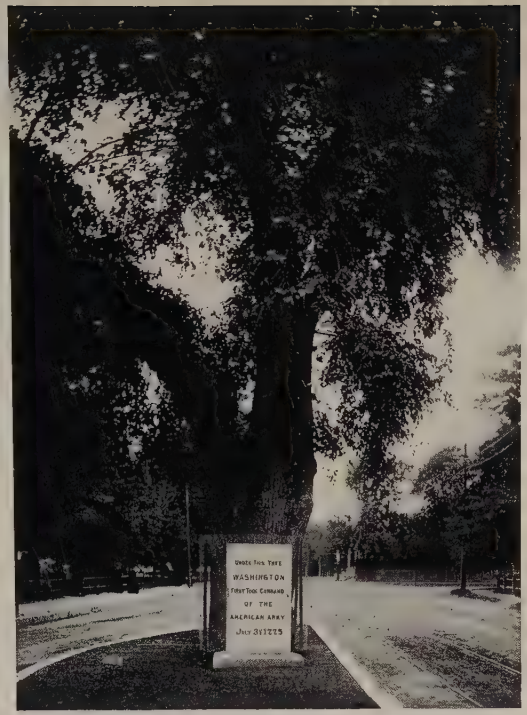
and circumstances of the Province;" on the fourth day of the session he put a motion "that the secretary be directed to write Colonel Roberson, desiring him to deliver the four brass field pieces, and the two brass mortars now in his hands, the property of the Province, to the order of the Committee of Safety." It is not hard to see what thoughts were finding lodgment in his brain! During this session of the Provincial Congress it was, too, that John Hancock and his associates, chosen by the former Congress as delegates to the Continental Congress "were authorized and empowered, with the delegates from the other American Colonies, to adjourn from time to time and place to place, as they shall judge necessary, and to continue as delegates until the end of the year."

For its second session of 1775 the Provincial Congress was back at Concord, assembling in the old Parish Meeting-House which still stands, and to-day looks very much outwardly as it did then. Knowing the condition of affairs in Boston, Hancock did not return to his home during the intermissions of the session, finding it more convenient to stay in Concord and go down for Sundays and week-ends to the Lexington parsonage where he and his associate Adams were made very welcome by his cousins, Rev. and Mrs. Jonas Clark. Here, quite natu-

rally, towards the middle of April Mrs. Lydia Hancock and her young friend, Miss Quincy, came for a visit. And thus it was that Paul Revere broke up a very happy family circle when he rode out from Boston, on the eve of the skirmish at Lexington, with his alarming message.

How Hancock and his companion escaped we have already seen. As for his fiancée and his aunt, the course of their retreat, after leaving Woburn — whither it will be remembered they bore a fine salmon for a bountiful dinner that was never eaten — may be gathered from a letter written at Lancaster, May 11, 1775, by Edmund Quincy, the father of the vivacious Dolly, to his son, the girl's brother: "I was from noon Sat'y till Friday eve'g getting up hither with much difficulty by reason of scarcity of carriages. Cost me near £20, besides quartering on some of my good friends who were very kind and generous. Y'r sister Dolly with Mrs. Hancock came from Shirley to y'r Bro. Grenleef's & dined & proceeded to Worcester, where Col H. & Mr. A were on their way. This was 10 days before I got hither, so that I missed seeing them. As I hear she proceeded with Mr. H. to Fayerfield I don't expect to see her till peaceable times are restored."

The home in Fairfield, Connecticut, where the ladies now took up their abode, was that of



THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE.
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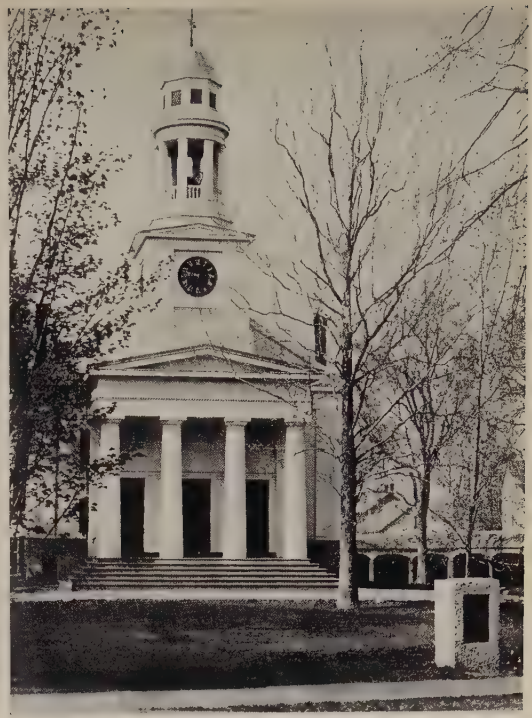

CONCORD CHURCH.
In which the Provincial Congress held its sessions.
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Thaddeus Burr, and thither Hancock, who was pushing on towards Philadelphia, promptly sent this letter (quoted in Salisbury's "Family Memorials"):

"NEW YORK, Sabbath Even'g, May 7, 1775

"MY DEAR DOLLY: — I Arriv'd well, tho' Fatigued, at King's Bridge at Fifty Minutes after Two o'clock yesterday, where I found the Delegates of Massachusetts and Connec', with a Number of Gentlemen from New York, and a Guard of the Troop. I Din'd and then set out in Procession for New York, the Carriage of your humble servant of course being first in the Procession. When we Arriv'd within three miles of the City we were Met by the Grenadier Company and Regiment of the City Militia under Arms, Gentlemen in Carriages and on Horseback, and many Thousand of Persons on Foot, the Roads fill'd with people, and the Greatest Cloud of Dust I ever saw. In this Scituation we entered the City, and passing thro' the Principal Streets of New York amidst the Acclamations of Thousands were set Down at Mr. Francis's. After Entering the House three Huzzas were Given, and the People by Degrees Dispers'd.

"When I got within a mile of the City my Carriage was stopt, and some Persons appearing with proper harnesses insisted upon Taking out

my Horses and Dragging me into and through the City, a Circumstance I would not have had Taken place upon any consideration, not being fond of such Parade.

"I Beg'd and Intreated that they would Suspend the Design, and ask'd it as a favour, and the Matter Subsided, but when I got to the Entrance of the City, and the Numbers of Spectators increas'd to perhaps Seven Thousand or more, they Declar'd they would have the Horses out and would Drag me themselves thro' the City. I Repeated my Request, and I was oblig'd to apply to the Leading Gentlemen in the procession to intercede with them not to Carry their Designs into Execution; as it was very disagreeable to me. They were at last prevailed upon and I proceeded. I was much oblig'd to them for their good wishes and Opinion, in short no Person could possibly be more notic'd than myself.

"After having Rode so fast and so many Miles you may well think I was much Fatig'd, but no sooner had I got into the Room of the House we were Visited by a great number of Gentlemen of the first Character in the city, who Took up the Evening.

"About 10 o'clock I Sat down to Supper of Fried Oysters, &c at 11 o'clock went to Capt. Sears's (the King Inn) and Lodg'd. Arose at 5 o'clock, went to the House first mention'd,

Breakfasted, Dress'd and went to Meeting, where I heard a most excellent Sermon by Mr. Livingston. Return'd to the same House, a most Elegant Dinner provided.

" Went to Meeting, heard Dr. Rogers, a fine preacher. Tomorrow Morning propose to Cross the Ferry. We are to have a large Guard in several Boats and a Number of the City Gentlemen will attend us over. I can't think they will Dare attack us.

" The Grenadier Company of the City is to Continue under Arms during our stay here, and we have a Guard of them Night and Day at our Doors. . . . This is a sad mortification for the Tories, things look well here. [The travelling company now consisted of Samuel Adams, John Adams, Thomas Cushing, Robert Treat Paine, Roger Sherman and Silas Deane, besides the writer of the letter.]

" I Beg you will write me; do acquaint me every Circumstance Relative to that Dear Aunt of Mine; write Lengthy and often. Mr. Nath. Barrett and Mr. Buck are here. People move slowly out, they tell me, from Boston. My best Respects to Mr. & Mrs. Burr. My poor Face and Eyes are in a most shocking scituation, burnt up and much swell'd and a little painfull. I don't know how to manage with it.

" Is your Father out? As soon as you know, do acquaint me, and send me the Letters, and

I will write him. Pray let me hear from you by every Post. God Bless you my Dr Girl, and believe me most Sincerely

" Yours most Affectionately

" JOHN HANCOCK.

But Dolly did not write to John by every Post, for just then there came to Fairfield, to visit his aunt and uncle, Aaron Burr, a gallant and handsome young man of twenty-nine, having a way with him that no woman was ever able to resist. So fascinating, indeed, did he make himself to Dolly that, but for watchful Aunt Lydia, the cherished plans of the Hancock family would very likely have been brought to nought. That the absent lover keenly felt her failure to write " lengthy and often " and, amid the cares of state, found time to be a very normal man and to fret himself a good deal that his desire to hear from his sweetheart was not met we see from the following [from the New England Magazine]:

" PHILAD'A 10th June, 1775

" MY DR. DOLLY: — I am almost prevail'd on to think that my letters to my Aunt & you are not read, for I cannot obtain a reply, I have ask'd million questions & not an answer to one, I beg'd you to let me know what things my

Aunt wanted & you, and many other matters I wanted to know, but not one word in answer. I Really Take it extreme unkind, pray my Dr. use not so much Ceremony & Reservedness, why can't you use freedom in writing, be not afraid of me, I want long Letters. I am glad the little things I sent you were agreeable. Why did you not write me of the top of the Umbrealla. I am so sorry it was spoiled, but I will send you another by my Express wch will go in a few days. How did my Aunt like her gown, & do let me know if the Stockings suited her; she had better send a pattern shoe and stocking, I warrant I will suit her. The Inclosed letter for your Father you will read, & seal and forward him, you will observe I mention in it your writing your Sister Katy about a few necessaries for Katy Sewall, what you think Right let her have & Roy James, & this only between you and I; do write your Father I should be glad to hear from him, & I beg, my Dear Dolly, you will write me often & long Letters, I will forgive the past if you will mend in the future. Do ask my Aunt to make me up & send me a Watch String, & do you make me up another & send me, I wear them out fast. I want some little thing of your doing.

"Remember me to all Friends with you as if nam'd. I am call'd upon & must obey.

"I have sent you by Docr Church in a paper

Box Directed to you, the following things, for your acceptance & which I do insist you wear, if you do not, I shall think the Donor is the objection:

2 pair white silk } stockings which
4 pair white thread } I think will fit you
1 pr Black Satin } shoes, the other
1pr Black Calem Co. } Shall be sent when done
1 very pretty light Hat
1 neat Airy Summer Cloak (I ask Docr. Church)
2 caps
1 Fann

"I wish these may please you, I shall be gratified if they do, pray write me, I will attend to all your Commands.

"Adieu my Dr Girl, and believe me with great Esteem & Affection

"Yours without Reserve

"JOHN HANCOCK.

"Remember me to Katy Brackett."

Thanks to the chaperonage of Mrs. Hancock the wedding came duly off, in spite of Aaron Burr, not long after this. The date of the marriage was August 28, 1775, and the New York *Gazette* honored it with the following florid notice in its issue of September 4: "This evening was married at the seat of Thaddeus Burr, Esq.,

at Fairfield, Connecticut, by the Reverend Mr. Elliot the Hon. John Hancock Esq, President of the Continental Congress, to Miss Dorothy Quincy, daughter of Edmund Quincy Esq., of Boston. Florus informs us that 'in the second Punic war, when Hannibal besieged Rome and was very near making himself master of it, a field upon which part of his army lay, was offered for sale, and was immediately purchased by a Roman, in a strong assurance that the Roman valor and courage would soon raise the siege.' Equal to the conduct of that illustrious citizen was the marriage of the Honorable John Hancock Esq., who, with his amiable lady has paid as great a compliment to American valor, and discovered equal patriotism, by marrying now while all the colonies are as much convulsed as Rome when Hannibal was at her gates."

John Hancock very well knew, however, that he must marry his Dolly before she would be really his. Once married she settled down into a devoted wife. For a time she and her husband were at a boarding-house in Philadelphia with others from Massachusetts. John Adams, writing November 4, 1775, to his own dear wife says: "Two pair of colors belonging to the Seventh Regiment, were brought here last night from Chambly, and hung up in Mrs. Hancock's chamber with great splendor and elegance. That lady sends her compliments and good

wishes. Among a hundred men, almost, at this house, she lives and behaves with modest decency, dignity and discretion, I assure you. Her behavior is easy and genteel. She avoids talking upon politics. In large and mixed companies she is totally silent, as a lady ought to be[!]. But whether her eyes are so penetrating, and her attention so quick to the words, looks gestures sentiments &c of the company as yours would be, saucy as you are in this way, I won't say."

Soon, however, the Hancocks took a house and over it the young wife presided with great grace and charm. In a letter sent by Hancock to General Washington, early in May, 1776, — just after the Commander-in-Chief had been called to Philadelphia, by Congress, in order to advise that body concerning its future movements, — we catch a glimpse of this, their first home:

"I reside in an airy open part of the city, in Arch street and Fourth street. Your favor of the 20th inst. I received this morning and cannot help expressing the great pleasure it would afford Mrs. Hancock and myself to have the happiness of accommodating you during your stay in this city. As the house I live in is large and roomy, it will be entirely in Your power to live in that manner you should wish. Mrs. Washington

will be as retired as she pleases, while under inoculation, and Mrs. Hancock will esteem it an honour to have Mrs. Washington inoculated in her house; and as I am informed Mr. Randolph has not any lady about his house to take the necessary care of Mrs. Washington, I flatter myself she will be as well attended in my family.

"In short, sir, I must take the freedom to repeat my wish, that You will be pleased to condescend to dwell under my roof. I assure you, sir, I will do all in my power to render your stay agreeable, and my house shall be entirely at your disposal. I must, however, submit this to your determination and only add that you will peculiarly gratify Mrs. H. and myself, in affording me an opportunity of convincing you of this truth, that I am, with every sentiment of regard for you, and your connections, and with much esteem, dear sir,

"Your faithful and most obedient humble servant. "JOHN HANCOCK."

Because of its admirable spirit of cordiality, as well as because it tells us what kind of house he lived in, we are glad of this letter, reproduced by A. E. Brown in "John Hancock, His Book." For when John Adams, in June, 1775, nominated Washington to be commander-in-chief, "mortification and resentment" were to be observed on the face of Han-

cock, if one can trust the reportorial powers of Adams. Yet if Hancock did, perchance, feel some degree of pique at not being himself slated for the first place in the army, he let no hint of this get into his correspondence; one might search long before finding a more obviously sincere sentence than this in a letter which he sent to Washington July 10, 1775: "I must beg the favor that you will reserve some berth for me, in such department as you may judge most proper; for I am determined to act under you, if it be to take a firelock and join the ranks as volunteer!" Hancock was slow to find out that he could serve the Cause more effectively in council than in camp.

As the year drew to a close, it was necessary that the Continental Congress, for greater safety, change their place of meeting from Philadelphia to Baltimore. So the members gathered up their papers and their families and moved further south. Mrs. Hancock especially needed quiet, just then, for a little daughter, — named Lydia Henchman after the devoted aunt, — came about this time into the Hancock family. When Hancock returned to Philadelphia with the Congress the mother and child were left behind at the home of Mr. Samuel Purviance in Baltimore. To this fact is due the following interesting letter long in the possession of the late Mrs. William Wales:

"PHILADELPHIA 10th March 1777

"MY DEAR DEAR DOLLY: My Detention at the Ferry & and the badness of the Roads prevented my arriving here untill Friday Evening.

"I put my things into Mr. Williams' house, and went in pursuit of Lodgings. Neither Mrs. Yard nor Lucy could accommodate me. I then went to Smith's and borrowed two Blankets & returned to my own house; soon after which Mrs. Smith sent me up a very handsome supper, with a Table cloth, Knives & forks, plates salt, a print of Butter, Tea double refined Sugar, a Bowl of Cream, a Loaf of Bread &c &c here I have remain'd and shall do so waiting your arrival. Indeed Mrs. Smith oblig'd me much. I however lead a doleful lonesome life. Tho on Saturday I dined at Dr. Shippins'. He desires his Regds. he is as lonesome as I. On Saturday I sat down to dinner at the little table with Folger on a piece of Roast Beef with Potatoes. We drank your health with all our Baltimore friends. Last night Miss Lucy came to see me, & this morning while I was at Breakfast on Tea with a pewter tea-spoon, Mrs. Hard came in. She could not stay to Breakfast with me. I spend my evenings at home, snuff my candles with a pair of scissors, which Lucy seeing, sent me a pair of snuffers, & dipping the gravy out of the Dish with my pewter tea spoon, she sent

me a large silver spoon and two silver tea spoons — that I am now quite rich.

"I shall make out as well as I can, but I assure you, my Dear Soul I long to have you here & I know you will be as expeditious as you can. When I part from you again it must be a very extraordinary occasion. I have sent everywhere to get a gold or silver rattle for the child with a coral to send but cannot get one. I will have one if possible on yr coming. I have sent a sash for her & two little papers of pins for you. If you do not want them you can give them away.

"However unsettled things may be I could not help sending for you as I cannot live in this way. We have an abundance of lies. The current report is that General Howe is bent on coming here, another report is that the Mercht's at New York are packing their goods & putting them on board ships & that the troops are going away, neither of which do I believe. We must, however, take our chances, this you may depend on, that you will be ever the object of my utmost care & attention.

"I have been exceedingly busy, since I have been here, tho' have not yet made a Congress, are waiting for the South Carolina gentleman. If Capt. Hammond is arrived with any things from Boston, You will have them put in the Waggons & brought here. If she should not

be arriv'd leave the Receipt with Mr. S. Purviance & desire him to receive the things and send them to me. The inclosed Letter give to Mr. Newhouse, one of the Waggoners, Send for him & let him know when you will be ready. I hope you will be able to pack up all your things quickly & have them on the way & that you will soon follow, be careful in packing and do not leave anything behind. Let Harry see that everything is safely stored in the waggons. I send Mr. McClosky, he will be very useful. I am confident Mr. & Mrs. Hilligas will assist you, pray my best Regds. to them. I have not had a moment's time to go to their house but intend it today & shall write Mr. Hilligas by the Post. Young Mr. Hilligas got here on Saturday, he is well, he delivered me your letter & one from his father. I was exceeding glad to hear from you and hope soon to receive another Letter. I know you will set off as soon as You can. endeavor to make good stages. You may easily lodge at Mr. Steles' at Bush the first night. It is a good house. However I must leave those matters to you as the Road must in great measure determine your Stages. I do not imagine there is any danger of the small-pox on the Road. Wilmington is the most dangerous, but perhaps you can order your stage so as not to lodge at Wilmington, but go on to Chester. I want to get somebody cleaver to accompany you. I hope

to send one to you, but if I should not be able, you must make out as well as you can.

" 11 March

" I will write you by the Post tomorrow. I can't add as I am now call'd on. Take good care of Lydia. I hope no accident will happen. Inclosed you have a few memo. as to pack'g &c which I submit to your perusal.

" My best regds. to Mr & Mrs. Purviance Capt Nicholson & Lady, Mr. Luce & family & indeed all friends. My love to Miss Katy, tell her to Ransack the house & leave nothing behind. The Waggoners will attend you at all times. Remember me to all in the family. May every blessing of an Indulgent providence attend you. I most sincerely wish you a good journey & hope I shall soon, very soon, have the happiness of seeing you with the utmost affection and Love. My Dear Dolly,

" I am yours forever

" John Hancock.

" Doctor Bond call'd on me, Desir'd his compliments. He will inoculate the child as soon as it comes.

" Mrs. Washington got here on Saturday. I went to see her. She told me she Drank tea with you.

" Let Harry take the Continental Horse.

Saddle & Bridle, that I left at Mr. Purviance's & tell Mr. Purviance to charge his keeping in his public credit. If Capt Hardy returns the Horse I lent him with the Saddle & Bridle he must also come. Get the heavy waggon off as soon as you can, that they may be here as early as possible as we shall much want the things after you get here. I have got your bundle safe with the Petticoat, Table Cloth, I have not sent it as I thought you would not want it."

The day following Hancock, in his solicitude, wrote again. This letter was published, a few years ago, in the New England Magazine:

"PHILADELPHIA, 11 March 1777
"9 o'clock Evening

"MY DEAREST DOLLY: No Congress to-day, and I have been as busily employ'd as you can conceive; quite lonesome & in a domestick situation that ought to be relieved as speedily as possible, this Relief depends upon you, and the greater Dispatch you make & the Sooner you arrive here, the more speedy will be my relief. I dispatched Harry, McClosky and Dennis this morning with Horses & a Waggon as winged Messengers to bring you along. God grant you a speedy and safe Journey to me. Mr. Pluckrose the Bearer of this going for Mrs. Morris, I have engaged him to proceed on to

Baltimore to deliver you this; I wrote you this morning to bring all the things that came from Boston to this place but should they be landed before you leave Baltimore, I could wish you would present One Quintal of the Salt Fish & three or four Loaves of the Sugar to Mr. Sam'l. Purviance, or in case they should not be landed, leave directions to have those articles taken out and presented to Mr. P with our Compliments. I forget what other things there are but if you choose to make presents of any of them, I pray you to do it. If in the prosecution of your Journey you can avoid lodging at the head of Elk, I wish you would, it is not so good as the other houses, but this must depend on Circumstances; I wish you to make yr journey as agreeable as possible. Should any Gentlemen & Ladies accompany you out of Town do send McClosky forward to order a handsome Dinner and I beg you to pay every Expence, order McClosky to direct the Landlord not to Receive a single farthing from any one but by your Direction & order a genteel Dinner; plenty —

" If Mr. Thomson cannot be ready with his Waggons as soon as you are, do not wait, but part of the Guard with an Officer must attend yours, & part be left to guard his, I only wish to have you here, and if you cannot readily attend to the Return of the things borrowed of Mr. Dugan, leave them in the Care of some trusty

person to deliver them and pay him for his trouble. Am I not to have another letter from you? Surely I must. I shall send off Mr. Rush a Tailor to-morrow or next day to meet you. I wish I could do better for you but we must Ruff it; I am so harassed with applications, & have been sending off Expresses to Call all the Members here, that I have as much as I can Turn my hands to; I don't get down to dinner, Catch a Bit, I write, & then at it again [the writing is here illegible] . . . if it promotes the cause I am happy, do beg Mr. Hillegas to send some money by my Waggons, or I shall be worn out with applications, pray him to Take pity on me, I have lent my own stock already to stop some mouths.

" My respects to Mr. & Mrs. Hillegas, they must excuse my not writing now, I have not seen their son since he deliver'd me your Letter, I asked him to Call, but I suppose he is so engaged with his Connection he has not had time, I could wish to have it in my Power to do him any Service for the great regard I bear to his worthy Parents, I assure you I really love them, I wish they were Coming with you, I could then have a Family where I could with pleasure go, & ask them a hundred Questions, & take a thousand Liberties with them, that I cannot do in any Family now here, I shall Regret their absence, but I am Determin'd to make a point

of having them up, for I cannot attend to the applications that are made to me in consequence of the Treasurer's absence; he must come, I shall come if I have any influence.

" Lucy & Nancy call'd on me, I was busy over papers, we drank a glass together to our Baltimore Friends, I waited on them home, & return'd to my Cottage; Jo comes in with a plate of minc'd Veal, that I must stop, I shall take the plate in one hand, the knife in the other, without cloath, or any Comfort, & Eat a little & then to writing, for I have not room on the Table to put a plate, I am up to the eyes in papers. Adieu for the present.

" The Inclosed Letter Lucy just sent me for you. — Supper is over, no Relish, nor shall I have till I have you here, & I wish Mr. & Mrs. Hilligas to join us at Supper on Tuesday Eveng when I shall expect you. I shall have Fires made & everything ready for your Reception, tho' I don't mean to hurry you beyond measure. do as you like, don't fatigue yourself in Travelling too fast. I keep Josh on trial, he promises Reformation, he knows fully his fate. My best Regards to Mr. & Mrs. Purviance, to Mr. Lay & Family, Capt Nicholson & wife, Mr. Stewart & wife & all Friends. Tell Mr. Purviance & Capt. Nicholson I shall write them fully in a day or two and Determine all matters to their satisfaction, I am so worried that I cannot even steal

time to write them now. Tell Mr. Purviance I Rec'd his Letter by Post and will forward the Letters he Inclosed me to Boston & Newbury to-morrow. Pray let Dr. Wisenhall know that I Re'd his Letter, & am much obliged for his attention to the Child & that I will do everything in my power for the Gentleman who he mentions in his Letter, you will Recompense him for calling to see the Child.

" Remember me to all the Family. If Nancy inclines to come in the Waggon and you like it she may Come, do as you like in every instance my love to Miss Katy, tell her if anything is left behind, I shall have at her, for she Ransack'd when we left Philadelphia & she must do the same now —

" The Opinion of some seems to be that the Troops will leave New York, where bound none yet know; one thing I know that they can't at present come here, perhaps they are going to Boston or up North River. Time wil discover. Never fear, we shall get the day finally with the smiles of heaven.

" Do Take precious Care of our dear little Lydia.

" Adieu. I long to see You; Take Care of Yourself; I am,

" my Dear Girl

" Yours most affectionately

" John Hancock "

" Do let Harry Buy & bring 1 or 2 Bushells of Parsnips. Bring all the wine, none to be got here."

All his life John Hancock had struggles with a tendency to that form of rheumatism which, when a man gets old, is called gout. The climate of Philadelphia did not in the least agree with him and, in the summer, he found it very nearly unbearable. During the hot weather he lacked, also, the comfort of a well-kept home, for Mrs. Hancock was away on a visit. In the following missive, which he sent to her addressed " Mrs. Hancock at Worcester or Boston " (and which was published in 1858 in the New England Historical Register), it is plain that he has made up his mind that his health will not permit him to continue to serve his country as President of the Congress at Philadelphia.

" York Town October 18th 1777

" My dear Dolly

" I am now at this Date & not a line from you. Not a single word have I heard from you since your letter by Dodd, immediately upon your arrival at Worcester, which you may judge affects me not a little, but I must submit & will only say that I expected oftener to have been the object of your attention.

" This is my sixth Letter to you. The former

ones I hope you have Rec'd, by the Completion of those Letters you will I dare say be apprehensive that my stay here was nearly Determined for the winter & that I had thoughts of soliciting your Return to me. My thoughts on that subject were for a season serious, but various reasons have occurred to induce me to alter my Resolutions, and I am now to inform you that I have come to a fixed Determination to Return to Boston for a short time & I have notified Congress in form of my Intentions. You will therefore please immediately on Receipt of this tell Mr. Sprigs to prepare the Light Carriage & Four Horses & himself to be ready to proceed on to Hartford or Fairfield, as I shall hereafter direct to meet me on the Road. If my old Black Horses are not able to perform the journey he must hire two. The particular Time of my setting out & when (I would have Sprigs come forward) you shall know by Dodd, the Express who I shall Dispatch tomorrow morning. My present Intention is to leave Congress in eight days, but more particulars in my next. I shall hope & must Desire that you will take a Seat in the carriage & meet me on the Road, which will much advance your health, & you may be assured will be highly satisfactory to me, & I have desired Mr. Bant to accompany you in the carriage & when we meet he can take my sulkey and I re-

turn with you in the carriage to town. Mr Bant must hire or borrow a Servant to attend you on Horse back as Harry & Ned are both with me & Joe is not suitable. My dear I hope your health will admit of your coming with Mr Bant. I long to see you. I shall close all my Business in three Days & indeed have already nearly finished, & when once I set out shall travel with great speed. Nothing shall prevent my seeing you soon with the leave of providence; but a prevention of passing the North River I shall push hard to get over, even if I go as far as Albany. I need not tell you there will be no occasion of you writing me after the receipt of this. My best wishes attend you for every good. I have much to say, which I leave to a Cheerful Evening with you in person.

" God Bless you my Dear Dolly

" I am

" Yours most affectionately

" JOHN HANCOCK."

The next letter, treasured for many years by Mrs. Wales, shows him on his way.

" DOVER (within 60 miles of Hartford)

" Saturday 1 of Clock

" 8 Nov. 1777

" MY DEAR: I am thus far on my journey to meet you, thank Luck for it. I have gone thro'

many Difficulties on the Road, but that I shall not mind. The Remembrance of these Difficulties will vanish when I have the happiness of seeing You. I am still obliged to have my foot wrapped up in Baize, but I brave all these things. I hire this person to carry You this letter in Confidence it will meet You at Hartford. I shall get along as fast as I can, but having a party of Light horse with me and a waggon I do not travel so fast as I otherwise should. What if you should on Monday morning set out to meet me, on the Litchfield Road & then if I am not able to reach Hartford that day, I shall have the satisfaction of seeing You on the Road. If you think the ride will be too much I would not have you undertake it, but I hope You will not ride many miles before we shall meet, as I trust Mr. Bant is with you. my Regd's to him, my best wishes attend him. Remember me to Mrs. Collier for I suppose you are there. I am sorry I cannot take Fairfield in my way but I crossed so high up it was not possible. I have much to say, but refer all to the happy time when I shall be with you. God bless you — my dear girl, and believe me with sincere affection "Yours forever,

"JOHN HANCOCK."

"Mrs. McDagle this moment comes into the Tavern & is going to dine with us."

That his well-loved lady gladdened his heart by falling in very agreeably with his plans we now know, for a Hartford paper gives us this glimpse of the pair in its issue of November 19: "On Friday last passed through this town escorted by a party of light dragoons, the Hon. John Hancock, President of the American Congress, with his lady, on his way to Boston, after an absence, on public business, of more than two and a half years."

The Pennsylvania Ledger of January 7, 1778, has the following notice: "This day arrived at Boston, in Massachusetts, under an escort of American light dragoons, the Honorable John Hancock, Esq., President of the American Congress, and first major-general of the militia of that state. By his coming in to town sooner than was expected, he avoided some public marks of respect which would otherwise have been paid him; his arrival was made known by ringing the bells, the discharge of thirteen cannon of Colonel Craft's park of artillery on the common, the cannon on the fortress on Fort Hill, and the shipping in the harbor. The independent and light infantry companies paid him their military salutes. He received the compliments of gentlemen of all orders; and every indication was given of the sense the public has of his important services to the American cause."

CHAPTER X

THE MAN OF THE TOWN MEETING

WHAT of Samuel Adams all this while? He, also, it will be remembered, was a delegate to the Continental Congress and had been named with Hancock in General Gage's proclamation of June 12, 1775, offering pardon in the king's name, to all, — save two, — " who shall forthwith lay down their arms and return to the duties of peaceable subjects." To Adams, particularly, applied, of course, the further clause in that proclamation which characterized the offences of the proscribed patriots as of " too flagitious a Nature to admit of other Consideration than that of condign Punishment."

At this time as ever Adams was woefully poor. While he " superintended the birth of the child Independence," there were often no shoes for his own children, and only a scanty supply of food to spread on the table of his home on Purchase Street, Boston. His wife, Elizabeth Wells, was a very remarkable woman,

however, and in some fashion or other she managed to keep the children in health and to darn her husband's old coat so that it lasted until his friends got together to buy him a new one. As clerk of the Massachusetts House of Representatives Adams earned about a hundred pounds a year until he went to Congress and, for the rest, he wrote, as we have seen, for the press. Moreover, since his chosen friends were among the plain people, his own personal expenses were very slight.

A memorable picture of him has been given by his biographer, James K. Hosmer, sitting side by side with some ship-carpenter on a block of oak, just above the tide, or with some shop-keeper in a fence corner sheltered from the wind, talking, ever talking, of freedom for his country. "For he was particularly popular in the ship-yards, the craftsmen of which exercised a great influence, his own poverty, plain clothes and carelessness as to ceremony and display," causing the laboring men to feel that he was more nearly on a level with themselves than Bowdoin, Cushing, Otis or Hancock, who, either because they possessed wealth or were affiliated with it, were counted among the workers as aristocrats. Of Adams's daily walks and habits vivid hints are given in an affidavit taken at the time when an attempt was made to collect evidence against him to the end that he might be sent

to England and there tried for treason. Nothing came of the project; but there is still preserved in the London state-paper office the following curious memorial of the plan:

"The information of Richard Sylvester of Boston, inn-holder, taken before me, Thomas Hutchinson, Esq., Chief Justice of said province, this twenty-third of January, in the ninth year of his Majesty's reign:

"This informant sayeth that the day after the boat belonging to Mr. Harrison was burnt, the last summer, the informant observed several parties of men gathered in the street at the south end of the town of Boston, in the forenoon of the day. The informant went up to one of the parties, and Mr. Samuel Adams, then one of the representatives of Boston, happened to join the same party near about the same time, trembling and in great agitation [this constitutional weakness of Adams has been elsewhere referred to]. The party consisted of about seven in number who were unknown to the informant, he having but little acquaintance with the inhabitants, or if any of them were known, he cannot now recollect them. The informant heard the said Samuel Adams then say to the said party, 'If you are men, behave like men. Let us take up arms immediately and be free and seize all the king's officers. We shall have thirty thousand men to join us from the country.'

The informant then walked off believing his company was disagreeable. The informant further sayeth, that after the burning of the boat aforesaid, and before the arrival of the troops, that said Samuel Adams has been divers times in the house of the informant and at one of those times particularly the informant began a discourse concerning the times; and the said Samuel Adams said: 'We will not submit to any tax nor become slaves. We will take up arms and spend our last drop of blood before the king and Parliament shall impose on us, and settle crown officers to dragoon us. The country was first settled by our ancestors, therefore we are free and want no king. The times were never better in Rome than when they had no king and were a free state; and as this is a great empire we shall have it in our power to give laws to England.' The informant further sayeth that at divers times between the burning of the boat aforesaid and the arrival of the troops aforesaid, he has heard the said Adams express himself in words to very much the same purpose, and that the informant's wife has sometimes been present. . . . The informant further sayeth that, about a fortnight before the troops arrived, the aforesaid Samuel Adams being at the house of the informant, the informant asked him what he thought of the times. The said Adams answered with great alertness, that, on lighting

the beacon, we should be joined with thirty thousand men from the country with their knapsacks and bayonets fixed, and added, 'We will destroy every soldier that dare put his foot on shore.'" . . . One cannot help feeling that Adams knew to whom he was talking as he made this last boastful remark. Can you not see the unctuous inn-holder, with mouth agape at the temerity of a man who should even think, much less say such bold things against George III?

Adams talked very little for effect, however. Earnest writing and ceaseless doing were his concern. From the time when the Committee of Correspondence held its first meeting in the representatives' chamber of the town-house, November 3, 1772, to the day when he fled from Lexington, he worked steadily, unswervingly towards one definite end: that of stimulating in the people a firm resolve to resist the encroachments of the king. During the summer of 1774, while preparing for his departure to Philadelphia, he was the leading member of a Committee of Safety in Boston, whose particular work it was to afford employment to the poor in the repairing of streets and building of wharves on the town's land. Adams felt very keenly the sufferings of the common people and believed very deeply in their inherent worth; to R. H. Lee he wrote: "It is the vir-

tue of the yeomanry we are chiefly to depend upon."

Though he was fifty-three when he set off for Philadelphia the first time, Adams had never before left his native town, save for visits to places a few miles distant. His friends, as we have seen, fitted him out with clothes for this journey, and the expenses of travel and of his sojourn while Congress should be in session were arranged for by legislative appropriation. On August 10, 1774, the little party of four delegates started on the way: Thomas Cushing (in the place of Bowdoin, who was kept at home by the illness of his wife), Robert Treat Paine, Samuel and John Adams. They left the house of Cushing in considerable state according to John Andrews. "Am told," he writes, "they made a very respectable parade in sight of five regiments encamped on the Common, being in a coach and four, preceded by two white servants, well mounted and armed, with four blacks behind in livery, two on horseback and two footmen." At Watertown they all had dinner with a number of friends who had travelled that far to wish them Godspeed.

John Adams, writing to his wife, characterized as "an agreeable jaunt" the ensuing journey in a coach arranged for their special convenience, and one is glad indeed to think that Samuel Adams had the opportunity of

this rare holiday. When they came into New Haven "all the bells in town were set to ringing and the people, men, women, and children were crowding at the doors and windows as if to see a coronation." In New York they stopped at the "Bunch of Grapes" tavern; at Princeton they were entertained by Dr. Witherspoon, the president of the college, and at length they arrived "dirty and fatigued" in Philadelphia, the four Massachusetts delegates there taking lodgings together "with Miss Jane Port in Arch street."

Very tactfully, during those first sessions at Carpenters' Hall, the Massachusetts men kept themselves and their views in the background. They had been warned by the active sons of liberty in Philadelphia that it would be diplomatic to do this, inasmuch as they had the credit of being "four desperate adventurers. . . . Mr. Cushing a harmless kind of man, but poor, and wholly dependent upon his popularity for his subsistence, Mr. Samuel Adams a very artful designing man, but desperately poor and wholly dependent on his popularity with the lowest vulgar for his living, John Adams and Mr. Paine two young lawyers of no great talents, reputation or weight, who had no other means of raising themselves into consequence than by courting popularity." Moreover, it was understood that one, at least, of

these four men wanted independence and at this stage of the game that was as unpopular in the south as was the Stamp Act itself. Thus coached, the Massachusetts men threw their

CARPENTERS' HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

influence so that the presidency of Congress was given to Peyton Randolph of Virginia, and the first important speech of the session was made by Patrick Henry. Yet at the very start Samuel Adams got in a stroke which demon-

strated anew his wonderful sagacity in dealing with men. John Adams tells the story:

"When the Congress first met Mr. Cushing made a motion that it should be opened with prayer. It was opposed by Mr. Jay of New York and Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina, because we were so divided in religious sentiments, some Episcopalians, some Quakers, some Anabaptists, some Presbyterians, and some Congregationalists that we could not join in the same act of worship. Mr. Samuel Adams arose and said he was no bigot and could hear a prayer from a gentleman of piety and virtue who was at the same time a friend to his country. He was a stranger in Philadelphia but had heard that Mr. Duché deserved that character and therefore he moved that Mr. Duché, an Episcopalian clergyman, might be desired to read prayers to the Congress, to-morrow morning. The motion was seconded and passed in the affirmative. Mr. Randolph, our president, waited on Mr. Duché and received for answer that, if his health would permit, he certainly would. Accordingly, next morning, he appeared with his clerk and in his pontificals, and read several prayers in the established form; and then read the Collect for the seventh day of September, which was the thirty-fifth Psalm [Plead my cause, O Lord with them that strive with me: fight against them that fight against me. . . .

And my tongue shall speak of thy righteousness and of thy praise all the day long.] You must remember this was the morning next after we heard the horrible rumor of the cannonade of Boston. I never saw a greater effect upon an audience. It seemed as if Heaven had ordained that Psalm to be read on that morning. After this, Mr. Duché, unexpected to everybody, struck out into an extemporary prayer which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess I never heard a better prayer, or one so well pronounced. Episcopalian as he is, Dr. Cooper himself never prayed with such fervor such ardor such earnestness and pathos, and in language so elegant and sublime — for America for Congress, for the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and especially for the town of Boston. It has had an excellent effect upon everybody here."

Samuel Adams had known that it would have an excellent effect. But perhaps it was in reward for the catholicity he appeared to have shown that he was immediately placed with John Adams on a committee to see what rights of the colonies had been infringed, and to determine the best means of obtaining redress.

In the interval between this first session of the Continental Congress and that to which Hancock and Adams repaired, directly after the skirmish at Lexington, occurred Boston's

last great town meeting before the outbreak of hostilities. Some chapters back we had a snap-shot glimpse of this, the fifth celebration of the Boston Massacre, but let us look at it again, giving Samuel Adams the centre of the stage as his biographer Wells has done, in the following report quoted from an obviously unsympathetic contemporary:

" The Selectmen, with Adams, Church, Hancock, Cooper and others, assembled in the pulpit which was covered with black, and we all sat gaping at one another above an hour expecting! At last a single horse chair stopped at the apothecary's opposite the meeting, from which descended the orator (Warren) of the day; and entering the shop was followed by a servant with a bundle in which were the Ciceronian toga &c.

" Having robed himself he proceeded across the street to the meeting, and being received into the pulpit, he was announced by one of his fraternity to be the person appointed to declaim on the occasion. He then put himself into a Demosthenian posture, and with a white handkerchief in his right hand and with his left in his breeches, — began and ended without action. He was applauded by the mob but groaned at by people of understanding. One of the pulpiteers (Adams) then got up and proposed the nomination of another to speak next year on

the bloody Massacre — the first time that expression was made to the audience, — when some officers cried, 'O fie, fie!' The gallerians, apprehending fire, bounded out of the windows, and swarmed down the gutters like rats into the street. The Forty-third regiment returning accidentally from exercise with drums beating, threw the whole body into the greatest consternation. There were neither pageantry, exhibitions, processions, or bells tolling as usual, but the night was remarked for being the quietest these many months past."

Now the interesting thing is that Samuel Adams had expected that there would be trouble at this meeting. With fine tact, therefore, he invited the officers to take good seats, treated them with especial civility, and so warded off the riot which he felt sure was imminent. He practically says all this in a letter which he sent Richard Henry Lee of Virginia immediately afterwards, adding that he left them "no pretence to behave ill, for it is a good maxim in Politicks as well as War to put and keep the enemy in the wrong."

Of course the events of the nineteenth of April so widened the breach between the patriots and the king's soldiers that some kind of conflict was pretty generally seen to be inevitable. Yet, even now Samuel Adams alone desired independence.

When the second Continental Congress assembled John Hancock was made president. Trust Samuel Adams now to persuade the members to look at matters his way, when the time should be ripe! Before proceeding to follow the official deliberations let us, however, get close to Adams the man, as we happily may do by means of the following letter sent to his wife, a fortnight after Gage had proscribed him, and now among the Adams papers in the Lenox library, New York:

"PHIL., June 28th, 1775.

"MY DEAREST BETSY, yesterday I received Letters from some of our friends at the Camp informing me of the Engagement between the American Troops and the Rebel Army in Charlestown. I can not but be greatly rejoyced at the tryed Valor of our Countrymen, who by all Accounts behaved with an intrepidity becoming those who fought for their Liberties against the mercenary Soldiers of a Tyrant. It is painful to me to reflect on the Terror I must suppose you were under on hearing the Noise of War so near. Favor me my dear with an Account of your Apprehensions at that time, under your own hand. I pray God to cover the heads of our Countrymen in every day of Battle and ever to protect you from Injury in these distracted times. The Death of our

truly amiable and worthy Friend Dr Warren is greatly afflicting; the Language of Friendship is, how shall we resign him; but it is our Duty to submit to the Dispensations of Heaven ' whose ways are ever gracious ever just.' He fell in the glorious Struggle for publick Liberty. Mr. Pitts and Dr. Church inform me that my dear Son has at length escaped from Prison at Boston. . . . Remember me to my dear Hannah and sister Polly and to all Friends. Let me know where good old Surry is. Gage has made me respectable by naming me first among those who are to receive no favor from him. I thouroughly despise him and his Proclamation. . . . The Clock is now striking twelve. I therefore wish you a good Night.

" Yours most affectionately,

" S. Adams."

The following September, while Mrs. Adams and her daughter were staying at Cambridge, — with her father, — and the son of the doughty Samuel was doing his duty as surgeon in the army of Washington nearby, the following letter, touching in its simplicity, found its way to the patriot himself struggling in his country's behalf at Philadelphia:

" Cambridge Feb. 12, 1776

" My Dear, I Received your affectionate Letter by Fesenton and I thank you for your

kind Concern for My health and safety. I beg you Would not give yourself any pain on our being so Near the Camp; the place I am in is so Situated, that if the Regulars should ever take Prospect Hill, which god forbid, I should be able to make an Escape, as I am within a few stone casts of a Back Road, Which Leads to the Most Retired part of New-Town. . . . I beg you to Excuse the very poor Writing as My paper is Bad and my pen made with Scissars. I should be glad (my dear), if you shouldn't come down soon, you would Write me Word Who to apply to for some Monney, for I am low in Cash and Every thing is very dear,

" May I subscribe myself yours

" Eliza'h Adams."

But now the time is at hand when, at the instigation of Adams, definite steps towards Independence were to be taken at Philadelphia. The plain people, whom he had long loved and trusted, had rallied to him just as he had known they would. To his opinion came, also, little by little, the men chosen by those people to be their representatives. Early in April, accordingly, we find Samuel Adams on the committee which reported the measure to abolish British custom-houses in the thirteen colonies and open their ports to the commerce of the world. By May 10 Congress, under the lead of John

Adams, had recommended the colonies to set up governments of their own, suppressing all crown authority. In May, also, the Virginia delegates were instructed from home to declare for independence. So the contagion spread, until, on June 5, Richard Henry Lee of Virginia offered his resolution declaring the colonies free and independent states, recommending the formation of foreign alliances, and a plan of confederation.

Debate on this epoch-making resolution began on the eighth of June. Unhappily there was then no Congressional Record so that authentic reports of what was said cannot anywhere be obtained. But Elbridge Gerry, many years afterward, told Samuel Adams's daughter that the success of Lee's measure was very largely due to the "timely remarks" of her father; that, by means of one long speech, characterized by Gerry as Samuel Adams's ablest effort, two or three wavering members were finally convinced that independence must be attained. And so zealously did the Man of the Town Meeting work, during the three weeks interval allowed in order that hesitating delegates might consult their constituents, that, when the measure was again taken up, on the first days of July, there was no longer a dissenting voice.

Trumbull's well-known picture of the "Signing of the Declaration of Independence" makes

the act appear a very impressive piece of ceremonial. But it seems not to have been so in reality. For the day was very hot and, from a stable near by, thousands of horse-flies and mosquitoes swarmed in to plague the members of the Congress by biting at them viciously through their silk stockings. To these untoward conditions, some historians tell us, we owe hastily-appended signatures at the bottom of the famous document. Wit flew around, too, as the different men signed. John Hancock set down his name in such shape " that George the Third might read it without spectacles." " Now we must all hang together," observed another member, as he affixed his signature. " Or we shall all hang separately," retorted the ever-waggish Franklin, signing his own honorable name. Inasmuch as Franklin had been particularly slow to accept the idea of independence, one cannot help thinking that Samuel Adams must have experienced a special thrill of triumph as his great fellow-townsman thus committed himself to the cause of an emancipated America. Yet there is only calm happiness and no note of personal pride to be read in a letter sent, soon afterwards, by Adams to his friend John Pitts at Boston:

" PHIL. July, 1776

" MY DEAR SIR, you were informed by the last Post that Congress had declared the thirteen

United Colonies free and independent States. It must be allowed by the impartial World that this Declaration has not been made rashly. Too Much I fear has been lost by Delay, but an accession of several Colonies has been gained by it. Delegates of every Colony were present and concurred in this important Act except those of New York, who were not authorized to give their Voice on the Question, but they have since publickly said that a new Convention was soon to meet in that Colony, and they had not the least Doubt of their acceding to it. Our path is now open to form a plan of Confederation and propose Alliances with foreign States. I hope our Affairs will now wear a more agreeable aspect than they have of late.

S. A."

Yet if there was any man who had a right to be proud and to let a strain of jubilation get into his Boston letters at this period Samuel Adams was that man. For he it was, who by urging self-emancipation in season and out of season, by unremitting toil, by persistence, and above all by a shrewd manipulation of his fellow-members had caused the Child Independence to be born.

CHAPTER XI

IN THE REIGN OF A REPUBLICAN "KING"

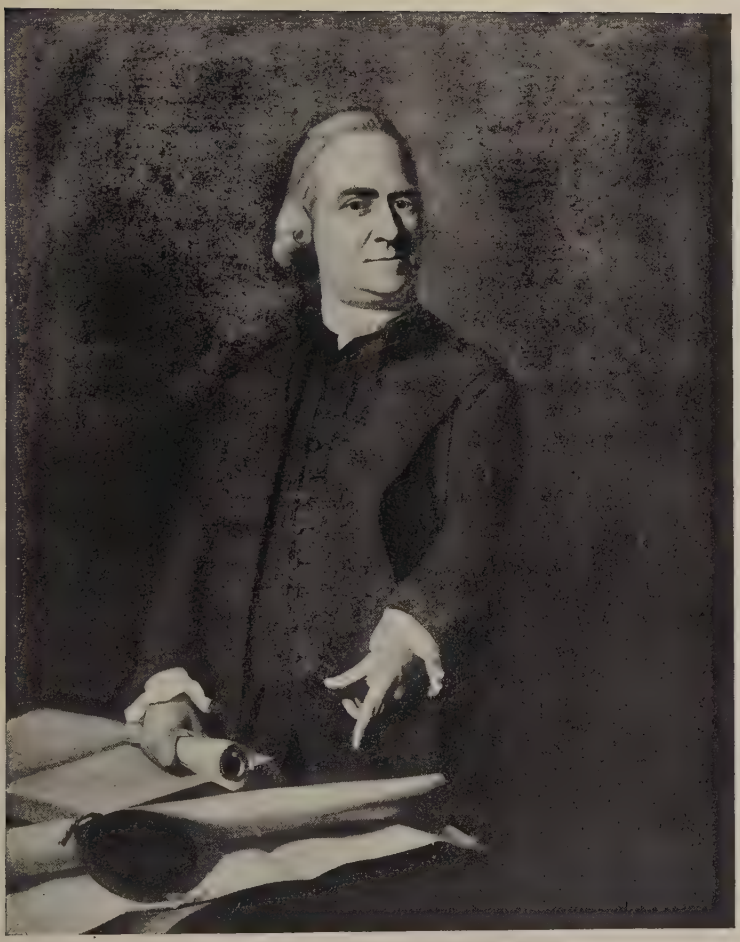
IT was to a town in which independence was regarded as a joyful reality, — but over which, none the less, aristocratic ideas and ideals long continued to hold sway, — that Hancock had now returned. Before following his fortunes further let us, therefore, go back a bit and retrace the recent course of events in Boston.

The day after the Declaration of Independence had been signed at Philadelphia, Congress adopted the following resolution: "Resolved that copies of the Declaration be sent to the several assemblies, conventions and councils of safety, and to the several commanding officers of continental army troops, that it be proclaimed in each of the United States and at the head of the army."

In accordance with this resolution John Hancock, president of the Congress, had enclosed a copy of the Declaration to each of the States and to the various organizations named in the

resolution. With the Declaration was sent the following letter: "I do myself the honor to enclose, in obedience to the commands of Congress, a copy of the Declaration of Independence, which you will please to have proclaimed in your colony in such way and manner as you shall judge best. The important consequences resulting to the American States from this Declaration of Independence, considered as the ground and foundation of a future government, will naturally suggest the propriety of proclaiming it in such a mode that the people may be informed of it."

Those were not the days of rapid transit, and even such an important communication as this could not be forwarded in haste, so that it was not until the eighteenth of July, 1776, that the Declaration was proclaimed in Boston. Naturally, everybody hurried to the State House to hear the great document read from the balcony. Among the eager and excited listeners was Abigail Adams, wife of John Adams, who immediately wrote her husband: "Last Thursday, after hearing a very good sermon, I went with the multitude into King street to hear the Declaration Proclamation for Independence read and proclaimed. . . . Great attention was given to every word. . . . Thus ends royal authority in the state. And all the people shall say 'Amen.'"



SAMUEL ADAMS.
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THE READING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AT THE OLD STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

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From the pen of a British officer, who was a prisoner on parole at Boston just then, we get, however, a more circumstantial account of the ceremony: "On the 17th we each received a card from the governor [chairman Board of Selectmen?] requesting the honor of his attendance at a specified hour on the morrow, in the Town Hall [Old State House]. As rumors were already afloat touching the decided stand that had been taken at Philadelphia, we were not without a suspicion as to the purport of this meeting, and we hesitated for awhile as to the propriety of giving the sanction of our countenance to a proceeding which we could not but regard as traitorous. Curiosity, however, got the better of scruples which, to say the truth, were not very well founded; and it was resolved, after a brief consultation, that the invitation ought to be accepted. Accordingly, at the hour appointed, we set out, arrayed in the full dress of our corps.

"As we passed through the town, we found it thronged in all quarters with persons of every age and both sexes. All were in their holiday suits, every eye beamed with delight, and every tongue was in rapid motion. King street [State street], Queen street [Court street], and the other streets adjoining the Council Chamber were lined with detachments from two battalions of infantry, tolerably well equipped;

while in front of the jail [site of the Old Court House on Court street?] a brigade of artillery was drawn up, the gunners standing by their pieces with lighted matches; nor, to do them justice, was there any admixture of insolence in the joy which seemed to pervade all classes. Whether long residence among them, and the anxiety which we displayed never wantonly to offend their prejudices, had secured their esteem, or whether they considered it beneath the dignity of a grave people standing in a position so critical, to vent their spleen upon individuals entirely at their mercy, I do not know; but the marked respect with which we were treated, both by soldiers and civilians, could not be misunderstood. The very crowd opened a lane for us to the door of the hall, and the troops gave us, as we mounted the steps, the salute due to officers of our rank.

"On entering the hall, we found it occupied by functionaries, military, civil and ecclesiastical; among whom the same good humor and excitement prevailed as among the people out of doors. They received us with great frankness and cordiality, and allotted to us such stations as enabled us to witness the whole of the ceremony, which was as simple as the most republican taste could have desired.

"Exactly as the clock struck one, Colonel Crafts, who occupied the chair, rose, and,

silence being obtained, read aloud the declaration, which announced to the world that the tie of allegiance and protection, which had so long held Britain and her North American colonies together, was forever separated. This being finished, the gentlemen stood up, and each, repeating the words as they were spoken by an officer, swore to uphold, at the sacrifice of life, the rights of his country. Meanwhile the town clerk read from a balcony the Declaration of Independence to the crowd; at the close of which, a shout began in the hall, passed like an electric spark to the streets, which rang with loud huzzas, the slow and measured boom of cannon, and the rattle of musketry. The batteries on Fort Hill, Dorchester Neck, the Castle [Fort Independence], Nantasket and Long Island, each saluted with thirteen guns. The artillery in the town fired thirteen rounds, and the infantry, scattered into thirteen divisions, poured forth thirteen volleys, all corresponding to the number of States which formed the Union. What followed may be described in a few words.

" There was a banquet in the Council Chamber, where all the richer citizens appeared, where much wine was drunk, and many appropriate toasts given. Large quantities of liquor were distributed among the crowd outside, whose patriotism, of course, grew more and more warm at every draught; and when night closed

in, the darkness was effectually dispelled by a general and what was termed then a splendid illumination. I need not say that we neither joined, nor were expected to join, in any of the festivities. Having sufficiently gratified our curiosity, we returned to our lodgings and passed the remainder of the evening in a frame of mind such as our humiliating and irksome situation might be expected to produce."

The "Independent and Chronicle" of July 25, 1776, tells us that after our prisoners had gone morosely to bed "the King's Arms, and every sign with any resemblance to it, whether Lion or Crown, Pestle and Mortar and Crown, Heart and Crown etc together with every sign that belonged to a Tory was taken down and made a general conflagration of in King street." Some days later, the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed in all the churches of Boston in compliance with an order from the Council.

The war, of course, went on for seven years more, but it scarcely touched Boston again. The town had troubles enough without it, however, for the changes of fortune which had befallen the merchants greatly disturbed the internal prosperity of the place, and the working people were in a restless semi-violent condition. Samuel Adams was often incensed against Hancock for his display of wealth; but even

Hancock issued invitations to a ball given by him at Concert Hall in 1780 on the back of playing cards, — which shows that the richest man in the place was straitened for some things.

" King Hancock " was the sobriquet which the patriot earned by his aristocratic habits and mien; the Tory papers were never tired of making a butt of him. (And, sometimes, their observations were truthful as well as witty.) In the Pennsylvania Ledger of March 11, 1778, we find this paragraph: " John Hancock of Boston appears in public with all the pageantry and state of an Oriental prince; he rides in an elegant chariot, which was taken in a prize to the ' Civil Usage ' pirate vessel, and by the owners presented to him. He is attended by four servants dressed in superb livery, mounted on fine horses richly caparisoned; and escorted by fifty horsemen with drawn sabres, the one half of whom precede and the other follow his carriage."

Of course the correspondent must have been describing in this letter Hancock's appearance on some occasion of ceremony. But, even then, the setting was a gorgeous one. Hancock, in fact, was never willing to forego any opportunity for display which offered. Soon there came plenty such opportunities, for he was elected first governor of Massachusetts in 1780 and, with the exception of an interim of two years

(1785–1787) when James Bowdoin held that office, he was thus prominently in the service of his State until his death, October 8, 1793.

During the earlier part of Hancock's " reign," Massachusetts was only one of a group of loosely federated States scattered along the Atlantic coast. Even when the war had been concluded and the States were " free " they were not " united." For no satisfactory method of central government had yet been evolved. In the struggle incident to the establishment of such a government, Boston, of course, had its due share, the Federalist party, — made up of those who believed reconstruction was necessary, if the war should not turn out to have been in vain, — long combating with but finally triumphing over the slow-going conservatives. Thus it was that the Constitution, drawn up by the Convention held at Philadelphia in 1787, was ultimately adopted at Boston in January, 1788. In this crisis Paul Revere and his mechanic friends again played an important part, a mass-meeting at the Green Dragon Tavern casting on the scales at the psychological moment, what may have been the decisive weight in favor of the Constitution's adoption. Once the step was taken, Boston characteristically celebrated it with a dinner, amicable speech-making and a long and imposing procession.

In 1789 Washington was elected first president of the United States. The following autumn he made his famous tour of those New England States, which had already ratified the new Constitution, accompanied by John Adams, his vice-president. To Hancock the Boston portion of his visit was a trying ordeal, for the patriot had himself hoped for first honors at the hands of the American people and he was not able to conceal his pique. So he foolishly " stood upon his dignity," taking the position that Washington, as a foreign potentate, was bound by etiquette to pay the first visit to the ruler of the Commonwealth in which he found himself. Accordingly, he allowed the crowd assembled on the street that raw, chill day of the President's arrival in Boston to contract what was for years known as " the Washington cold," while awaiting the welcome he had no thought of extending to the distinguished visitor. Washington's Diary is very entertaining reading at this point, because of its fine reticence in the matter of Hancock's discourtesy.

" On October 24, dressed by Seven o'clock and set out at eight — at ten we arrived in Cambridge according to appointment; . . . At this place the Lieut. Govr. Mr. Saml Adams, with the executive council met me and preceded my entrance into town — which was in every degree flattering and honorable. To pass over the

Minutiae of the arrangement for this purpose, it may suffice to say that at the entrance I was welcomed by the selectmen in a body.

" Then, following the Liet Govr. and Council in the order we came from Cambridge (preceded by the Town Corps very handsomely dressed) we passed through the Citizens classed in their different professions, and under their own banners, till we came to the State House; from which across the Street an Arch was thrown; in the front of which was this inscription — ' To the man who unites all hearts ' — and, on the other ' To Columbia's favorite son ' — and on one side thereof, next the State House, in a pannel decorated with a trophy, composed of the Arms of the United States — of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts — and our French Allies, crowned with a wreath of Laurel, was this inscription — ' Boston relieved March 17, 1776 ' This Arch was handsomely ornamented, and over the Center of it a Canopy was erected 20 feet high, with the American Eagle perched on the top. After passing through the Arch, and entering the State House at the S° End and ascending to the upper floor and returning to a Balcony at the N° end; three cheers was given by a vast concourse of people who, by this time, had assembled at the Arch — then followed an ode composed in honour of the President; and well sung by a band of select singers — after

this three cheers — followed by the different Professions and Mechanics in the order they were drawn up, with their colours through a lane of the People, which had thronged about the arch under which they passed.

" The Streets, the Doors, windows and tops of Houses were crowded with well-dressed Ladies and Gentlemen. The procession being over I was conducted to my lodgings at a Widow Ingersoll's (which is a very decent and good house) by the Leeut. Govr. and Council — accompanied by the Vice President where they took leave of me. Having engaged yesterday to take an informal dinner with the Govr to-day, but under full persuasion that he would have waited upon me as soon as I should have arrived — I excused myself upon his not doing it, and informing me through his Secretary that he was too much indisposed to do it, being resolved to *receive* the visit. Dined at my lodgings where the Vice-President favored me with his company.

" October 25 — Attended Divine Service at the Episcopal Church whereof Dr. Parker is the incumbent [old Trinity on Summer Street] in the forenoon and the Congregational Church of Mr. Thatcher in the afternoon. Dined at my lodgings with the Vice-President. Mr. Bowdoin accompanied me to both Churches. Between the two I received a visit from the Govr. who assured me that indisposition alone pre-

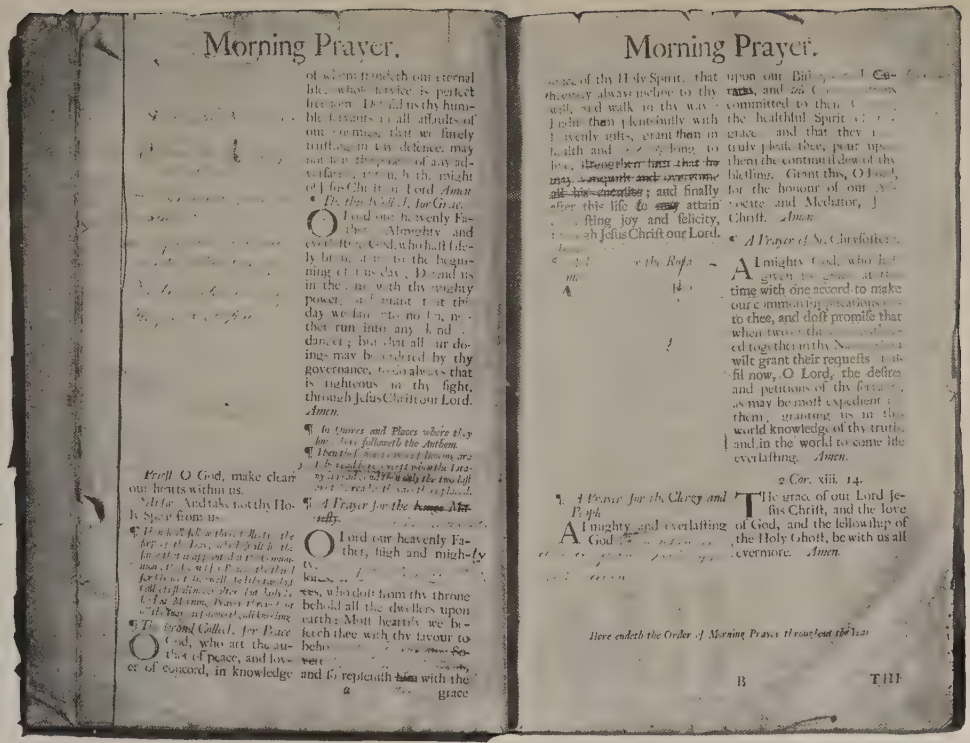
vented his doing it yesterday and that he was still indisposed; but as it had been suggested that he expected to receive the visit from the President, which he knew was improper, he was resolved at all haz'ds to pay his Compliments to-day."

Madame Hancock, who never forgot the duty a good wife owes to a quick-tempered man conspicuously before the public, insisted till the end of her life that her husband had really been too ill to welcome Washington in person the day he arrived. None the less the indelible impression has come down to us that the slight was deliberate on Hancock's part. The letters exchanged between the two dignitaries before Hancock actually did pay his respects to Washington are very amusing:

"Sunday 26th October
"half past twelve O'clock

"The Governor's best respects to the President. If at home and at leisure the Governor will do himself the honour to pay his respects in half an hour. This would have been done much sooner had his health in any degree permitted. He now hazards everything as it respects his health, for the desirable purpose."

Promptly this note went back to the mansion on the hill from the boarding-house at the juncture of Tremont and Court Streets:



Morning Prayer.

of whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom: Defend us thy humble servants in all assaults of our enemies, that we surely trusting in thy defence, may not fear the power of any adversaries, through the might of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The third Collect, for Grace.

O Lord our heavenly Father, Almighty and everlasting God, who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day, Defend us in the same with thy mighty power, and grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger; but that all our doings may be ordered by thy governance, to do always that is righteous in thy sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

¶ *In Quires and Places where they sing, here followeth the Anthem.*

¶ *When there is no Anthem, is said or sung the following Hymn, or else the two last Versions of the Psalm next before appointed.*

Veni Creator.

Come, O God, make clean our hearts within us.

Or this. And take not thy Holy Spirit from us.

¶ *Then shall be said the Prayer for the King, which shall be the first Prayer appointed in the Communion, and the Litany, and the Prayer for the Queen, and the Prayer for the Prince, shall be said or sung, as is before appointed in the Litany.*

¶ *The third Collect, for Peace, to be said at all times after the Litany, Morning, Evening, or Communion, appointed, all the year.*

O God, who art the author of peace, and lover of concord, in knowledge

Morning Prayer.

grace of thy Holy Spirit, that upon our Bishops and Curates, and all thy ministers, and all congregations committed to their charge, may plentifully with the healthful Spirit of thy heavenly gifts, grant them in health and prosperity long to live, strengthen them that they may vanquish and overcome all their enemies; and finally after this life to attain everlasting joy and felicity, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

¶ *A Prayer for the Royal Family.*

Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee, and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in thy Name thou wilt grant their requests: fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them, granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. *Amen.*

2 Cor. xiii. 14.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

¶ *A Prayer for the Clergy and People.*

Almighty and everlasting God, [illegible] always inclined to thy mercy, and to hear the prayers of those who call upon thee, graciously hear us thy servants, who are now assembled and met together in thy Name, and grant that those things which we have faithfully asked according to thy will, may effectually be obtained to the relief of our necessity, and to the setting forth of thy glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Here endeth the Order of Morning Prayer throughout the Year.

B THE

TONTINE CRESCENT.
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" Sunday 26th October, one oclock

" The president of the United States presents his best respects to the Governor, and has the honor to inform him that he shall be at home till two o'clock. The President need not express the pleasure it will give him to see the Governor; but, at the same time, he most earnestly begs that the Governor will not hazard his health on the occasion."

Hancock came, however, heavily swathed in red flannel and borne upon the shoulders of two men straight into Washington's drawing-room. The president was all solicitude concerning the painful and very inconvenient attack of gout, and with all courteous haste returned the visit. But he stayed only long enough to drink tea, returning to Widow Ingersoll's to sleep, though Hancock had previously sent an express to meet him at Brookfield with an invitation to be his guest while in Boston, — and he had then accepted the governor's offer of hospitality.

One day of Washington's visit to Boston was devoted in part to receiving visits from the clergy of the town. None appreciated more highly than he the benefit of religion to a well-ordered community; the congenial service at Trinity with its prayer-book substitution — in the petition for those in authority — of the " President of the United States " for the king had touched

him deeply. Other delegations which waited on him represented the Town of Boston, Harvard College, the Cincinnati, — and the Governor and Council of the state formally. "After which, at 3 O'clock," says the Diary, "I dined at a large and elegant Dinner at Faneuil Hall, given by the Govr. and Council."

Even the Unitarians had a share of Washington's attention, for he went to an oratorio in King's Chapel, at eleven o'clock, on the morning of the Faneuil Hall dinner. The transition of this stately edifice, built for Episcopal worship, into the use which obtains there to this day, dated some years back from the time of Washington's visit. Deacon John Tudor, whose Diary has been quoted elsewhere, wrote thus quaintly about the matter on the first Sunday of November, 1782: "I went to Chapple in Boston to hear Mr. Freeman Read prayer & preach. His Tex was Search the Scriptures. The Old South people met with the Church people. In the forenoon the Ch of England Service was carrd on & P. M. the Congregational way and boath Worshipd togather with the Ministers, tho' Mr. Freeman was not Ordain'd, as he could not go to England in those unhappy times of War with England. And the Reason of the 2 Congregations meeting in this way was, that the British troops when they had posession of the Town cruelly tore down all the inside of the

Old South Meeting house to exercise their Horses in, So that when the people that where forss'd oute of Town return'd they was oblig'd to borrow the Chapple to meet in. The Chapple people then went to Trinity Church, as Docr Canner their Minister went off with the British troops, when they were destitute of a preacher for some years, as the War continued between England & America. But about this time the Chapple people and said Freeman Agreed and with the Old South people met & Worshipt'd as aforesaid, and to me it was Agreeable to see former Bigatree so far gon & going off, and God grant that for Time to come boath Churchmen & Desenters may live in peace & Love."

The coming of Unitarianism (in 1785) has been classed by Henry Cabot Lodge, — in his interesting chapter in the " Memorial History " on this transition period which we are now discussing, — with the other momentous changes which meant the approach of a new era: " As the old century hastened to its close the old simplicity as well as the old stateliness and pomp slipped away. Those were the days when the gentry lived in large houses enclosed by handsome gardens, and amused themselves with card parties, dancing parties and weddings; when there were no theatres and nothing in the way of relaxation except these little social festivities. But the enemy was at the gates, a great hurrying,

successful, driving democracy. Brick blocks threatened the gardens (the Tontine buildings, the first block in Boston, date from 1793), the theatre came, despite the august mandate of Governor Hancock; the elaborate and stately dress of the eighteenth century began to be pushed aside, first for grotesque and then for plainer fashions; the little interests of provincial days began to wane."

The old society had been full of brilliant color and John Hancock, everything about whom was picturesque, seems fittingly to have been its head. Though he may at times have deserved the epithet, "the empty barrel," which John Adams is said to have applied to him, he had very real spectacular value as ruler of the Puritan town. His house, with its dining hall in which sixty guests could easily be seated at a time and in which he was wont to entertain from a wheel-chair with brilliant talk, was one of the wonders of the time. A description of him as he appeared ten years before his death shows him "dressed in a red velvet cap within which was one of fine linen. The latter was turned up over the lower edge of the velvet one two or three inches. He wore a blue damask gown lined with silk; a white stock, a white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small-clothes, white silk stockings and red morocco slippers. It was a general practice in genteel families to

have a tankard of punch made in the morning and placed in a cooler when the season required it. At this visit Hancock took from the cooler, standing on the hearth, a full tankard and drank first himself, and then offered it to those present." No one thought this impolite. It was as though the king had touched the cup!

The time was one of much drinking; the tavern keepers were growing rich fast. It was a time of much eating also. Tables were loaded down with food. The working people dined, then as now, at about noon, but society folk had their heavy meal at two o'clock and three o'clock was the proper hour for ceremonious dinners. For some time there had been a good many concerts. A gentleman named Deblois had built Concert Hall in 1760, and here private entertainments of many kinds as well as select dancing parties were held. In order to obtain a card to the subscription assemblies here it was necessary that those in charge should unanimously give their consent. There was thus a very real aristocracy in the new republic. Minuets were danced and there were contra dances; but cotillions were of a later date. A very great deal was made of marriages, and that admirable gossip William Sullivan tells us that the bride was visited daily for four successive weeks, — which seems to have been taking a very cruel advantage of a defenceless damsel.

Funerals were great events, also, private invitations being issued as well as public notice given and attendance being rigidly required of all concerned.

Yet in many ways it was a very crude age and revolting is the only adjective which can properly characterize some of the public occurrences. It was during Governor Hancock's time that Rachel Wall was hanged near the West Street gate of the Common "for stealing a hat." The owner of the hat was Margaret Bender, and it is undoubtedly true that Rachel Wall threatened her with personal violence in addition to stealing her bonnet "on the public highway, March 18, 1789." But hanging seems to have been a disproportionate punishment.

Moreover, the "civic feast" of 1792, to celebrate the seeming success of the French Revolution, was an orgy which reflects no great credit upon eighteenth century civilization. "A whole ox, skinned and dressed, leaving the head and horns entire and the eyes protruding from their sockets," says William Sullivan, "was turned on a great wooden spit before a furnace on Copp's Hill, and when the animal was sufficiently roasted he was placed on a sledge or carriage and there properly supported and propped up was drawn through the principal streets of the town, and was followed by two cart-loads of bread and two hogs-heads of punch.

An immense concourse of people attended; . . . the procession terminated in State street, where a table was laid from the eastern end of the City Hall to near Kilby street; and on this table it was intended that the friends of liberty should feast from the roasted ox.

"The scene soon changed; the cutting up and distribution of the animal became ridiculous and soon riotous. The roasted fragments were thrown into the air, and hurled at female spectators who thronged the balconies and crowded the windows." A pole sixty feet high, crowned with the horns of the unhappy ox, was erected at the place where the feast was most riotous, which place has ever since borne the name of Liberty Square. When the Bostonians found that they had been celebrating the coming in of "Liberty" on the very day that Louis XVI, who had been their good friend, was put to death on the guillotine they tardily came to their senses. This travesty in the name of liberty reminds me of an advertisement at an earlier date which may well enough be quoted here. It can be found in the Boston Gazette of January 2, 1775: "To be sold by Public Auction, on Thursday next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all the Household Furniture, belonging to the Estate of the Rev. Mr. Moorhead, deceased, consisting of Tables, Chairs, Looking Glasses, Feather Beds, Bedsteads and Bedding, Pewter,

Brass, sundry Pieces of Plate &c, A valuable collection of Books — Also *a likely Negro Lad* — The sale to be at the House in Auchmuty's Lane, [Essex street] South End, not far from Liberty Tree." A human being sold as a slave, in Boston, not far from Liberty Tree, in 1775!

One striking character whom we must always associate with Hancock's "reign" was the highly original Madam Haley. Madam Haley was the sister of John Wilkes, and widow of a rich London merchant. She had come to America in 1785 to look after her husband's property and the better to do this she married her steward, Patrick Jeffry. She lived in great magnificence in what is best known as the Gardiner Greene house and when Charlestown bridge was opened she paid, it is said, five hundred dollars for the privilege of being the first to drive over it. Her carriage on this occasion was drawn by four white horses.

A great deal was made of the opening of this bridge. The Diary of Deacon John Tudor describes the festivity thus: "June 17, 1786, This day Charles River bridge was finished, when a vast concourse of people passed over: There was two tables of 320 feet sett up on Bunker's hill, the place where the Battle was fought with the Brittons this Day 11 years, on the Day Charlestown was burnt. This Day of festivity & joy was Kept so as to entertain

800 Gentlemen; the Governor's &c &c was present. 13 Tosts &c was drank &c &c. Sutch a Concourse of people, Carriages &c I never Saw at one Time before; Said Bridge is 1503 feet long encluding the abutments and is the greatest peice of Work ever don in Emerica. . . . The breadth of the Bridge 42 feet & Ornamented with 40 Lamps, which make a Sparkling Show in the Night." [This was the first bridge ever built between Boston and Charlestown and it was situated in about the place of that now used by the Elevated Road. John Hancock headed the list of its incorporators; the company was empowered to collect tolls (which were to be doubled on the Lord's day) for a term of forty years, on condition of paying two hundred pounds annually to Harvard College to compensate that institution for the loss of the ferriage between Boston and Charlestown. The enterprise was financially successful, and continued to be so until the Warren free bridge was built in 1828.] So it was quite a safe bridge for Madam Haley to drive over in her splendid carriage at the head of the procession.

There is a story that a country man once called on this interesting and eccentric lady at her Boston house and, having been accorded the privilege of seeing her, owned that he came from curiosity, having heard so much about her. Thereupon Madam Haley asked what he might

have heard. "That you were very rich," he returned simply, "that you live in great style, do much good and are very homely."

"Now you see me," said the lady, "what do you think about it?"

"I swear I believe it's all true!" answered her candid caller.

The house in Milton which had been Governor Hutchinson's also attracted Madam Haley-Jeffry and she purchased it. When she returned to England she left Jeffry there in possession of all the furniture, plate, and ornaments which had been hers. Jeffry lived a gay life: he had a retinue of servants at his command and entertained magnificently. A club of men dined with him every week; and after the gay talk and excellent wines the guests took their leave and were driven to the front door, where they sat in their carriage while the host, bareheaded, pledged them in one glass more.

It is Madam Haley who is referred to as Madam H. in William Beloe's eccentric work, "The Sexagenarian; or the Recollections of a Literary Life" (1817). Beloe was a Londoner, who is described by Southey, in one of his letters, as "an odd man who talks in a dialect of his own which puzzled me confoundedly." Yet it is perfectly easy to follow Beloe's racy account of Madam Haley, whom he seems to have known well. This lady, he says "was the sister of

John Wilkes of famous memory, had a large portion of his intellectual endowments, and was very little his inferior in vivacity humour and wit."

Jeffry, it appears, was her third husband, Haley having originally been the head clerk of the man who acquired the family fortune. " Haley was a plain sensible good sort of man," declares Beloe, " wholly absorbed in commercial pursuits, who soon found it expedient, for the sake of a quiet life, to suffer his *cara sposa* to do as she liked. She was exceedingly well informed, had read a great deal, possessed a fine taste, and, with respect to literary merit, considerable judgment. She accordingly sought with much avidity the society of those who were distinguished in the world by their talents and their writings. When the expression 'of those' is used it must be understood to apply to men only, for on all occasions, she was at no pains to conceal her contemptuous opinion of her own sex; and it was no uncommon thing to see her at table surrounded with ten or twelve eminent men, without a single female.

" She had great conversational talents, and unfortunately, like her brother, she seldom permitted any ideas of religion or even of delicacy to impose a restraint upon her observations. Her disregard of propriety was also conspicuously manifested on other occasions. She in-

variably attended all the more remarkable trials at the Old Bailey, where she regularly had a certain place reserved for her. When the discussion or trial was of such a nature that decorum, and indeed the Judges themselves, desired women to withdraw, she never stirred from her place but persisted in remaining to hear the whole, with the most unmoved and unblushing earnestness of attention."

Samuel Breck, who has before rendered us valuable service, gives us in his " Recollections " a pen picture of Madam Haley after she had settled down in her Boston home: " She had certainly passed her grand climacteric, and in her mouth was a single tooth of an ebon color. Her favorite dress was a red cloth riding-habit and black beaver hat. In these she looked very like an old man. Thus attired on some gala day she was paying a visit to Mrs. Hancock, when Van Berkle, the Dutch envoy, happened to be in Boston. He came, of course, to salute the Governor, with whom, however, he was not personally acquainted. On entering the room he saw a venerable head, decorated with a hat and plumes belonging to a person robed in scarlet and seated in an arm-chair in a conspicuous part of the room, and knowing that Governor Hancock was too gouty to walk, he very naturally concluded that the person before him was the master of the house. He accordingly

approached and bowing said he hoped his Excellency was better; that being on a visit to Boston he had ventured to introduce himself, for the purpose of testifying in person his high admiration &c &c. Before his compliment was finished the lady undeceived him but in such manner as to put the minister perfectly at his ease."

Madam Haley, according to Mr. Breck, was the "principal star of Boston society. Her highly gifted mind and elegant manners much more than balanced her deficiency in beauty. She had surrounded herself with a menagerie, so that the court-yard was filled with cockatoes, poll parrots and monkeys; yet she felt herself lonely and set her cap for a husband." Breck goes on to say that when she married Jeffry she gave him her entire fortune of seventy thousand pounds sterling. The date of the marriage is fixed by the records of Trinity Church, Boston, as February 13, 1786. Alderman Haley at this time had been dead five years.

"When a female approaching to seventy leads to the altar a bridegroom who has not seen thirty, the hours of Elysium seldom continue long," observes Beloe crisply in his quaint book. "In a very short interval a separation was mutually thought expedient. With such an allowance as her husband thought proper to make her . . . the lady took a very early

opportunity of recrossing the Atlantic; and after a short residence in London fixed herself at Bath where she passed ' an old age of cards.' " She died there May 9, 1808, and Jeffry at Milton in 1812, aged sixty-four. So that while the difference in the ages of the couple was not quite so startling as Beloe represents, it was none the less considerable. Ten years before his death the Pemberton Square estate was sold by Jeffry to Jonathan Mason, and the next year Mason transferred it to Gardiner Greene. Greene's lot included considerably more than the present Pemberton Square, for it ran back to Somerset Street and came down to Tremont Street.

Hancock and Adams, who had been close friends at the time of the outbreak of the Revolution, were at cross purposes during many of the years that Hancock held the gubernatorial office. But it is a mistake to assume that Adams envied Hancock the position bestowed upon him by the franchises of the people. In a letter to his wife the sturdy old patriot wrote, in 1780: " I flatter myself that this will prove a happy choice . . . I am far from being an enemy to that gentleman though he has been prevailed upon to mark me as such. I have so much friendship for him as to wish with all my heart, that in the most critical circumstances, he may distinguish between his real friends and his

THE GARDINER-GREENE HOUSE.
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flattering enemies: or rather between the real friends of the country and those who will be ready to offer the essence of flattery to him who is the first man in it. This will require an accurate knowledge of men. I therefore again wish that he may have the most faithful counsellors to assist him in the administration of affairs. Can I say more? If, with the best advice, he is able to hold the reins of government with dignity, I wish him a continuance of the honor. If he renders our country secure in a flourishing condition, I will never be so partial and unjust as to withhold my tribute of applause."

Nor did he withhold that tribute. The difference between the friends was patched up and when Hancock succeeded Bowdoin as governor (in 1787) Samuel Adams became one of the members of the Council. When Washington visited Boston the older man was lieutenant governor as we have seen. And when "King" Hancock died, October 8, 1793 "the man of the town meeting" was chosen to be the head of affairs in Massachusetts. Adams was now over seventy years of age and as he followed, as chief mourner, the bier of his long-time friend, his strength failed him. On reaching State Street, he was obliged to withdraw from the procession. Hancock's remains were interred in the old Granary Burying Ground, and for years the

only marking of the grave was a bit of rough stone reading

"No. 16
Tomb of
Hancock"

The rich patriot left no children and his widow married James Captain Scott three years after his death. She lived to be a very old woman and, towards the end of her life, was by no means wealthy.

CHAPTER XII

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AERONAUT

ONE of the most interesting characters in Boston, at the end of the eighteenth century, was Dr. John Jeffries, famous in his time as the first American to cross the English channel in a balloon. For all I know he may be the only American who has ever so distinguished himself; the history of Aeronautics is a subject upon which I am no authority. But Jeffries is a unique person from several points of view and, in these days when all the world is interested in air-voyaging, his quaint and very rare account of his own exploits may well enough engage our attention.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes writes of having hidden behind the door in terror, when he was a little fellow, as he saw the venerable Dr. John Jeffries being ushered up over the stairs to take part in a consultation concerning a sick relative. But this fright must have been induced by the *doctor* and not by the man. For every one found Jeffries very charming. He was born in Boston

in 1745 and died there September 16, 1819. Yet his sympathies, during the Revolution and after, were always with the British. It was he who, while wandering over the field of Bunker Hill as a surgeon of the king's army, discovered and identified the body of the lamented Warren, — Warren, who had, only the day before, affectionately implored him to "come over on the right side." Jeffries, too, was one of those who were wont to sit nightly at Earl Percy's hospitable dinner-table during the days of the Occupation and, in the account of his "Voyages" he indignantly denies that it was a flag of the United States that he suspended from the car of his balloon as he set out on his epoch-making trip.

Jeffries was graduated from Harvard in 1763. But for his medical training and his degrees in science he went to London and Aberdeen, — as indeed he must have done, — and at the evacuation of Boston he accompanied the troops to Halifax, where he was made by Lord Howe surgeon-general of the forces in Nova Scotia. In December, 1780, he resigned and returned to London, where he practised successfully and occupied himself with scientific investigation.

Interested in all kinds of experiments, he spent a good deal of time studying the construction of balloons, for when he was in his prime aerial navigation was the wonder topic of the

DR. JOHN JEFFRIES, AERONAUT.

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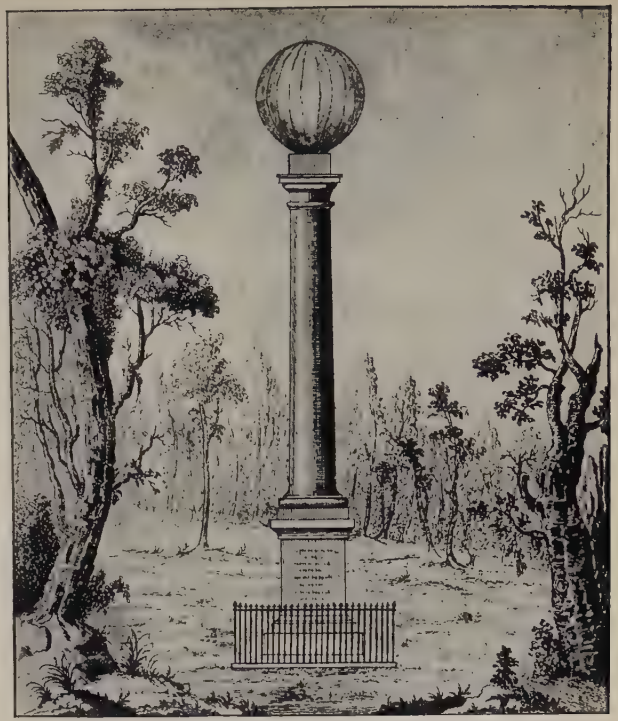

FRENCH MONUMENT TO DR. JEFFRIES.

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BOSTON IN 1802 FROM THE SOUTH BOSTON BRIDGE.

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day, — just as flying-machines are now. The most daring aeronaut of that period was a Frenchman, Francois Blanchard, who had built a balloon with sails and a rudder which promised so well that Jeffries resolved to accompany him on a voyage for the purpose of making "a full investigation of the nature and properties of the atmosphere which surrounds us" and "the effect which oars or wings might be made to produce in directing the course of the Balloon." The paper in which the alert doctor described the resulting experiment was read before the Royal Society of London in January, 1786.

The doctor had not found it at all easy to persuade Blanchard to let him come along as a passenger, for the aeronaut did not relish the idea of cluttering up his car with maps, numerous scientific instruments, and bottles for the reception of the atmosphere at different heights above the earth which Jeffries insisted upon taking. "But," says the narrator of the voyage, "I resolved to gratify this, which had finally become my ruling passion." In consideration of one hundred guineas presented him for that purpose Blanchard therefore let him come.

This initial voyage of Dr. Jeffries was from London to Kent, and for it he provided himself, as he quaintly says, "with a blank book of several sheets of paper in quarto, ruled into columns, the first to note the hour and minutes

of the day, the next for the state of the thermometer, then for that of the Barometer, Electrometer and for transient remarks of what passed. I did not like to entrust to a common pen or to pencils, they being liable to accidents, and therefore furnished myself with a silver one which answered my purpose extremely well. By this arrangement I Could, with the several instruments conveniently placed on the side of me in the Aerial Car easily take the state of each of them as they varied and enter it in the proper column."

The place of the ascent was the Rhedarium, near Grosvenor Square, London, an unfavorable spot as it proved, because of the surrounding buildings. The day chosen was Monday, November 29, 1784. "I had also provided an handsome British Flag," says Jeffries, "which was invidiously misrepresented the next day, in one of the public papers, to have been the Flag of the American States. M. Blanchard received one from the hands of the Dutchess of Devonshire, emblazoned with the arms of that illustrious family; and while he was paying his respects to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, her Grace the Dutchess of Devonshire and other noble Personages, who, by their presence, condescended to patronize our Voyage, I was employed in our Aerial Car, in fixing and securing my instruments in the most safe and

convenient manner; and at 34 minutes after two we arose over the railing which had enclosed the apparatus. . . . In about six minutes from our ascent St. Paul's appeared much diminished to my view. . . . At 3 minutes past three the Thermometer had fallen to 35 [from 51 when they set off] the Barometer to 25 (from 30) and the Hydrometer had changed from 0 to 3 degrees dry. At this time the ships on the River Thames appeared like very small shallops or canoes in a narrow foggy creek. The clouds now seemed to have fallen greatly below us."

When, a few minutes later, the city of London " could scarcely be distinguished by a prospect-glass " both the voyagers were obliged to put on heavy furs, " and a little dog which I had taken with me, crumpled himself up at my feet," says Jeffries, " and began to shake and shed tears with the cold." Soon after this the men refreshed themselves with cold chicken, and drank wine to the health of their friends below. Then their descent began and, shortly after four o'clock, they landed in Kent, Jeffries " a little fatigued and feverish but a bowl of warm tea set me right." One interesting general observation made by the experimenter is to the effect that, while he was in the car, he was so insensible of the motion that " but for the disappearance or diminution of objects or from the rising or falling of the mercury in the Barometer " he

would have thought the balloon stationary, rapid though its progress certainly was!

The great incident of Jeffries' career was however, his "Aerial experiment, designed from the Royal Castle of Dover, across the British Channel into France." The only condition upon which Blanchard would take a passenger on this trip was that if it were imperative that the balloon should be lightened of his weight the guest of the occasion should get out of the car, — presumably plunging into the sea to drown. On this trip Jeffries did not take with him "any other philosophical instrument but his barometer and mariner's compass;" so that he had few things — beside himself — to cast overboard, should the balloon prematurely begin to turn earthward by reason of the weight it carried. But let us get the story from his own quaint and interesting narrative:

"The Balloon being filled a little before one o'clock, we suffered it to rise, so as to be disengaged from the apparatus for filling it and to be drawn down again just at the edge of the Cliff, where we attached the wings or oars. . . . And exactly at one o'clock (having in the Car with us, three sacks of sand ballast, of ten pounds each, a large parcel of pamphlets, two cork jackets, a few extra clothes of M. Blanchard, a number of inflated bladders with two small anchors or grapnels, with cords affixed to assist

our landing) we rose slowly and majestically from the Cliff, which being at the time of our ascent from it almost covered with a beautiful assembly from the city, neighboring towns and villages, with carriages horses and so on together with the extensive Beach of Dover, crouded with a great concourse of people, with numbers of boats &c assembled near the shore, under the Cliffs, afforded us, at our first arising from them, a most beautiful and picturesque view indeed. [What a sentence!] . . . At half past one the Balloon seemed to be extended to its utmost extent. . . . At fifty minutes after one I found we were descending fast. We immediately cast out one sack of ballast; but the mercury in the Barometer still rising, we cast out half another sack; on which we began to rise and the mercury again to fall in the Barometer. We appeared at this time to be about one-third of the way from the English towards the French coast.

" We now began to lose all distinct view of the Castle of Dover. At two o'clock we attached two small slings to the circle over us, towards each end of the Car, and a third in the middle of it, a little lower than the other two to rest our feet upon; the three being designed to favour our beaver-like retreat upwards in case we were forced down in to the water. We now found that we were descending again; on which occasion we were obliged to cast out the remaining

sack and a half of ballast, sacks and all; notwithstanding which, not finding that we rose, we cast out a parcel of the pamphlets, and in a minute or two found, that we rose again; and now appeared to be about midway between the English and French coasts.

" At about quarter after two I found that we were again descending; this induced us to cast out, by small parcels, all the remaining pamphlets; notwithstanding which I could barely discover that we rose again. We had not now anything left to cast away as ballast in future, excepting the wings, apparatus, and ornaments or the Car with our cloaths, and a few little articles; but as a counterpart to such a situation we here had a most enchanting and alluring view of the French coast.

" At about half past two I found we were again descending very rapidly, the lower pole of the Balloon next to us having collapsed very much, so that the balloon did not appear to be three fourths distended with gaz. We immediately threw out all the little things we had with us such as biscuits apples &c and, after that, one of our oars or wings; but still descending, we cast away the other wing, and then the governail; having likewise had the precaution, for fear of accidents, while the Balloon was filling, partly to loosen and make it go easy, I now succeeded in attempting to reach without the Car, and

unscrewing the moulinet, with all the apparatus I likewise cast that into the sea. Notwithstanding which, the Balloon not rising, we cut away all the lining and ornaments both within and on the outside of the Car, and, in like manner threw them into the sea; after which we cast away the only bottle we had taken with us, which, with its descent appeared to force out a considerable steam like smoke with a hissing or rushing noise; and when it struck the water we very sensibly (the instant before we heard the sound) felt the force of the shock on our Car; it appearing to have fallen directly perpendicular to us, although we had passed a considerable way during its descent.

" As we did not yet ascend we were obliged, though very unwillingly, to throw away our anchors and cords; but still approaching the sea we began to strip ourselves, and cast away our clothing, M. Blanchard first throwing away his extra coat, with his surtout; after which I cast away my only coat; and then M. Blanchard his other coat and trowsers; We then put on and adjusted our cork-jackets and prepared for the event.

" We appeared about this time to be about three quarters of the distance towards the French shore and we were now fallen so low, as to be beneath the plane of the French Cliffs. We were then preparing to get up into our slings

when I found the mercury in the Barometer again falling and looking around soon observed that we were rising and that the pleasing view of France was enlarging and opening to us every moment, as we ascended, so as to overlook the high grounds. I judged that we were at this time about four or five miles from the shore and appeared to approach it fast. We soon had a fine view of Calais and we now ascended to a much greater height than at any former period of our voyage."

They had turned to the southwest, however, and were approaching a high forest! "This appeared to be more extensive than it was probable we should be able to pass entirely over so we cast away one cork jacket and soon after it the other, which almost immediately checked and altered the angle of our descent. We had now approached so near to the tops of the trees of the forest as to discover that they were very large and rough and that we were descending with great velocity towards them; from which circumstances and from our direction at this time, . . . I felt the necessity of casting away something to alter our course." The expedient which was then adopted by these venturous voyagers, who had nothing else left to throw overboard, was one which would never have occurred to the mind of any person except a physician. The plan, when adopted, proved to

be effective, however, for the ballast supplied "from within ourselves" as Jeffries puts it, so lightened the balloon that instead of being forced hard against the particularly high trees then imminent "we passed along near them in such a manner as enabled me to catch hold of the topmost branches of one of them, and thereby arrest the farther Progress of the Balloon."

At a little before four o'clock, therefore, the two men, who were now very cold and stiff, descended "tranquilly to the surface of the ground," near the spot celebrated in history for the famous interview between Henry the Eighth, King of England, and Francis the First, King of France. A curious monument with a balloon-like ball on its apex was later erected by public authority upon this spot in commemoration of Jeffries' interesting trip. Blanchard was rewarded for his share in this exploit by a gift from his king of two thousand four hundred dollars and a pension of two hundred and forty dollars. But, for some reason or other, he swore vengeance upon Jeffries and when he came to Philadelphia, in 1792, to make balloon ascensions, he took a very public manner of insulting the man who had been his companion on the famous voyage across the Channel. He employed Fielding, the best coachmaker of Philadelphia, to build him a vehicle that was

to go without horses, the machinery of which was worked by a man standing on the footboard behind, who, by the alternate pressure of his feet, set the wheels going and expanded the wings of an eagle, which thus seemed to draw the carriage along in its flight. On the panels of this carriage, which was exhibited in all the large towns of the United States, Blanchard caused to be painted a picture of Jeffries in the balloon, holding a bottle of brandy to his mouth. A motto beneath intimated that, without the aid of this Dutch courage, the fortitude of the Boston doctor must, of necessity, have failed.

As might be expected, however, this ill-advised behavior reacted upon Blanchard rather than upon Jeffries. For the latter was a renowned physician and Blanchard was known only as an adventurer whom the doctor had repeatedly rescued from the hands of insistent debtors. In the summer of 1789, Jeffries returned to Boston and delivered the first public lecture on anatomy ever given in New England. But public feeling was strongly against dissections, and he was forced by mob violence to discontinue his discourses. He continued to contribute to the journals of the day, however, articles on this subject as well as about aerial travel, and until his death, in 1819, he was deferred to constantly by people of a scientific

turn of mind. With the old ladies of Boston, who called him "Jeffers" and delightedly exchanged with him their latest news and gossip, he was a great favorite until the last.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BEGINNINGS OF LITERATURE AND MUSIC

A FAIRLY good index to the men and women writers of the Revolutionary period, and of the years immediately following, might be made from a bibliography of those who have been quoted in this volume. Governor Hutchinson, for instance, was a historian without consulting whom no one can hope to understand the events of which he was a part. His books are, indeed, the best of him, and it is very greatly to his credit that he kept his narrative judicial, even when he himself was an abused figure in the Massachusetts whose story he was telling.

Without John Adams's writings we should be much the poorer, also. Occasionally, he lighted up a gloomy epoch with a bit of vivid coloring which shows that, in a later time, he might have earned a good income from his pen. His description of the scene at the old State House, that day when the Writs of Assistance were being argued, is deservedly famous.

The press, in the pre-Revolutionary period, was pretty dull reading. There appears to have been nothing like the joy in authorship which obtained in the days when Benjamin Franklin helped his brother James to get out their troublesome sheet. Richard Draper, who from 1762 to 1774 conducted the *News-Letter*, with its numerous combinations, was on the side of the Crown and, during the occupation of Boston by the British, this paper, issued by his widow, is the only one to be found. The *Boston Gazette* of Edes and Gill, to which the patriots contributed, was full enough of incitement to rebellion, but it is heavy reading to-day none the less. The *Massachusetts Spy*, published by Isaiah Thomas, a young man with the real journalistic gift, is a considerably livelier sheet; it was so lively, in fact, that Thomas had to pack off to Worcester just before the affair at Lexington. The *Independent Chronicle And Universal Advertiser* was the sheet to which Samuel Adams tirelessly contributed. It was published on School Street, " next door to Oliver Cromwell's tavern."

Of the newspapers which flourished after the Revolution, the *Massachusetts Centinal And Republican Journal* is far and away the most interesting. Its first number appeared March 24, 1784 and, for more than forty years, it continued to be brought out by Major Benjamin

Russell, its original editor. It contained a great deal of what we should call to-day general miscellany, and it set the fashion of presenting this matter under very alluring headlines. Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" ran in the *Centinal* under the department caption, "The Helicon Reservoir!" For a time there was very little of a newsy flavor about the sheet. Boston was a dull place just then, and its chief paper made no effort to conceal the fact. The first ripple on the surface appears to have been occasioned by the establishment of the Cincinnati, which though as harmless as any Daughters of the Revolution chapter of our own time raised, in the minds of the apprehensive, a bitter fear lest the time should speedily come "when the whole remaining body of the people would be styled Plebians." The *Centinal*, thereupon, poured oil on the waters by reminding the alarmists "that his Excellency, George Washington Esq., is president of the society, — a circumstance that greatly recommends it."

In 1787 Mr. Russell made what was probably the first systematic attempt at reporting for any Boston newspaper. He had never studied stenography and the more easily to write down what was said he took the pulpit in the meeting-house where the debate was being held for his reporting desk. This shocked the puritanical notions of some, and a stand was fitted up for

him in another place. Major Russell confesses in his published account of this meeting that he got so interested in the speech-making that he kept forgetting to write down what was said. It was Russell, by the by, who, on the occasion of President Monroe's visit to Boston, in 1817, first used in any place the famous phrase, " an era of good feeling."

The first daily in Boston dates from 1813; on March third of that year appeared the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, published by W. W. Clapp and edited by Horatio Bigelow. Mr. Bigelow remained the editor scarcely more than a year, however, the paper passing on April 6, 1814, into the hands of Nathan Hale, who soon made it one of the leading newspapers of the country.

Several women writers come to the front soon after the Revolution, one of them a real genius, — though she was a slave. The general attitude towards women who wrote had been well expressed by Anne Bradstreet's lines penned, in the middle of the seventeenth century, as the prologue to her book, " The Tenth Muse: "

> " I am obnoxious to each carping tongue,
> Who says my hand a needle better fits;
> A poet's pen all scorn I thus would wrong.
> For such despite they cast on female wits,
> If what I do prove well, it won't advance;
> They'll say 'tis stolen, or else it was by chance."

The last three lines seem to me very good work, far better than anything Phillis Wheatley ever wrote. Yet she is the genius of our present period. A native of Africa, she was brought to this country and sold as a slave in the year 1761. She was at this time a child of about seven, and when exhibited for sale in the slave market of the town, wore only a piece of old carpet wrapped about her. Yet she was bought at once by John Wheatley, a prosperous tailor of the time, for his wife, who wished to obtain a young negress. The Wheatleys already owned several slaves, " but the females of them were getting something beyond the active periods of life," says the chronicle.

Mrs. Wheatley herself therefore visited the slave market on the day Phillis was put up, and chose the frail child from among several robust, healthy young women, led to this decision by the humble and modest demeanor, as well as by the interesting features of the little girl.

From the very first, Phillis was treated with uncommon kindness. Though upon her purchase by the Wheatleys she could not speak the English language, she soon gave indications of remarkable intelligence, and was frequently seen endeavoring to make letters upon the wall with a piece of chalk or charcoal.

Not long after the child's first introduction to the family, a daughter of the house undertook

to teach her to read and write. And so astonishing was the progress made by the little black girl that all thought of setting her at menial occupations was speedily abandoned. She was not even allowed to associate with the other domestics of her own color and condition.

As Phillis increased in years, her mind developed as it had early promised that it would, and she soon attracted the attention of the literary people of the time, who loaned her books and assisted her in the study of Latin, which had great attractions for her. Clergymen and others of high standing frequently visited her; but, notwithstanding the attention she received, and the distinction with which she was treated, she never ceased to be the same modest, gentle appealing negress that had won Mrs. Wheatley's heart.

The family made her one of themselves. She sat at their table and was invited with them to the social functions of the day. But always, away from the Wheatley home, she declined, though constantly requested, to sit at the table with the white folks. Asking that a side table might be laid for her, she dined modestly apart.

When Phillis was sixteen she was received as a member of the church worshipping in our Old South Meeting-House, and that same year it was that she wrote on the death of the clergyman, the Rev. George Whitefield, one of her most

remarkable poems. Mr. Whitefield, who was a native of England and a distinguished preacher, had been chaplain to the Countess of Huntington. This last fact it is to which reference is made in the concluding stanza of the poem, here given entire, because it is very rare as well as because it possesses intrinsic interest:

We hear no more the music of thy tongue;
Hail, happy saint, on thine immortal throne,
Possesst of glory, life and bliss unknown;
We hear no more the music of thy tongue;
Thy wonted auditories cease to throng.
Thy sermons in unequalled accents flowed,
And ev'ry bosom with devotion glowed;
Thou didst in strains of eloquence refined,
Inflame the heart and captivate the mind.

Unhappy, we the setting sun deplore,
So glorious once, but ah! it shines no more.
Behold the prophet in his towering flight!
He leaves the earth for heaven's unmeasured height,
And worlds unknown receive him from our sight.
There Whitefield wings with rapid course his way,
And sails to Zion through vast seas of day.
Thy prayers, great saint, and thine incessant cries,
Have pierced the bosom of thy native skies.
Thou moon hast seen, and all the stars of light,
How he has wrestled with his God by night.
He prayed that grace in ev'ry heart might dwell;
He longed to see America excel;
He charged its youth that ev'ry grace divine
Should with full lustre in their conduct shine.

That Saviour, which his soul did first receive,
The greatest gift that ev'n a God can give,
He freely offered to the num'rous throng,
That on his lips with list'ning pleasure hung.

" Take him, ye wretched, for your only good,
Take him, ye starving sinners, for your food;
Ye thirsty, come to this life-giving stream,
Ye preachers, take him for your joyful theme;
Take him, my dear Americans," he said,
" Be your complaints on his kind bosom laid:
Take him, ye Africans, he longs for you;
Impartial Saviour is his title due:
Washed in the fountain of redeeming blood,
You shall be sons, and kings, and priests to God."
Great Countess, we Americans revere
Thy name and mingle in thy grief sincere;
New England deeply feels, the orphans mourn
Their more than father will no more return.
But though arrested by the hand of death,
Whitefield no more exerts his lab'ring breath,
Yet let us view him in the eternal skies,
Let ev'ry heart to this bright vision rise;
While the tomb, safe, retains its sacred trust,
Till life divine re-animates his dust.

The manner in which Phillis wrote this and other poems is interesting: " She was allowed," says her biographer in a quaint little volume now almost impossible to find, " and even encouraged to follow the leading of her own genius; but nothing was forced upon her, nothing suggested or placed before her as a lure; her literary efforts

were altogether the natural workings of her own mind.

"She did not have the power, it is curious to note, of retaining the creations of her own fancy for a long time in her mind. If during the vigil of a wakeful night, she amused herself by weaving a tale, she knew nothing of it in the morning. It had vanished in the land of dreams. Her kind mistress indulged her with a light, and in the cold season with a fire in her apartment during the night. The light was placed upon a table at her bedside with writing materials, that if anything occurred to her after she had retired, she might without rising or taking cold secure the swift-winged fancy ere it fled."

Phillis had always been frail, and this lack of ruggedness her devotion to books not improbably increased. For by this time she knew intimately the Old and New Testament, Pope's Homer and the stories of heathen mythology, as well as ancient and modern geography, astronomy and ancient history. In the winter of 1773 the young girl's health was so delicate that her physician advised a sea voyage. And, a son of the family being about to go to England on business, it was arranged that Phillis should accompany him and his wife.

The attention that the young slave received in London offers one of the most remarkable instances that literary history can show of tribute

on the part of an aristocracy to genius. She was presented to Lady Huntington, to Lord Dartmouth, and to Mr. Thornton, another benefactor of Dartmouth College, as well as to many other people of distinction. Court was not being held at St. James at that time, for it was rather late in the season when Phillis arrived in London, but this alone prevented her presentation to the young monarch, George III, to whom on the repeal of the Stamp Act five years before she had addressed one of her most interesting poems.

It was during the visit to London that her poems were first published by Archibald Bell. The small volume was dedicated to the Countess of Huntington, and contained as a frontispiece a striking likeness of Phillis herself (here reproduced). To the book was prefixed a statement from her master that the girl's history was really as has been here related, and a note to the public attesting that Governor Thomas Hutchinson, Lieutenant-Governor Oliver, John Hancock, the Hon. Harrison Otis, the Hon. James Bowdoin, the Rev. Samuel Mather and others of like standing in Boston vouched for Phillis as the true author of the poems attributed to her. And this in spite of the fact, they wrote, that she was " a young negro girl, who was but a few years since brought out an uncultivated barbarian from Africa, and has ever since been, and now is,

under the disadvantage of serving as a slave in a family in this town."

Before many weeks, however, the illness of her kind friend and mistress, Mrs. Wheatley, recalled Phillis to Boston. And the death of this estimable lady and her husband soon following, dark days began to come for the gifted slave. The son of the house had settled in London, and the daughter had a few years before become the wife of the Rev. John Lathrop, pastor of the Second Church in Boston. She it was who became the owner of Phillis upon the Wheatleys' death. It would appear, however, that she speedily gave her young friend, for so she regarded her, her freedom. For when Phillis was married, as she soon was, she was styled " a free negro."

Perhaps the most famous of all Phillis' poems was that written about this period of her life (1775) to Washington, then in Cambridge. The tribute in question drew from the great general a brief, but appreciative, note, and the poem was duly published in the *Pennsylvania Magazine* or *American Monthly Museum* for April, 1776. For years this highly interesting poem was lost, but it was finally uncovered in 1851, when the Washington papers were transferred to our own Boston Athenaeum.

Meanwhile Phillis had found the world a rather hard place for a free negro of poetic gifts.

A letter to a colored friend dated Boston, May 29, 1778, runs: " The vast variety of scenes that have passed before us these three years past will, to a reasonable mind, serve to convince us of the uncertain duration of all things temporal. . . . Direct your letters under cover to Mr. John Peters in Queen street."

This John Peters was destined to become the brilliant, but unworthy, partner of Phillis' woman sorrows. He is called a " respectable colored man who kept a grocery in Court street, had a very handsome person and good manners, wore a wig, carried a cane and quite acted out the ' gentleman.' "

That he made love in a very persuasive fashion to the gifted Phillis one may well believe, for she soon married him, and was as soon repentant for such a step. Ere long, too, there were three children to be cared for, and no money for this purpose. The husband would not work at any lowly employment, and his business had quite failed under the stress of war times.

Thus it was that the woman whose gifts had once made her fêted and honored in England, as well as in America, died in squalor. In 1784 her husband had become so shiftless and improvident that he was forced to relieve himself of debt by an imprisonment in the county jail, while Phillis earned her own subsistence and that of her remaining child by laboring in a com-

mon negro boarding house in the western part of the town. When liberated Peters worked as a journeyman baker, then he attempted to practise law, and finally he imposed upon the credulous by pretending to be a physician.

It was in December, 1784, that Phillis and the last child were carried to her final earthly resting place, and not one of the friends of her prosperity was there to follow her, for they had not been told by Peters of her death. All that is known of her death and burial may be summed up in the following notice published on the Thursday succeeding her decease in the *Independent Chronicle:* " Last Lord's day died Mrs. Phillis Peters (formerly Phillis Wheatley), aged 31, known to the literary world by her celebrated miscellaneous poems. Her funeral is to be this afternoon, at 4 o'clock, from the house lately improved by Mr. Todd, nearly opposite Dr. Bulfinch's, at West Boston, where her friends and acquaintances are desired to attend."

The house thus referred to was situated near what was long the site of the Revere House in Bowdoin Square. Where the unhappy young woman was buried has never been known. But her "Poems On Various Subjects Religious And Moral" are much sought to-day by collectors, single copies of the book having sold recently for twenty-five dollars.

Another literary woman of exceeding interest is Mercy Otis Warren, sister of James Otis the patriot, to whom that famous man wrote in 1766: "This you may depend on, no man ever loved a sister better, & among all my conflicts I never forget yt I am endeavoring to serve you and yours." Their family home was in Barnstable on Cape Cod, and Alice Brown, who has written very sympathetically of Mrs. Warren, has likened the sweet relationship between these two to that of Maggie Tulliver and Tom. "As Maggie trotted about after Tom, adoring, worshipful, glad of a glance, so the little Cape girl followed and imitated her big brother. They were more or less alike in temperament, — ardent, mobile, brilliant, though the girl must have had a stronger balance wheel to fit her for the ills of life."

Certainly, if we may judge from what she wrote as well as from what she was, Mercy Warren had a very finely poised mind. Her particular gift was what was then highly appreciated under the name of Satire. To-day some of her paragraphs fall rather flat, but this one, to a young woman with a taste for books might almost have been written in all seriousness to-day by an editor of a "Woman's Page." It would seem, therefore, to be pretty good as satire: "If you have a taste for the study of History, let me urge you not to indulge it, lest the picture of

human nature in all ages of the world should give your features too serious a cast."

Mercy Otis herself did not marry until 1754, when she was twenty-six and that in those days meant that she was already almost an "old maid." But she and James Warren were very happy together for many years, and in their home at Plymouth she brought up several healthy happy children besides writing a number of respectable "works." From her "History of the Revolution," which is in many ways a really valuable book, I have already quoted in describing the character of Hancock. But her "Poems Dramatic and Miscellaneous," published in 1790, and about which a good deal is said in many chapters on post-revolutionary literature, is a very tiresome offering, chiefly occupied by two long and dull tragedies: "The Sack of Rome" and "The Ladies of Castile." A poem of hers, written on the Boston Tea Party and called the "Squabble of the Sea Nymphs," has the faults common to all her "poetry."

It is odd to find that Mrs. Warren's friends, Abigail Adams and Hannah Winthrop, were always beseeching her to put into verse descriptions of events much better suited to prose; often the very letter imploring her to poetic effusion would itself be literature, though its writer knew it not! Hannah Winthrop, for

MRS. MERCY WARREN.
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PHILLIS WHEATLEY.
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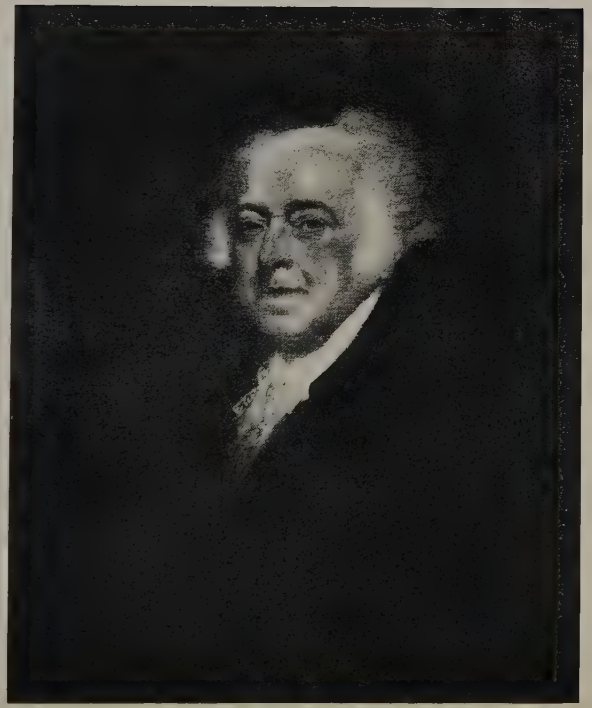

JOHN ADAMS.
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ABIGAIL ADAMS.
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instance, who lived so near the seat of war that the first shock and tumult of Lexington day left her covered with dust and smoke, wrote to Mrs. Warren a wonderful letter about her flight from Cambridge, begging that the moving scene be depicted as it ought by the literary lady's "poetic pencil." Yet I challenge any pencil to do better than Mrs. Winthrop herself in the last paragraph of the following: "Time will never erase the horrors of the midnight Cry preceding the Bloody Massacre at Lexington, when we were roused from the benign slumbers of the season, by beat of drum & ringing of Bell, with the dire alarm That a thousand of the Troops of George the third were gone forth to murder the peaceful inhabitants of the surrounding villages. a few hours with the dawning day Convinced us the bloody purpose was executing. The platoon firing assuring us the rising sun must witness the Bloody Carnage.

"Not knowing what the event would be at Cambridge at the return of these bloody ruffians, and seeing another Brigade despatched to the Assistance of the former, Looking with the ferocity of barbarians, it seemed necessary to retire to some place of safety till the calamity was passed. My partner had been a fortnight confind by illness. After dinner we went out not knowing whither we went, we were directed to a place calld fresh pond about a mile from the

town but what a distressd house did we find there filld with women whose husbands were gone forth to meet the Assailants, 70 or 80 of these with numbers of infant children crying and agonizing for the Fate of their husbands.

" In addition to this scene of distress we were for some time in sight of the Battle, the glistening instruments of death proclaiming by an incessant fire, that much blood must be shed, that many widowd & orphand ones be left as monuments of that persecuting Barbarity of British Tyranny. Another uncomfortable night we passed some nodding in their Chairs, others resting their weary limbs on the floor.

" The welcome harbingers of day give notice of its dawning light but brings us news it is unsafe to return to Cambridge, as the enemy were advancing up the River & firing on the town. to stay in this place was impracticable. . . . Thus with precipitancy were we driven to the town of Andover, following some of our Acquaintance, five of us to be Conveyd with one poor tired horse & chaise. Thus we began our passage alternately walking and riding, the roads filld with frighted women & Children Some in carts with their tatterd furniture, others on foot fleeing into the woods. But what added greatly to the horror of the scene was our passing thro the Bloody field at Menotomy which was strewd with the mangled Bodies. We met one

affectionate Father with a Cart looking for his murdered son & picking up his Neighbours who had fallen in Battle, in order for their Burial."

Yet this was not thought to be literature. Phoebus and other gentlemen of his class must adorn the pages then deemed worthy of print. Abigail Adams's Letters, without which we should be infinitely poorer, were, for a long time, valued only by her husband and family. How well Mrs. Warren might have written if she had forgotten that Satire and Poetry were her " line " we may guess from one or two sentences turned off with no thought of " production." One is in defence of a woman of brains who had married a much younger man: " Probably Mrs. Macaulay's independence of spirit led her to suppose she might associate for the remainder of life with an inoffensive, obliging youth with the same impunity a gentleman of three score and ten might marry a damsel of fifteen! " Another is in regard to Lord Chesterfield's strictures in his " Letters " upon women. " I believe in this age of refinement and philosophy few men indulge a peculiar asperity with regard to the sex in general, but such as have been unfortunate in their acquaintance, unsuccessful in their address or sowered from repeated disappointments." Perhaps, after this, we may grant that Mrs. Warren really had a gift of Satire.

Of the literary weeklies the *New England*

Galaxy, established in 1817 by Joseph T. Buckingham, was the best, though the *Saturday Evening Gazette* antedated it by five years and survived it by more than seventy-five. The earliest of the class newspapers were those devoted to the interests of the various religious denominations. The idea of such sheets originated in the mind of Nathaniel Willis, son of the printer of the *Boston Chronicle* and himself a printer. "I talked with Christians in Boston about it," he writes, "but many, though they liked the plan, objected to it as impracticable. . . . Dr. Griffin said he had never heard of such a thing as religion in a newspaper. I said I had some experience in publishing a newspaper and believed it could be done if Christians would encourage it." So, In 1816, Willis established the *Boston Recorder*, the representative of the Orthodox Congregationalists. The Baptists were next in the field with the *Watchman and Reflector* which dates from 1819, and which, perhaps, reached a larger circulation than any of its rivals. It still enjoys a large circulation under the name of the *Watchman-Examiner*. The *Christian Register*, established in 1821 to be the organ of the Unitarians, also survives to this day.

The Massachusetts Historical Society, founded in 1790, published its collections at first in a weekly periodical called the *American Apollo*. Jeremy Belknap was determined from the begin-

ning that the society organized chiefly through his enthusiasm, should be "an active not a passive literary body, should not lie waiting, like a bed of oysters, for the tide of communication to flow in, but should seek and find, to preserve and communicate, literary intelligence especially in the historical way." That the society has admirably lived up to this ideal every writer who has to do with historical material can testify. From 1789 dates the *Massachusetts Magazine or Monthly Museum of Knowledge and Rational Entertainment* — awful title! After eight years of sluggish life this ponderous undertaking died a natural death. A few years later its work was taken up, though in a different spirit, by an association of literary gentlemen calling themselves the Anthology Club, from which club sprang the Boston Athenaeum. There is a highly interesting story here but as it does not particularly belong in a chapter on Boston's literary undertakings I will pass on to mention that one member of the Anthology Club, William Tudor, began, in May, 1815, the publication of the *North American Review*, which for more than fifty years maintained its place at the very head of the periodical literature of the country.

But what of other works by native authors? What of novels? Were there none being published during all these years? Very few, truth

to tell. Hannah Adams, the first woman in America to devote herself to a life of literary study and production turned out several ponderous tomes which no one ever reads nowadays, and Mrs. Susannah Rowson, who was an actress as well as an author, wrote "Charlotte Temple," a book always linked in memory with the similarly sentimental tale, "The Coquette, or the History of Eliza Wharton," produced by Mrs. John Foster of Brighton in 1785.

The best writing of the time, as has already been hinted, was not deliberately given to the public. The letters, diaries and journals, by which we are enabled to humanize what, from its printed records, would appear to be a very stilted and uncongenial period, were written *con amore* by men and women, who, for the most part, had no thought of posterity when they put their pens to paper. For this we cannot be too grateful, I think, after we have compared their productions with those which Bostonians of the time wrote with the printer in mind.

For the music of the period very little space will suffice. Music scarcely had a voice in Boston until William Billings, a tanner by trade, — who had been born in our town, October 7, 1746, — made rude attempts to put into harmony the songs which he heard in his own soul. Billings was an eccentric and uncouth character, easily ridiculed, even in his own day. He was

deformed in person, blind in one eye, untidy in dress, with one leg shorter than the other. He is said to have chalked down his earliest compositions upon sides of leather in the shop where he worked. But his music always had a spice of patriotism in it (a quality much prized at the time of the Revolution), and so greatly did the colonists like his work that the strains of his inspiring tunes were heard from every pipe in the New England ranks and led the way to victory on many a hard fought field.

Governor Samuel Adams took great interest in the enthusiastic choir singer and composer and helped his work to find the audience that it deserved. Real patriots, indeed, could scarcely fail to admire the earnestness of the man. His "Lamentation Over Boston" appropriated boldly the beautiful 127th psalm, which he employed to lament the fact that Boston was in British hands. It begins: "By the rivers of Watertown we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Boston." In the same strain he continues: "If I forget thee, O Boston — then let my numbers cease to flow, then be my muse unkind; then let my tongue forget to move."

"Retrospect," "Independence," and "Columbia," as well as verses set to the air of "Chester" — this last very popular in the camps of the Revolutionary army — were other of Billings's productions. In 1778 he published an

abridgement of his "New England Psalm Singer," which came to be known as "Billings' Best," and certainly was a great improvement on the other work. In 1779 appeared "Music in America," containing thirty-two verses from his previous books, eleven old European tunes and thirty-one new and original compositions. In 1781 "The Psalm Singer's Amusement" was given to the world and became exceedingly popular.

In spite of his popularity, Billings was always poor, as may be proved by the following appeal printed in the *Massachusetts Magazine* of August, 1792: "Addressed to the benevolent of every denomination: The distressing situation of Mr. Billings' family has so sensibly operated on the minds of the committee as to induce their assistance in the intended publication of his work by subscription."

Billings is said to have been the first to introduce the violoncello into New England churches, a great step toward the eventual introduction of the organ. He was also probably the first to use the pitch pipe to "set the tune." He died in Boston, September 26, 1800, and published music almost to the last. His is probably one of the unmarked graves on Boston Common. It is generally conceded that Billings would have written really well had he had a musical education. Dr. Louis Elson has said of him that he

" broke the ice which was congealing New England's music — for which America owes him a great debt of gratitude in spite of his few thousand errors in harmony."

Oliver Holden, author of " Coronation," be-

OLD HOUSE IN CHARLESTOWN, WHERE OLIVER HOLDEN LIVED AND WROTE "CORONATION"

longs almost to Billings's own period. He was born in Shirley, Massachusetts, in 1765, but in 1788 came to Charlestown, where he worked at his trade as carpenter. Musician though he was by nature, he was a good business man, too, and by reason of his real estate operations, he

soon became possessed of considerable wealth. The fine mansion-house which he built on Pearl Street, in Charlestown, and in which he wrote "Coronation," is still standing. For many years it was the home of the Thomas Doane family (founders of Doane College, Crete, Nebraska), who carefully cherished its Holden traditions.

The church for the dedication of which in May, 1801, "Coronation" was composed, stood almost in front of Oliver Holden's house, and was occupied until 1810 by the Baptists of Charlestown.

In addition to being a house builder and a musician, Mr. Holden was for many years a preacher for a religious society known as the Puritan Church. The services of this sect were like those of other Congregational bodies except that, for a while at least, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed every Sunday. For his connection here, as well as by reason of his music, Mr. Holden was greatly esteemed in the latter part of the eighteenth century. His first book of music, "The American Harmony," was published in 1793. Then, in 1795, appeared "The Massachusetts Compiler," and in 1797 "The Worcester Collection of Sacred Harmony." This last named work was printed by Isaiah Thomas of Worcester from movable types bought in Europe, the last to be so bought, for use in this country. Mr. Holden re-

OLIVER HOLDEN AND THE ORGAN UPON WHICH HE HARMONIZED "CORONATION."

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THE HANCOCK MANSION.
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mained in Charlestown until his death (September 4, 1844) at the age of seventy-nine. His "Coronation" is probably the best known American hymn ever written.

The chief glory of his own day, however, came to Holden because he wrote the words and music of the hymn sung by the Independent Musical Society, of which he was director, when General Washington visited Boston during his administration. The song was rendered by this large chorus from the top of a triumphal arch, to the president standing on the balcony built out from the Old State House. Its words, as well as its music, are interesting and quaint:

> General Washington, the hero's come,
> Each heart exulting hears the sound;
> See, thousands their deliverer throng,
> And shout him welcome all around.
> Now in full chorus bursts the song,
> And shout the deeds of Washington.

This ode was performed a second time at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893.

John Howard Payne, author of "Home Sweet Home," belongs to the Boston of this period also. But since it was as actor that he first earned fame I have told the romantic story of his life in the later chapter on the early theatres and their stars.

CHAPTER XIV

SOME FAMOUS FRENCH VISITORS TO THE TOWN

THE uses of hospitality in the early years of the young Republic can scarcely be over-estimated. And particularly important to friendly relations with the valuable ally which Franklin had labored so hard to secure for us were the entertainments made in Boston and elsewhere, while the war was still in progress, for the French fleet and the visitors who came in their train. When Admiral D'Estaing with twelve sail of the line, four frigates and four thousand troops sailed into the Delaware, bringing with him M. Gerard, the ambassador, Congress prepared a great reception at Philadelphia, at which Samuel Adams was master of ceremonies. But an even more magnificent entertainment came when Hancock welcomed the French to his house in Boston. There is extant a humorous letter to Henry Quincy, then in Providence, which shows that the host of this occasion was a little perturbed at the prospect of the impending drain upon his resources:

" Monday noon, Aug. 30, 1779

" Dear Sir — The Philistines are coming upon me on Wednesday next. To be serious, the Ambassadors, &c., &c., are to dine with me & I have nothing to give them, or from the present prospect of our market, do I see that I shall be able to get anything in Town. I beg you to recommend to my man Harry where he may get chickens, geese, hams, Partridges, mutton, &c., that will save my reputation in a dinner, . . . and by all means some Butter; Be so good as to help me and you will much oblige me; is there any good Mellons or Peaches or any good fruit near you? . . . Can I get a good Turkey; I walk[d] in Town to-day; I dine on board the French Frigate tomorrow; so you see how I have Recovered.

" God bless you; if you see any thing good at Providence do Buy it for me.

" I am Your Real friend

" John Hancock."

However, the visitors came, they saw, — and Mrs. Hancock conquered. The crisis which she, as a housekeeper, had to face, was no slight one either. For when Admiral D'Estaing accepted the invitation to breakfast, which Hancock sent him, he requested permission to bring also all his officers, to the number of three hundred! Now to procure in legitimate ways

milk enough for such a multitude was impossible at such short notice, so Mrs. Hancock dispatched her servants to the Common with directions to milk all the cows grazing there and send to her any person who complained. The owners were rather amused than offended at this masterly stroke of housewifery, and no one is known to have protested. It was in describing this overwhelming visitation of the French that Mrs. Hancock said: "the Common was bedizened with lace," as the officers made their way up Beacon Hill to enjoy her hospitality.

Nor was this breakfast the Hancocks' only hospitable effort. Each day during the stay of the French, they entertained about forty officers of the fleet at their home; on October 29th the patriot gave them a superb ball in Concert Hall; and he also defrayed the expense of a banquet given in Fanueil Hall to about five hundred of them, — though Boston got the credit of the affair. There seems little question that, of all the services rendered by Hancock to his country, this liberal entertainment of the French was the most valuable. For whereas the relation between America and her allies was strained when they came to Boston, his hospitality served to send the visitors away full of cordiality. Abigail Adams has an interesting letter touching the matter: "I had only just breakfasted this morning," she wrote to her hus-

band who was then at Passy and of course deeply interested in all that concerned the French in Boston, "when I had a visit from Monsieur Rivière, and an officer on board the Languedoc who speaks English well, the captain of the Zara, and six or eight officers from on board another ship. The first gentleman dined with me and spent the day. . . . The gentlemen officers have made me several visits, and I have dined twice on board at very elegant entertainments. Count D'Estaing has been exceedingly polite to me. Soon after he arrived here I received a message from him requesting that I would meet him at Colonel Quincy's, as it was inconvenient leaving his ship for any long time. I waited upon him and was very politely received. Upon parting he requested that the family would accompany me on board his ship and dine with him the next Thursday with any friends we chose to bring; and his barge should come for us. We went according to the invitation, and were sumptuously entertained, with every delicacy that this country produces, and the addition of every foreign article that could render our feast splendid. Music and dancing for the young folks closed the day.

"The temperance of these gentlemen, the peaceable quiet disposition both of officers and men, joined to many other virtues which they

have exhibited during their continuance with us, are sufficient to make Europeans and Americans, too, blush at their own degeneracy of manners. Not one officer has been seen the least disguised with liquor since their arrival. Most that I have seen appear to be gentlemen of family and education. I have been the more desirous to take notice of them, as I cannot help saying that they have been neglected in the town of Boston. Generals Heath and Hancock [Hancock had recently been appointed major-general of the Massachusetts Militia] have done their part but very few, if any, private families have any acquaintance with them. . . ."

Mr. Nathaniel Tracy, who lived at this time in what we now know as the Craigie-Longfellow house in Cambridge, did, however, entertain these officers with attendant circumstances which only the great politeness of the French could have passed off pleasantly. Samuel Breck tells the story in his very entertaining "Recollections:" "Before the Revolution the colonists had little or no communication with France, so that Frenchmen were known to them only through the prejudiced medium of England. Every vulgar story told by John Bull about Frenchmen living only on salad and frogs was implicitly believed by Brother Jonathan, even by men of education and the first standing in society. When therefore the first French squad-

ron arrived at Boston, the whole town, most of whom had never seen a Frenchman, ran to the wharf to catch a peep at the gaunt half-starved *soup-maigre* crews. How much were my good townsmen astonished when they beheld plump portly officers and strong vigorous sailors! They could scarcely credit the thing apparent as it was. Did these hearty-looking people belong to the lantern-jawed spindle shank race of *mounseers?* In a little while they became convinced that they had been deceived as to their personal appearance; but they knew, notwithstanding their good looks, that they were no better than frog-eaters, because they had been discovered hunting them in the noted Frog-pond at the bottom of the Common.

" With this notion in his head Mr. Nathaniel Tracy, who lived in a beautiful villa at Cambridge, made a great feast for the admiral Count D'Estaing and his officers. Everything was furnished that could be had in the country to ornament and give variety to the entertainment. My father was one of the guests and told me often after that two large tureens of soup were placed at the ends of the table. The admiral sat on the right of Tracy, and Monsieur de l'Etombe on the left. L'Etombe was consul of France, resident at Boston. Tracy filled a plate with soup which he sent to the admiral, and the next was handed to the consul. As soon as

L'Etombe put his spoon into his plate he fished up a large frog just as green and perfect as if he had hopped from the pond into the tureen. Not knowing at first what it was, he seized it by one of its hind legs, and holding it up in view of the whole company, discovered that was a full-grown frog. As soon as he had thoroughly inspected it and made himself sure of the matter, he exclaimed: '*Ah mon Dieu! une grenouille!*' then, turning to the gentleman next to him gave him the frog. He received it and passed it round the table. Thus the poor *crapaud* made the tour from hand to hand until it reached the admiral. The company, convulsed with laughter, examined the soup plates as the servants brought them, and in each was to be found a frog. The uproar was universal. Meantime Tracy kept his ladle going wondering what his outlandish guests meant by such extravagant merriment. 'What's the matter?' asked he and raising his head, surveyed the frogs, dangling by the legs in all directions. 'Why don't you eat them?' he exclaimed. 'If they knew the confounded trouble I had to catch them in order to treat them to a dish of their own country they would find that, with me at least, it was no joking matter.' Thus was poor Tracy deceived by vulgar prejudice and common report. He meant to regale his distinguished guests with fine hospitality, and had caused all

the swamps of Cambridge to be searched, in order to furnish them with a generous supply of what he believed to be, in France a national dish."

Mr. Breck was agent for the French and is the " Mr. Brick " whose name occurs so often in the Boston part of the Marquis de Chastellux's "Travels in North America." This traveller, who was an officer in the French army, appears to have been unremittingly entertained while in Boston. Scarcely had he arrived in town when he was hurried off to the Association ball, where he took notice of the general awkwardness of the Boston dancers, and observed that the ladies, though well dressed, appeared less elegant and refined than those he had met in Philadelphia. Then he went to a club meeting at the house of Mr. Russell, " an honest merchant who gave us an excellent reception:

" The laws of this club are not straitening, the number of dishes for supper alone are limited, and there must be only two of meat, for supper is not the American repast. Vegetables, pies and especially good wine are not spared. The hour of assembling is after tea, when the company play at cards, converse and read the public papers, and sit down to table between nine and ten. The supper was as free as if there had been no strangers, songs were

given at table and a Mr. Stewart sung some, which were very gay with a tolerable good voice.

"The nineteenth the weather was very bad. . . . With Mr. de Vaudreuil I went to dine with Mr. Cushing. The Lieutenant Governor on this occasion perfectly supported the justly acquired reputation of the inhabitants of Boston, of being friends to good wine, good cheer and hospitality. After dinner he conducted us into the apartment of his son and his daughter-in-law, with whom we were invited to drink tea. For though they inhabited the same house with their father they had a separate household, according to the custom in America; where it is very rare for young people to live with their parents when they are once settled in the world. . . . The sensible and amiable Mrs. Tudor was once more our centre of union. During the evening, which terminated in a familiar and very agreeable supper at young Mrs. Bowdoin's, Mr. de Parois and Mr. Dumas sung different airs and duets, and Mrs. Whitmore undertook the pleasure of the eyes, whilst they supplied the gratification of our ears.

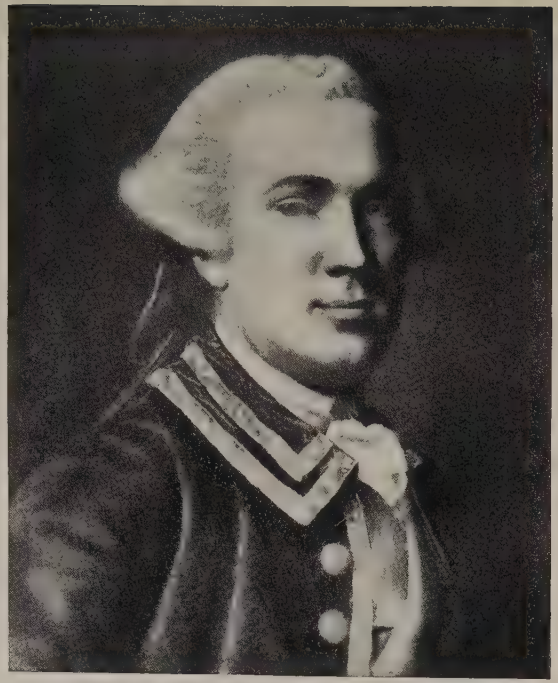
"The 20th was wholly devoted to society. Mr. Broom gave me an excellent dinner, the honours of which were performed by Mrs. Jarvis and her sister, with as much politeness and attention as if they had been old and ugly.

I supped with Mr. Bowdoin where I still found more handsome women assembled. If I do not place Mrs. Temple, Mr. Bowdoin's daughter in the number, it is not from want of respect, but because her figure is so distinguished as to make it unnecessary to pronounce her truly beautiful; nor did she suffer in the comparison with a girl of twelve years old, who was formed however to attract attention. This was neither a handsome child nor a pretty woman, but rather an angel in disguise of a young girl; for I am at a loss otherwise to express the idea which young persons of that age convey in England and America; which is not amongst us the age of Beauty and the Graces.

"They made me play at whist, for the first time since my arrival in America. The cards were English, that is much handsomer and dearer than ours, and we marked our points with Louis d'ors, or six-and-thirties; when the party was finished the loss was not difficult to settle; for the company was still faithful to that voluntary law established in society from the commencement of the troubles, which prohibited playing for money during the war. This law, however, was not scrupulously observed in the clubs, and parties made by the men amongst themselves. The inhabitants of Boston are fond of high play, and it is fortunate, perhaps, that the war happened when it did, to moderate this

passion which began to be attended with dangerous consequences.

"On Thursday the 21st there fell so much snow as to determine me to defer my departure, and Mr. Brick [Breck], who gave a great dinner to Mr. d'Aboville and the French artillery officers, understanding that I was still at Boston, invited me to dine, whither I went in Mr. de Vaudreuil's carriage. Mr. Barrel came also to invite me to tea, where we went after dinner; and, as soon as we were disengaged hastened to return to Mrs. Tudor's. Her husband, after frequently whispering to her, at length communicated to us an excellent piece of pleasantry of her invention, which was a petition to the Queen, written in French, wherein, under the pretext of complaining of Mr. de Vaudreuil and his squadron, she bestowed on them the most delicate and most charming eulogium. We passed the remainder of the evening with Mr. Brick, who had again invited us to supper, where we enjoyed all the pleasure inseparable from his society. I had a great deal of conversation with Doctor Jarvis, a young physician, and also a surgeon, but what was better a good whig, with excellent views in politics. When Mr. D'Estaing left Boston the sick and wounded were intrusted to his care." [One of these sick died and was buried, in what had so recently been Puritan Boston, — it is interesting to note, — with the full rites of the



SIR JOHN TEMPLE, FIRST BRITISH CONSUL IN BOSTON.
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LADY TEMPLE (ELIZABETH BOWDOIN).
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MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.
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Catholic church, members of the senate and assembly, leading citizens of the town " and ministers of every sect of religion in Boston " attending the remains to their place of interment!]

An account of Boston which, though not always accurate, is none the less interesting, has been left us by Abbé Robin, one of the chaplains of the French army, who was here in 1781. Speaking of the houses he says: " Their form and construction would surprise a European eye; they are built in brick and wood, not in the clumsy and melancholy taste of our ancient European towns, but regularly and well provided with windows and doors. . . . These buildings are generally painted with a pale white color, which renders the prospect much more pleasing than it would otherwise be; All the parts of these buildings are so well joined and their weight is so equally divided and proportionate to their bulk that they may be removed from place to place with little difficulty. I have seen one of two stories high removed about a quarter of a mile, if not more, from its original situation and the whole French army have seen the same thing done at Newport. What they tell us of the travelling habitations of the Sythians is far less wonderful. Their household furniture is simple but made of choice wood after the English fashion, which renders its appearance

less gay; their floors are covered with handsome carpets or printed clothes, but others sprinkle them with fine sand.

"This city is supposed to contain about six thousand houses and thirty thousand inhabitants [as a matter of fact there were less than eighteen thousand inhabitants and only a little over two thousand buildings, including dwelling-houses, stores, stables and so on]; there are nineteen churches for the several sects here, all of them convenient and several finished with taste and elegance, especially those of the Presbyterians and the Church of England; their form is generally a long square, ornamented with a pulpit, and furnished with pews of a similar fabrication throughout. The poor as well as the rich hear the word of God in these places in a convenient and decent posture of body.

"Sunday is observed with the utmost strictness; all business, how important soever, is then totally at a stand and the most innocent pleasures and recreations prohibited. Boston, that populous town, where at other times there is such a hurry of business is on this day a mere desert; you may walk the streets without meeting a single person or if perchance you meet one, you scarcely dare to stop and talk with him. A Frenchman that lodged with me took it into his head to play on the flute on Sundays for his amusement; the people on hearing it were

greatly enraged, collected in crowds around the house and would have carried matters to an extremity in a short time with the musician, had not the landlord given him warning of his danger and forced him to desist. [Possibly it was the nerves and not the piety of the Puritans that this flutist's performances offended.] Upon this day of melancholy you cannot go into a house but you find the whole family employed in reading the Bible; and indeed it is an affecting sight to see the father of a family surrounded by his household, hearing him explain the sublime truths of this sacred volume. Nobody fails here of going to the place of worship appropriated to his sect. In these places there reigns a profound silence; an order and respect is also observable which has not been seen for a long time in our Catholic churches. Their psalmody is grave and majestic; and the harmony of the poetry in their national tongue adds a grace to the music, and contributes greatly towards keeping up the attention of the worshippers. . . ."

The social side of church-going, quite as much as piety, served in the good Abbé's opinion to draw out the people, however. "Deprived of all shows and public diversions church is the grand theatre," he says "where the American ladies attend to display their extravagance and finery. There they come dressed in the finest

silks, and overshadowed with a profusion of the most superb plumes. The hair of the head is raised and supported upon cushions to an extravagant height, somewhat resembling the manner in which the French ladies wore their hair some years ago. Instead of powdering they often wash the hair which answers the purpose well enough, as their hair is commonly of an agreeable light color; but the more fashionable among them begin now to adopt the present European method of setting off the head to the best advantage. They are of a large size, well proportioned, their features generally regular and their complexion fair without ruddiness. They have less cheerfulness and ease of behavior than the ladies of France, but more of greatness and dignity. I have even imagined that I have seen in them something that answers to the idea of beauty we gain from those master-pieces of the artists of antiquity, which are yet extant in our days.

"The stature of the men is tall and their carriage erect, but their make is rather slim and their color inclining to pale; they are not so curious in their dress as the women but everything upon them is neat and proper. At twenty-five years of age the women begin to lose the bloom and freshness of youth; and at thirty-five or forty their beauty is gone. The decay of the men is equally premature."

Lafayette came to Boston several times during the period we are now considering. After the failure of the Rhode Island campaign, in 1778, he journeyed hither to use his persuasions with the commander of the French fleet not to desert the cause. And it was from Boston that he embarked in 1781, — just after Yorktown, — with dispatches to the French king. On this occasion he was enthusiastically received, upon his entrance to the town, by a committee of which Samuel Adams was chairman.

Boston was again *en fete* for Lafayette in 1784. This time his visit came towards the end of that triumphal progress through the country in the course of which Mt. Vernon had been visited. The officers of the army met him at Watertown; then in a procession he made his entry over Boston Neck, through throngs of people. In the evening the street lanterns were lighted for the first time since the peace and on the nineteenth, the anniversary of Yorktown, Governor Hancock received the distinguished visitor formally. At Faneuil Hall he was the honored guest of five hundred gentlemen at dinner. " Thirteen decorated arches surrounded the room and Lafayette sat under a huge *fleur-de lis.* Thirteen guns in the market-place accompanied as many patriotic toasts. When one proposing the health of Washington was drunk, a curtain fell and disclosed a picture of

the General crowned with laurel, and wearing the color of America and France. Lafayette led off the response with 'Vive Washington!' In the evening Madam Haley, a sister of the notorious John Wilkes and a leader of fashion in the town gave a great party, and there were many illuminations throughout the streets."

It was during this visit of Lafayette that the great Frenchman was regaled with the spectacle of democracy at work. The Breck family had shown him many attentions and "one day," says Samuel Breck, "my father invited him to go to Faneuil Hall to hear the discussion of some municipal law then in agitation. 'You will see,' said he, 'the quiet proceedings of our townsmen and learn by personal examination how erroneous is the general opinion abroad that a large community cannot be governed by pure democracy. Here we have in Boston,' continued he, 'about eighteen thousand inhabitants, and all our town business is done in a general assembly of the people.'

"The Marquis, glad of the opportunity, consented to attend my father. By and by the great bell of the celebrated Dr. Samuel Cooper's church, with a dozen others, called the inhabitants together. I forget what the business was but it inspired universal interest, and drew to the hall an overflowing house. The Marquis was of course well accommodated, and sat in

silent admiration at the demure manner in which the moderator was chosen and inducted to the chair and the meeting fully organized.

"Then the debate opened. One speaker affirmed, another denied, a third rejoined; each increasing in vehemence until the matter in debate was changed into personal sarcasm. Gibe followed gibe, commotion ensued, the popular mass rolled to and fro, disorder reached its height, and the elders of the town were glad to break up the stormy meeting and postpone the discussion. My father led the Marquis out in the midst of the angry multitude. When fairly disengaged from the crowd he said to the illustrious stranger: 'This is not the sample which I wished to show you of our mode of deliberating. Never do I recollect to have seen such fiery spirits assembled in this hall, and I must beg you not to judge of us by what you have seen today; for good sense moderation and perfect order are the usual characteristics of my fellow-townsmen here and elsewhere.' 'No doubt, no doubt;' said the Marquis laughing; 'but it is well enough to know that there are exceptions to the general rule.'"

Just after Massachusetts had ratified the new Constitution another French visitor came to Boston, — Jean Pierre Brissot De Warville, born near Chartres in 1754, educated for the law and an eager student of history and politics.

Brissot, while very young, had earned a literary reputation in his native land; then he spent much time in England and gained, in London, valuable journalistic experience. Becoming a republican, he took an important part in the early movements of the French Revolution, and it was to study our social and political conditions, in order more intelligently to commend America's republican experiment to the French people, that he came over here in 1788.

Boston is the first place which he describes in his "New Travels in the United States of America," a work published in Paris in 1791, brought out in an English edition at London in 1792, and in an American edition at Boston in 1797. Of all the Frenchmen who wrote about our city his descriptions are at once the most lively and the most accurate. To be sure, the style is frequently a bit florid and the enthusiastic tone seems slightly overdone. But, for all that, the pictures are clear and interesting ones, which we should be very sorry to be without.

"With what joy," he begins under the date "Boston, July 30, 1788," "did I leap to this shore of liberty! I was weary of the sea; and the sight of trees, of towns, and even of men, gives a delicious refreshment to eyes fatigued with the desert of the ocean. I flew from despotism, and came at last to enjoy the spectacle of liberty among a people where nature, education,

and habit had engraved the equality of rights, which everywhere else is treated as a chimera. With what pleasure did I contemplate this town, which first shook off the English yoke! which, for a long time, resisted all the seductions, all the menaces, all the horrors of a civil war! How I delighted to wander up and down that long street whose simple houses of wood border the magnificent channel of Boston, and whose full stores offer me all the productions of the continent which I had quitted! How I enjoyed the activity of the merchants, the artisans, and the sailors! It was not the noisy vortex of Paris; it was not the unquiet, eager mien of my countrymen; it was the simple, dignified air of men who are conscious of liberty, and who see in all men their brothers and their equals. Everything in this street bears the marks of a town still in its infancy, but which, even in its infancy, enjoys a great prosperity. . . . Boston is just rising from the devastations of war, and its commerce is flourishing; its manufactures, productions, arts, and sciences offer a number of curious and interesting observations. . . .

"You no longer meet here that Presbyterian austerity which interdicted all pleasures, even that of walking; which forbade travelling on Sunday; which persecuted men whose opinions were different from their own. The Bostonians unite simplicity of morals with that French

politeness and delicacy of manners which render virtue more amiable. They are hospitable to strangers, and obliging to friends. They are tender husbands, fond and almost idolatrous parents, and kind masters. Music, which their teachers formerly proscribed as a diabolic art, begins to make part of their education. In some houses you hear the forte-piano. This art, it is true, is still in its infancy; but the young novices who exercise it are so gentle, so complaisant and so modest, that the proud perfection of art gives no pleasure equal to what they afford. God grant that the Bostonian women may never, like those of France, acquire the malady of perfection in this art! It is never attained but at the expense of the domestic virtues.

" The young women here enjoy the liberty they do in England, that they did in Geneva when morals were there, and the republic existed; and they do not abuse it. Their frank and tender hearts have nothing to fear from the perfidy of men. Examples of this perfidy are rare; the vows of love are believed; and love always respects them, or shame follows the guilty.

" The Bostonian mothers are reserved. Their air is, however, frank, good and communicative. Entirely devoted to their families, they are occupied in rendering their husbands happy, and in training their children to virtue.

" The law denounces heavy penalties against

adultery, such as the pillory and imprisonment. This law has scarcely ever been called into execution. It is because families are happy; and they are pure because they are happy.

" Neatness without luxury is a characteristic feature of this purity of manners; and this neatness is seen everywhere at Boston, in their dress, in their houses, and in their churches. Nothing is more charming than an inside view of a church on Sunday. The good cloth coat covers the man; calicoes and chintzes dress the women and children, without being spoiled by those gewgaws which whim and caprice have added to them among our women. [This verdict differs interestingly from that of Abbé Robin!] Powder and pomatum never sully the heads of infants and children: I see them with pain, however, on the heads of men: they invoke the art of the hair-dresser; for, unhappily, this art has already crossed the seas.

" I shall never call to mind, without emotion, the pleasure I had one day in hearing the respectable Mr. Clarke, successor to the learned Dr. Chauncey, the friend of mankind. His church is in close union with that of Dr. Cooper, [Rev. Samuel Cooper, D. D., Hancock's pastor and the minister of the Brattle Square Meeting-House (Manifesto church) built in 1772 and used as barracks during the Revolution] to whom every good Frenchman, and every friend of liberty,

owes a tribute of gratitude for the love he bore the French, and the zeal with which he defended and preached the American independence. I remarked in this auditory the exterior of that ease and contentment of which I have spoken; that collected calmness, resulting from the habit of gravity, and the conscious presence of the Almighty; that religious decency which is equally distant from grovelling idolatry, and from the light and wanton airs of those Europeans who go to a church as to a theatre.

"Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.

"But, to crown my happiness, I saw none of those livid wretches, covered with rags, who in Europe, soliciting our compassion at the foot of the altar, seem to bear testimony against Providence, our humanity, and the order of society. The discourse, the prayer, the worship. everything, bore the same simplicity. The sermon breathed the best morality, and it was heard with attention.

"The excellence of this morality characterizes almost all the sermons of all the sects through the Continent. The ministers rarely speak dogmas: universal tolerance, the child of American independence, has banished the preaching of dogmas, which always leads to discussion and quarrels. All the sects admit nothing but

morality, which is the same in all, and the only preaching proper for a great society of brothers.

" This tolerance is unlimited at Boston, a town formerly witness of bloody persecutions, especially against the Quakers, where many of this sect paid with their life for their perseverance in their religious opinions. Just Heaven! how is it possible there can exist men believing sincerely in God, and yet barbarous enough to inflict death on a woman, the intrepid Dyer, because she *thee*'d and *thou*'d men, because she did not believe in the divine mission of priests, because she would follow the Gospel literally? But let us draw the curtain over these scenes of horror; they will never again sully this new continent, destined by Heaven to be the asylum of liberty and humanity. Every one at present worships God in his own way, at Boston. Anabaptists, Methodists, Quakers, and Catholics profess openly their opinions; and all offices of government, places, and emoluments are equally open to all sects. Virtue and talents, and not religious opinions, are the tests of public confidence.

" The ministers of different sects live in such harmony that they supply each other's places when any one is detained from his pulpit.

" On seeing men think so differently on matters of religion, and yet possess such virtues, it may

be concluded that one may be very honest, and believe, or not believe, in transubstantiation, and the word. They have concluded that it is best to tolerate each other, and that this is the worship most agreeable to God.

"Before this opinion was so general among them they had established another: it was the necessity of reducing divine worship to the greatest simplicity, to disconnect it from all its superstitious ceremonies, which gave it the appearance of idolatry; and, particularly, not to give their priests enormous salaries, to enable them to live in luxury and idleness; in a word, to restore the evangelical simplicity. They have succeeded. In the country, the church has a glebe; in town, the ministers live on collections made each Sunday in the church, and the rents of pews. It is an excellent practice to induce the ministers to be diligent in their studies, and faithful in their duty; for the preference is given to him whose discourses please the most, and his salary is the most considerable; while, among us, the ignorant and the learned, the debauchee and the man of virtue, are always sure of their livings. It results, likewise, from this that a mode of worship will not be imposed on those who do not believe in it. Is it not a tyranny to force men to pay for the support of a system which they abhor?

"The Bostonians are become so philosophical

on the subject of religion that they have lately ordained a man who was refused by the bishop. The sect to which he belongs have installed him in their church, and given him the power to preach and to teach; and he preaches, and he teaches, and discovers good abilities; for the people rarely deceive themselves in their choice. This economical institution, which has no example but in the primitive church, has been censured by those who believe still in the tradition of orders by the direct descendants of the Apostles. But the Bostonians are so near believing that every man may be his own preacher that the apostolic doctrine has not found very warm advocates. . . . [The clergyman here referred to was Dr. James Freeman, first minister of King's Chapel during the Unitarian régime. Under his direction the liturgy was revised to conform to the new creed of the society. Dr. Freeman was ordained in 1787 and thereupon the connection of this church with the American Protestant Episcopal church was terminated. Rev. James Freeman, Clarke, D.D., was Dr. Freeman's grandson.]

" Since the ancient puritan austerity has disappeared, you are no longer surprised to see a game of cards introduced among these good Presbyterians. When the mind is tranquil, in the enjoyment of competence and peace, it is natural to occupy it in this way, especially in a

country where there is no theatre, where men make it not a business to pay court to the women, where they read few books, and cultivate still less the sciences. This taste for cards is certainly unhappy in a republican state. The habit of them contracts the mind, prevents the acquisition of useful knowledge, leads to idleness and dissipation, and gives birth to every malignant passion. Happily, it is not very considerable in Boston: you see here no fathers of families risking their whole fortunes in it.

"There are many clubs at Boston. M. Chastellux speaks of a particular club held once a week. I was at it several times, and was much pleased with their politeness to strangers, and the knowledge displayed in their conversation. There is no coffee-house at Boston, New York, or Philadelphia. One house in each town, that they call by that name, serves as an exchange.

"One of the principal pleasures of the inhabitants of these towns consist in little parties for the country among families and friends. The principal expense of the parties, especially after dinner, is tea. In this, as in their whole manner of living, the Americans in general resemble the English. Punch, warm and cold, before dinner; excellent beef, and Spanish and Bordeaux wines, cover their tables, always solidly and abundantly served. Spruce beer, excellent cider, and Philadelphia porter precede the wines. This porter

is equal to the English: the manufacture of it saves a vast tribute formerly paid to the English industry. The same may soon be said with respect to cheese. I have often found American cheese equal to the best Cheshire of England, or the Rocfort of France. This may with truth be said of that made on a farm on Elizabeth Island, belonging to the respectable Governor Bowdoin.

" After forcing the English to give up their domination, the Americans determined to rival them in everything useful. This spirit of emulation shows itself everywhere; it has erected at Boston an extensive glass manufactory, belonging to M. Breck and others.

" This spirit of emulation has opened to the Bostonians so many channels of commerce, which lead them to all parts of the globe.

" Nil mortalibus arduum est;
Audax Japeti genus.

If these lines could ever apply to any people, it is to the free Americans. No danger, no distance, no obstacle, impedes them. What have they to fear? All mankind are their brethren: they wish peace with all.

" It is this spirit of emulation which multiplies and brings to perfection so many manufactories of cordage in this town; which has erected

filatures of hemp and flax, proper to occupy young people, without subjecting them to be crowded together in such numbers as to ruin their health and their morals; proper, likewise, to occupy that class of women whom the long voyages of their seafaring husbands and other accidents reduce to inoccupation.

" To this spirit of emulation are owing the manufactories of salt, nails, paper and paper-hangings, which are multiplied in this state. The rum distilleries are on the decline since the suppression of the slave trade, in which this liquor was employed, and since the diminution of the use of strong spirits by the country people.

" This is fortunate for the human race; and the American industry will soon repair the small loss it sustains from the decline of this fabrication of poisons.

" Massachusetts wishes to rival, in manufactures, Connecticut and Pennsylvania; she has, like the last, a society formed for the encouragement of manufactures and industry.

" The greatest monuments of the industry of this state are the three bridges of Charles, Malden, and Essex.

" Boston has the glory of having given the first college or university to the new world. It is placed on an extensive plain, four miles from Boston, at a place called Cambridge; the origin of this useful institution was in 1636. The

imagination could not fix on a place that could better unite all the conditions essential to a seat of education; sufficiently near to Boston to enjoy all the advantages of a communication with Europe and the rest of the world, and sufficiently distant not to expose the students to the

A WESTERLY VIEW OF THE COLLEGES IN CAMBRIDGE, NEW ENGLAND

From an old print

contagion of licentious manners common in commercial towns.

"The air of Cambridge is pure, and the environments charming, offering a vast space for the exercise of the youth.

"The buildings are large, numerous, and well distributed. But, as the number of the students augments every day, it will be necessary soon to augment the buildings. The library, and the cabinet of philosophy, do honor to the institution. The first contains 13,000 volumes. The heart

of a Frenchman palpitates on finding the works of Racine, of Montesquieu, and the Encyclopædia where 150 years ago, arose the smoke of the savage calumet.

" The regulation of the course of studies here is nearly the same as that at the university of Oxford. I think it impossible but that the last revolution must introduce a great reform. Free men ought to strip themselves of their prejudices, and to perceive that, above all, it is necessary to be a man and a citizen; and that the study of the dead languages, of a fastidious philosophy and theology, ought to occupy few of the moments of a life which might be usefully employed in studies more advantageous to the great family of a human race.

" Such a change in the studies is more probable, as an academy is formed at Boston [American Academy of Arts and Sciences founded in 1780.] composed of respectable men, who cultivate all the sciences; and who, disengaged from religious prejudices, will doubtless very soon point out a course of education more short, and more sure in forming good citizens and philosophers.

" Mr. Bowdoin, president of this academy, is a man of universal talents. He unites with his profound erudition the virtues of a magistrate and the principles of a republican politician. His conduct has never disappointed the confidence

of his fellow-citizens; though his son-in-law, Mr. Temple, has incurred their universal detestation for the versatility of his conduct during the war, and his open attachment to the British since the peace. To recompense him for this, the English have given him the consulate-general of America.

" But to return to the university of Cambridge, superintended by the respectable President Willard. Among the associates in the direction of studies are distinguished Dr. Wigglesworth and Dr. Dexter. The latter is professor of natural philosophy, chemistry, and medicine; a man of extensive knowledge, and great modesty. He told me, to my great satisfaction, that he gave lectures on the experiments of our school of chemistry. The excellent work of my respectable master, Dr. Fourcroy, was in his hands, which taught him the rapid strides that this science has lately made in Europe.

" In a free country everything ought to bear the stamp of patriotism. This patriotism, so happily displayed in the foundation, endowment, and encouragement of this university, appears every year in a solemn feast celebrated at Cambridge in honor of the Sciences. This feast, which takes place once a year in all the colleges of America, is called the *commencement;* it resembles the exercises and distribution of prizes in our colleges. It is a day of joy for Boston; almost all its inhabitants assemble in Cambridge.

The most distinguished of the students display their talents in the presence of the public; and these exercises, which are generally on patriotic subjects, are terminated by a feast, where reign the freest gayety and the most cordial fraternity.

"It is remarked, that in countries chiefly devoted to commerce the sciences are not carried to any high degree. This remark applies to Boston. The university certainly contains men of worth and learning; but science is not diffused among the inhabitants of the town. Commerce occupies all their ideas, turns all their heads, and absorbs all their speculations. Thus you find few estimable works, and few authors. . . .

"Let us not blame the Bostonians; they think of the useful before procuring to themselves the agreeable. They have no brilliant monuments; but they have neat and commodious churches, but they have good houses, but they have superb bridges, and excellent ships. Their streets are well illuminated at night; while many ancient cities of Europe, containing proud monuments of art, have never yet thought of preventing the fatal effects of nocturnal darkness.

"Besides the societies for the encouragement of agriculture and manufactures, they have another, known by the name of the Humane Society. Their object is to recover drowned persons. It is formed after the model of the one

at London, as that is copied from the one at Paris. They follow the same methods as in Europe, and have rendered important succors.

"The Medical Society is not less useful than the one last mentioned. It holds a correspondence with all the country towns; to know the symptoms of local diseases, propose the proper remedies, and give instruction thereupon to their fellow-citizens.

"Another establishment is the almshouse. It is destined to the poor who, by age and infirmity, are unable to gain their living. It contains at present about 150 persons.

"Another, called the workhouse, or house of correction, is not so much peopled as you might imagine. In a rising country, in an active port, where provisions are cheap, good morals predominate, and the number of thieves and vagabonds is small. These are vermin attached to misery; and there is no misery here. [The almshouse and the workhouse stood, side by side, on what is now Park Street.]

"An employment which is, unhappily, one of the most lucrative in this state, is the profession of the law. They preserve still the expensive forms of the English practice, which good sense, and the love of order, ought to teach them to suppress; they render advocates necessary; they have likewise borrowed from their fathers, the English, the habit of demanding exorbitant

fees. But, notwithstanding the abuses of law proceedings, they complain very little of the lawyers. Those with whom I have been acquainted appear to enjoy a great reputation for integrity, such as Sumner, Wendell, Lowell, Sullivan. . . . It is in part to their enlightened philanthropy that is to be attributed the law of the 26th of March, 1788, which condemns to heavy penalties all persons who shall import or export slaves, or be concerned in this infamous traffic.

" Finally, they have had a great part in the Revolution, by their writings, by their discourses, by taking the lead in the affairs of Congress, and in foreign negotiations.

" To recall this memorable period is to bring to mind one of the greatest ornaments of the American bar, the celebrated Adams, who from the humble station of a schoolmaster has raised himself to the first dignities, whose name is as much respected in Europe as in his own country for the difficult embassies with which he has been charged. He has finally returned to his retreat, in the midst of the applauses of his fellow-citizens, occupied in the cultivation of his farm, and forgetting what he was when he trampled on the pride of his king, who had put a price upon his head, and who was forced to receive him as the ambassador of a free county. Such were the generals and ambassadors of the

best ages of Rome and Greece; such were Epaminondas, Cincinnatus, and Fabius.

" It is not possible to see Mr. Adams, who knows so well the American constitutions, without speaking to him of that which appears to be taking place in France. I don't know whether he has an ill-opinion of our character, of our constancy, or of our understanding; but he does not believe that we can establish a liberty even equal to what the English enjoy; he does not believe even that we have the right, like the ancient States-General, to require that no tax should be imposed without the consent of the people. I had no difficulty in combating him, even by authorities, independent of the social compact, against which no time, no concessions, can prescribe.

" Mr. Adams is not the only man distinguished in this great revolution who has retired to the obscure labors of a country life. General Heath is one of those worthy imitators of the Roman Cincinnatus, for he likes not the American *Cincinnati;* their eagle appears to him a gewgaw, proper only for children. On showing me a letter from the immortal Washington, whom he loves as a father, and reveres as an angel, this letter, says he, is a jewel which, in my eyes, surpasses all the eagles and all the ribbons in the world. It was a letter in which that general had felicitated him for his good conduct on a certain

occasion. With what joy did this respectable man show me all parts of his farm! [His estate lay in Roxbury, at the foot of Parker Hill and is now bisected by Heath Street.] What happiness he enjoys on it! He is a true farmer. A glass of cider, which he presented to me with frankness and good humor painted on his countenance, appeared to me superior to the most exquisite wines. With this simplicity, men are worthy of liberty, and they are sure of enjoying it for a long time.

"This simplicity characterizes almost all the men of this state who have acted distinguished parts in the revolution: such, among others, as Samuel Adams, and Mr. Hancock, the present governor. If ever a man was sincerely an idolater of republicanism, it is Samuel Adams; and never a man united more virtues to give respect to his opinions. He has the excess of republican virtues, untainted probity, simplicity, modesty, and, above all, firmness: he will have no capitulation with abuses; he fears as much the despotism of virtue and talents as the despotism of vice. Cherishing the greatest love and respect for Washington, he voted to take from him the command at the end of a certain term; he recollected that Cæsar could not have succeeded in overturning the republic but by prolonging the command of the army. The event has proved that the application was false; but it was by

a miracle, and the safety of a country should never be risked on the faith of a miracle.

" Samuel Adams is the best supporter of the party of Governor Hancock. You know the great sacrifices which the latter made in the revolution, and the boldness with which he declared himself at the beginning of the insurrection. The same spirit of patriotism animates him still. A great generosity, united to a vast ambition, forms his character: he has the virtues and the address of popularism; that is to say, that without effort he shews himself the equal and the friend of all. I supped at his house with a hatter, who appeared to be in great familiarity with him. Mr. Hancock is amiable and polite when he wishes to be; but they say he does not always choose it. He has a marvellous gout, which dispenses him from all attentions, and forbids the access to his house. If I were to paint to you all the estimable characters which I found in this charming town, my portraits would never be finished. I found everywhere that hospitality, that affability, that friendship for the French which M. Chastellux has so much exalted."

" The parts adjacent to Boston are charming and well cultivated, adorned with elegant houses and agreeable situations. Among the surrounding eminences you distinguish Bunker Hill. This name will recall to your mind the famous

Warren, one of the first martyrs of American liberty. I owed an homage to his generous manes; and I was eager to pay it. You arrive at Bunker Hill by the superb bridge at Charlestown, of which I have spoken. . . . This hill offers one of the most astonishing monuments of American valor; it is impossible to conceive how seven or eight hundred men, badly armed, and fatigued, having just constructed, in haste, a few miserable intrenchments, and who knew nothing, or very little, of the use of arms, could resist, for so long a time, the attack of thousands of the English troops, fresh, well-disciplined, succeeding each other in the attack. But such was the vigorous resistance of the Americans that the English lost 1200 men, killed and wounded, before they became master of the place. . . . "

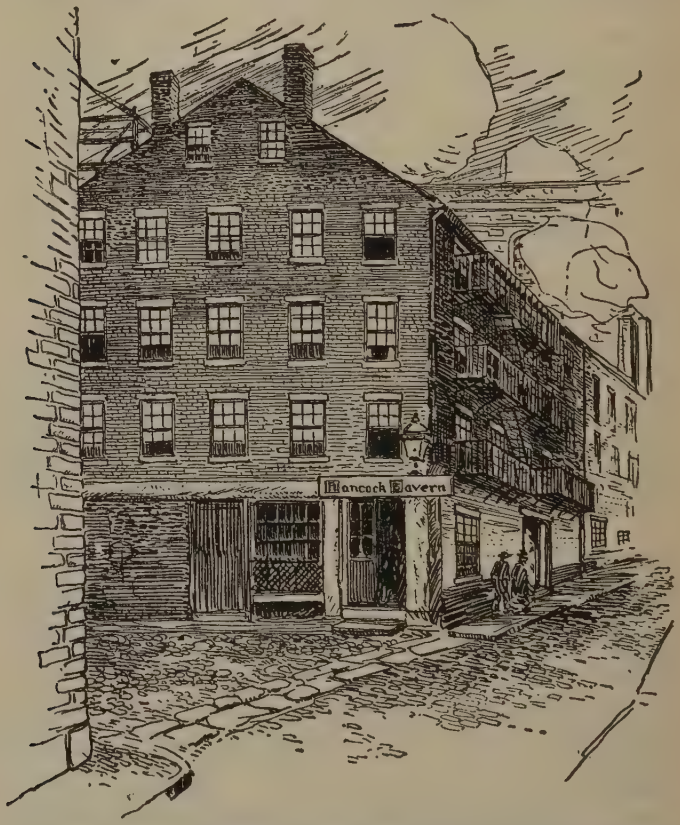
Later in his journey Brissot met Madison Hamilton and Jay in New York and spent three days at Mt. Vernon with Washington, to whom Lafayette had given him an introduction. Brissot's writings and the description of him which has come down to us, as " a brisk little Frenchman disposed to see all that was good in America," make it sad to record that he met his death on the guillotine, in 1793, with twenty other Girondists.

Two other famous French visitors to Boston during the period covered by this book were the

Duc de Chartres, afterwards Louis Philippe, king of France, and Talleyrand. The former taught the French language in the apartments of James Amblaud, a tailor, — who then lived at the corner of Hanover and Marshall streets, — to tide him over a period when expected remittances from his mother failed to arrive.

Talleyrand was in Boston in July and August, 1794, and is generally believed to have made his headquarters at the old Hancock Tavern, which until sixteen years ago, stood in Corn Court. As a young man the diplomat had been handsome but William Sullivan describes him at this period, — he was now forty — as of about middle stature with light hair, sallow complexion, blue eyes and a mouth wide and far from handsome; his "body large and protuberant in front, his lower limbs small and his feet deformed." Clearly not a hero of romance. And yet there is connected with his stay at the Hancock Tavern as romantic and tragic a story as can be found in any work of fiction. In the possession of the landlord at Corn Court, — runs the tale, — there was a penknife of exquisite workmanship to which Talleyrand took such a fancy that, upon his departure, it was given to him by his host. Not long after leaving America, he went to Homburg and there became enamored of a woman of noble birth known to the world as Cordelia. She, too, admired the penknife

and, to give her pleasure, her lover presented it to her. After he had deserted her she was found dead on the floor of her apartment stabbed



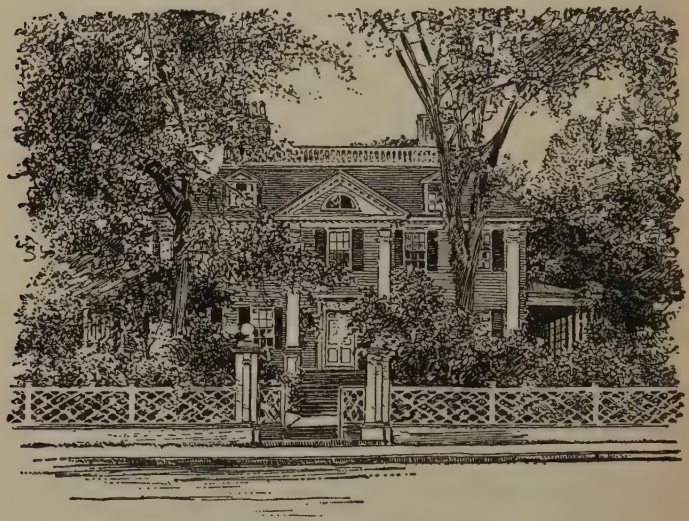
HANCOCK TAVERN, WHERE TALLEYRAND STAYED WHILE IN BOSTON

through the heart with the penknife that had come from Boston. Nearby was a note addressed to Talleyrand. It read in part: "I have

burned all your letters. They do no honor to my memory nor to your heart. You are the author of my death; may God forgive you as I do."

Just how the wily diplomat put in the long summer days of his stay in Boston I do not know. But one trip he made regularly, — to the office of the *Massachusetts Centinal and Republic*, where was kept on file copies of the *Moniteur*. He was entertained, too, at the Craigie House in Cambridge, the talented mistress of which piqued her unpolished husband by talking to their guest in his native tongue. Very likely the two greatly enjoyed each other, for Mrs. Craigie was young, beautiful and of remarkable mental powers. French literature was her delight; so great was her admiration for Voltaire that she arranged that on her curious monument at Mt. Auburn — she died in 1841 — should be no name, only these lines from the work of the famous atheist: "As flame ascends, the vital principle ascends to God." She would never allow the canker-worms on her beautiful place in Cambridge to be molested, saying: "Do not injure them; they are our fellow-worms." Small wonder that honest Andrew Craigie, who had made a fortune as apothecary-general during the Revolution (and had undoubtedly been married for that fortune by this clever girl, who was only half his age), did not enjoy

hearing such a wife converse with Talleyrand about he knew not what. For Gilbert Stuart, a great physiognomist, had just said of the Frenchman, who had been visiting his studio: " If that man is not a villain, the Almighty does



CRAIGIE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

not write a legible hand." Events proved that Talleyrand's evil face did not belie his character.

Sullivan, whose description of the wily diplomat's personal appearance has been quoted, tells us that whether the great man *could* speak English or not when in Boston he declined to do so. He adds that the " expression of Talleyrand's face was tranquil and his manner that

of a cool observer." Of what he observed, however, little is known. For the only book that he published on America had to do with our commercial relations to England! Very spicy, no doubt, would be his "Intimate Memoirs" had he chosen to write such. Once, when an American lady who had met him at a ball here recalled to him, in France, the occasion of their first encounter, he shrugged his great shoulders and said that he remembered it perfectly, adding that though America was a great nation "*leur luxe est affreux.*"

Prince Jerome Bonaparte was in Boston in 1804, apparently just after his marriage to the beautiful Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore (they were married by Archbishop Carroll, December 24, 1803) and was entertained at dinner. Afterwards an amusing incident occurred. The story is told by John Ward Dean in his memoir of Daniel Messinger: "After dinner Col. Messinger sang the favorite old song of 'To-morrow.' As the audience joined in the chorus 'To-morrow, to-morrow,' a cloud came over the countenance of the Prince, and, taking his next neighbor by the arm, he exclaimed: 'To Moreau! To Moreau! Is it a song in honor of General Moreau?' He was quickly undeceived, and smiled when he found that no one but himself was thinking of the great rival of his brother."

CHAPTER XV

TWO HEROES OF PEACE

UNDER this head I want to trace the picturesque career of Major Samuel Shaw, who was America's first consul as well as a pioneer in trade with China, and of Frederic Tudor, of Boston, who first introduced ice into the tropics. Both were men of the best Boston type, and both are to-day honored by connections worthy in every sense of their fine ancestry.

Major Samuel Shaw was a native of the old North End, an officer of the Revolution and aid-de-camp of General Knox. He was the son of Francis Shaw, a merchant. Many of the now numerous family of that name trace their ancestry to Francis Shaw, through the brothers of the first American consul, for Major Shaw had no children.

Canton, China, was the post to which our first consul was sent out. Major Shaw's appointment was made by Congress on the first day of January, 1786. He was reappointed by Washington in 1792. Quaint and striking are the

details of how he travelled to his post in a slow-going merchant ship, and was nearly six months at sea. Details of this voyage and of others taken by him, to the far east, are contained in his journal, which, with a memoir by Josiah Quincy, was published in Boston in 1847.

The war had left him, as it did most of the patriot officers, poor in purse, and it was under the necessity of starting in business, that Major Shaw turned his attention to China as a promising field for American enterprise. He made a voyage thither in 1784 in a ship belonging to Robert Morris of Philadelphia, called the Empress of China. She was only three hundred and sixty tons, but was accounted a large ship in those days, and carried a crew of forty-three men and a good armament of guns and light arms, for freebooters were still met on the high seas, and the pirates of Algeria scoured the Atlantic in the vicinity of the Cape Verde Islands, by way of which most ships passed to the Cape of Good Hope.

The Empress of China was the first American ship to carry the flag to China, and Major Shaw, as her supercargo, deemed some government credentials necessary. He, therefore, applied to Congress, then sitting at Annapolis, for a "sea letter," which was granted. This document is a curiosity in these days. It ran as follows:

"Most serene, serene, most puissant, puissant,

high, illustrious, noble, honorable, venerable, wise and prudent emperors, kings, republics, princes, dukes, earls, barons, lords, burgomasters, counselors, as also judges, officers, justiciaries and regents of all the good cities and places, whether ecclesiastical or secular, who shall see these presents or hear them read: We, the United States, in congress assembled — make known — that John Green, captain of the ship called the Empress of China, is a citizen of the United States of America, and that the ship which he commands belongs to citizens of the said United States, and as we wish to see the said John Green prosper in his lawful affairs, our prayer is to all the before mentioned, and to each of them separately, when the said John shall arrive with his vessel and cargo, that they may please to receive him with goodness and treat him in a becoming manner, permitting him upon the usual tolls and expenses in passing and repassing, to pass, navigate and frequent the ports where and in what manner he shall judge proper.

" Whereof we shall be willingly indebted."

The Empress carried out a cargo of fine ship timber, rum and ginseng, a vegetable root much prized by the Chinese for medicine. She had an uneventful voyage out, and returned the following May to New York laden with tea and silk.

On his return her enterprising young supercargo addressed a letter to Congress, telling it all about the state of trade in the east, and the reception accorded him and the flag by the various representatives of European nations he had met and by the Chinese.

Congress read the letter, and directed the secretary of state to reply to Major Shaw " that congress feels a peculiar satisfaction in the successful issue of the first effort of the citizens of America to establish a direct trade with China, which does so much honor to its undertakers and conductors."

Shortly after his return, Major Shaw was appointed a secretary in the war department, under General Knox, but after a few months, projecting another voyage to China, he resigned this position and engaged to go out as supercargo on the ship Hope, with merchandise for the Dutch settlement at Batavia, Java, and for Canton.

American trade having begun in the east, it was deemed expedient to have the country represented there by a consul, and Major Shaw was accordingly appointed " with neither salary, fees nor perquisites."

The Hope, carrying the new consul as one of her company, left New York Feb. 4, 1786. Everything went well until the last of the month, when a peculiar accident occurred,

which is thus described in Major Shaw's journal:

"While at dinner we were alarmed by a cry of fire. And in a few moments saw the main topmast all in a blaze.

"The ship was immediately brought to, and, notwithstanding every endeavor to extinguish the fire, it raged with such violence as to oblige us to cut away the topmast, and thereby relieve ourselves of much anxiety, as the wind was exceedingly fresh, and consequently the ship in not a little danger.

"This fire was probably occasioned by the friction of the runner of the main topsail tie. It is remarkable that the topmast, in falling, stove in, with its burning end, the arm-chest upon deck, in which were some horns filled with powder, and thence, without doing further injury, rebounded overboard."

This was not the only excitement the young consul had on his first official voyage. A few days after this incident a sail was discovered approaching. Says the journal:

"We were suspicious of her being an Algerine, and accordingly showed English colors. But this civility on our part did not answer the desired purpose, for no sooner had she gained our wake than she put about and stood for us with all sail. Our mainmast head had been so sprung in a gale of wind as to render carrying

sail on it extremely hazardous. But it was no time to hesitate; the main tack was got aboard, and in the course of three or four hours we had the satisfaction to find that we outsailed her. The next morning she was not in sight.

" In the meantime, every exertion was made to fish the mast, which was scarcely secured, at sunset, when the same sail hove in sight, but night coming on we saw no more of her."

On April 17 another and similar sail appeared. " She came under our lee, hove about, and gave us chase, being a poleacre-rigged snow."

The Hope outsailed the rover and arrived safely at Batavia on the Fourth of July. Here the Americans saw something of native life and much of the Dutch officials. They sailed July 23 for China, and on August 10 arrived at Macao, the Portuguese settlement, and in due time at Canton. Here were found forty-five European ships and four American, as follows: The sloop Experiment of New York, Capt. Dean; ship Canton of Philadelphia, Truxton; Empress of China, New York, Green, and Grand Turk, Salem, West.

This was the first fleet of American merchant ships in China. Major Shaw addressed himself assiduously to his business, and gave also of his time to put before the Chinese some knowledge of Americans.

As a consul Major Shaw proved a worthy

representative of his country. He was refined, educated and industrious, of a winning personality and keen wit, a ready conversationalist in several languages, a scholar in Latin and a shrewd observer of men. His reports to the state department were models of clearness, and contained much valuable information, the result of researches by a mind naturally acquisitive and subtle.

In 1787 he planned a business trip to India, and proceeded to Macao to get passage. The uncertainty of sea travel in that part of the world in those days is illustrated by the fact that, failing to get passage in the desired ship, Major Shaw was obliged to remain inactive six months in Macao before he could proceed on his journey.

He finally sailed for Bengal in January, 1788, returning to Canton in September of the same year. In 1789 Major Shaw undertook another six months voyage home, arriving at Newport, Rhode Island, July 5, 1789.

On his arrival in Boston he found that his brother Francis, who had settled in Gouldsboro, Maine, had died in his absence, leaving a family. Major Shaw took under his protection two of his brother's sons, one of whom, Robert Gould Shaw, became a well-known Boston merchant. His son, Francis, was the father of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, whose valor as leader of the colored regiment in the Civil War is so

beautifully commemorated in St. Gauden's bronze which stands before the State House in Boston.

During Major Shaw's absence he had placed an order for a ship for his own account, which was built at Germantown, Quincy, on land now owned by the Sailors' Snug Harbor. This ship, the Massachusetts, was between eight and nine hundred tons, and was the largest merchant vessel built in the country up to her time. Her launching in September, 1789, was the occasion of a great gathering. Commanders of English and French warships then in Boston harbor attended, and praised the qualities of the new ship.

Major Shaw sailed on the Massachusetts for China, March 28, 1790. There he sold the ship to agents of the Portuguese government, and invested the proceeds in a cargo of goods for India and Belgium. Seeing that cargo safely transported and sold, he returned to America, arriving home from Ostend in 1792.

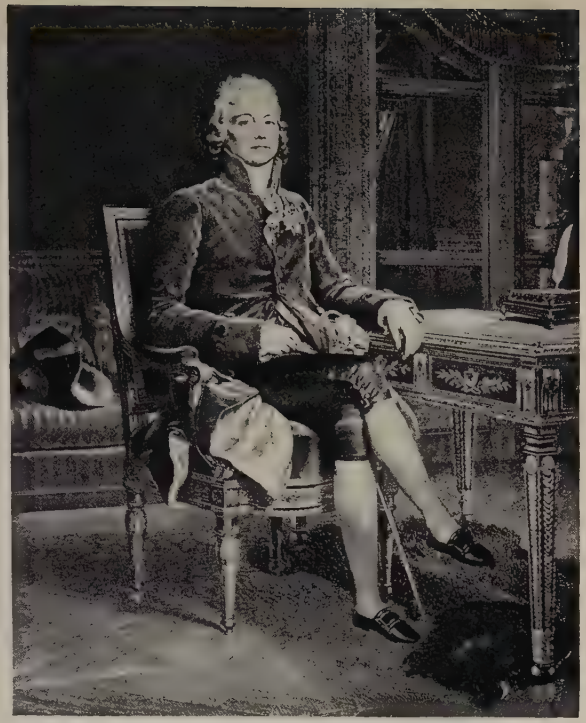
Here he married, on August 21, 1792, Hannah, the daughter of William Phillips, a Boston merchant. But, so pressing were his business and official engagements in China that he was soon obliged to sail away from his bride of a few months on what proved to be his last voyage. He left New York on February 19, 1793, arriving in Canton the following November, after a hard passage.

The climate of China had already made its mark upon him, and that winter his health failed completely. Despairing of recovery there, he embarked for home March 17, 1794, on the ship Washington.

On May 30, off the Cape of Good Hope, he breathed his last, gazing at the miniature of his wife fastened over the foot of his berth. His last words were, "God's will be done." His body was consigned to the deep.

His wife, anxiously awaiting his return, received no forewarning of her loss, which was broken to her in a letter sent from New York, where the ship arrived in August, by a friend who was with Major Shaw in his last hours. She survived her husband thirty-nine years, dying, January 24, 1833, at Dedham and mourning to the last her brave young bridegroom, who in so true a sense, had been a hero of peace.

The luxury of ice in summer seems to-day a mere commonplace, yet it was scarcely a hundred years ago that Frederic Tudor of Boston devoted a fortune and twenty years of his life to the introduction of ice into the tropics. In the possession of his grandson, the present Frederic Tudor, there is a journal-record of this remarkable business enterprise, and to read there the story of the ice-pioneer's struggles, as his own graphic pen portrayed them, is to be convinced



CHARLES MAURICE DE TALLEYRAND-PERIGORD.
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JEROME BONAPARTE.
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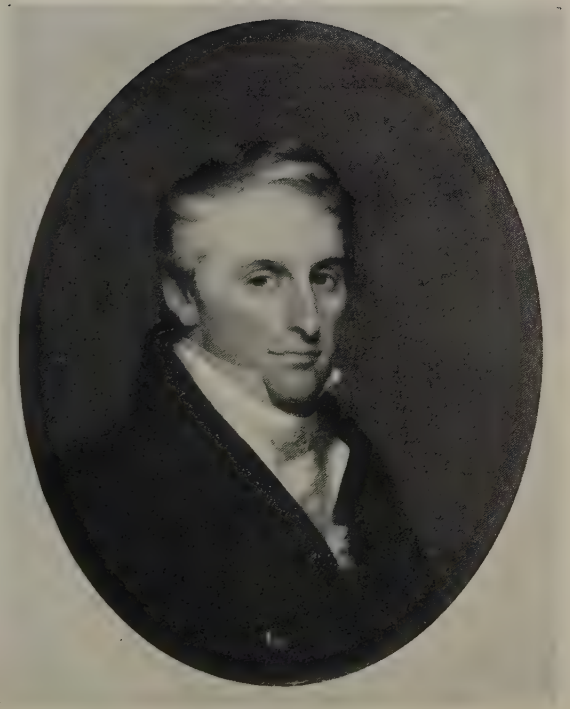

FREDERIC TUDOR, THE ICE PIONEER.
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MRS. FREDERIC TUDOR — BORN FENNO.
Page 399

that there are very real possibilities of romance in business.

The book is a small leather covered volume filled with lined paper upon which, in a close though fairly plain hand, one may follow all the ups and downs of what then appeared to be a Quixotic enterprise. For it should be borne in mind that it was belief in the good which the common use of ice would do those who live in warm countries quite as much as the hope of large gains which nerved Frederic Tudor for his great fight against weather conditions and the corroding scorn of sceptics.

The Tudor family is one of the first in New England, and it was scarcely less distinguished one hundred years ago than it is to-day. The ice-pioneer's father was Colonel William D. Tudor, who served on Washington's staff, and his mother was the lady constantly referred to as " Mrs. Tudor " in the writings of the Marquis de Chastellux, — a woman of such intelligence and literary gifts that she was once personally complimented by Marie Antoinette for some French verses she had written. The story of the courtship of these two was a charming Revolutionary romance. He was the eldest son of Deacon John Tudor, the prosperous baker whose Diary has already been quoted, and having been graduated from Harvard in 1769, he entered the law office of John Adams. Adams, a good

lover himself, soon perceived that his young friend was not happy, and he seems to have promptly suspected the cause. So he wrote to the youth's father a very kind letter, pleading that he make things financially easy for his son, whom he praised highly for his " clear head and honest faithful heart." His good offices would, in all probability, not have been wasted had not Boston, just then, been shut up by the Siege.

William Tudor, though a patriot, stayed on in the town for the very simple reason that he was in love with Delia Jarvis, a Tory maiden, who was so far from any sympathy with her own country that her family still continued to use the tabooed tea. Delia herself is said to have served the forbidden beverage to the British troops after the skirmish at Lexington! When there came open warfare, however, the young patriot lawyer could no longer stand idly by, girl or no girl, so he escaped to Cambridge by way of Point Shirley, and was soon elected by Washington Judge Advocate General of all the forces with the rank of Colonel.

From the patriot camp at Cambridge in spite of the difficulty of communication he continued to woo the Tory maiden of his choice. He was wont to swim from the mainland to Noddle's Island (East Boston) where she and her people were then staying carrying his clothing upon his head! His letters to her were addressed

" My fair loyalist " and hers to him were signed " Your devoted rebel." They were married early in 1778 and he retired from the army to devote himself to domestic life and the practice of his profession. In this he prospered greatly, acquiring, before many years, a town house on Court Street and a country home at Saugus (the latter house still stands and is now the poor-farm of the place).

In the last decade of the eighteenth century Colonel Tudor made a journey to France, visiting London on his return trip. There he was presented to King George IV, and the following incident is related to have occurred. When his name was pronounced to the king, the latter looked up quickly and said " What, one of us ? " Then, receiving the information that Colonel Tudor had just returned from France, the king entered into a long conversation with him concerning the state of affairs in that country. Whereupon Lord Galloway, who had many other people to present, said impatiently " His Majesty seems so deeply engaged with his cousin that he forgets what a number of people are in waiting to be presented ! " The king, however, continued his conversation until he had concluded his inquiries.

The Tudors were always interesting people to talk to ! The enthusiasm of the Marquis de Chastellux over Mrs. Tudor, with which we

met in an earlier chapter, is remarkable, but it appears to have been well founded. After she had happily married her colonel she became a good patriot and turned to the service of her country and of her adventurous son her literary gifts and remarkable mental attainments. She was long one of the social celebrities of Boston, and is said to have learned the Italian language after her eightieth year that she might help Frederic's tropical enterprises. When she was ninety she wrote a really excellent poem about the battle of Bunker Hill, on the occasion of the completion of the monument, in whose erection her son William had been deeply interested.

Colonel Tudor and his gifted wife had four sons and two daughters. Of the sons all went to Harvard except Frederic, and of the daughters one married Commodore John Stewart of the Ironsides and the other Robert Gardiner, for whom the town of Gardiner, Maine, is named. The Stewarts' daughter married Charles Parnell and it was their son, Charles Stewart Parnell, who became the famous Irish agitator. His sister's body lies, as is fitting, in the underground burial vault of the Tudor family at Mt. Auburn cemetery, and honors are occasionally paid to it there by loyal Irish patriots.

The ice business seems to have interested Frederic Tudor while he was still only a boy. His family owned an estate of some two hundred

and fifty acres out in Saugus, and it was on the tiny pond near the almshouse there that his first experiments in the cutting and storing of ice were made. When he was twenty-two Frederic became the owner of a West Indiaman large enough to carry some ice, and it was soon after this that he took his first crop to Martinique. Enlisted with him in the enterprise at the start were his cousin James Savage and his brother William Tudor, the latter well known in Boston as one of the founders of the Boston Athenaeum, a prime mover in the Bunker Hill Monument project and first editor of the *North American Review.*

Both Tudors were only soldiers of fortune, however, when that first cargo of ice set sail. On the cover of the little brown journal there appears, beside the date 1805, this significant inscription: "He who gives back at the first repulse and, without striking the second blow, despairs of success has never been, is not and never will be a hero in war, love or business." It is because the pages of the journal are full of such philosophy as this as well as of unusual entries concerning profit and loss that the book is of absorbing interest. "A glorious enterprise rich in promise," is the entry of the buoyant trader on one day. The next we find "People only laugh and believe me not when I tell them I am going to carry ice to the West Indies." This was

entirely true. It was only with the greatest difficulty that sailors could be persuaded to sail with the cargo. They thought that the ice must surely melt and swamp the boat.

Even the press ridiculed the enterprise. A Boston paper of February 20, 1806, contains this paragraph: " No joke: A vessel has cleared at the Custom House for Martinique with a cargo of ice. We hope this will not prove a slippery speculation." Yet that was exactly what it did prove. Careful as Frederic Tudor had been to obtain the exclusive privilege of importing, and selling ice in the tropics for the next ten years, he found that only loss and not profit awaited him. Real ice was first used at St. Martinique on March 6, 1806, having sold for thirty cents a pound, but the people could not be educated to appreciate the commodity. Moreover, there were no ice-houses in which to store his goods, no subscriptions with which to build up further importations, and so the ice cargo melted unprofitably away. " I found myself," says the journal, " without money and without friends, and with only a cargo of ice in a torrid zone to depend on for the supply of both." The " plan " our enthusiast pronounced good but he recorded as well that his loss that first year was four thousand dollars and that, as scion of a distinguished family, he had not exactly enjoyed being arrested on the street

for a debt of two hundred dollars which he had no possible means of paying.

In three years the young man lost the then very large sum of twenty-five thousand dollars in his ice ventures at Martinique. Then followed soon the disturbances which preceded the war of 1812, and which were, of course, particularly fatal to an enterprise of his sort. The war over, we find him doggedly pushing his scheme, however, trying to pull himself up by his boot straps, as it were. "I have again and again," he writes, "recovered spirit to proceed in this undertaking through a long course of distressing disappointments in which I have for ten years experienced bankruptcy, poverty, ill health, weak nerves, and the consolation of a prison. Should I fail in this attempt it will be the last. Hope will die should the man survive." It was about this time that he wrote his mother that his income would be fifty thousand dollars annually in five years should his plans prosper.

Besides the problem of getting his ice, — much of which was cut at his brother-in-law's place in Gardiner, — and conveying it to the countries where he had worked hard to obtain the exclusive privilege of such importation, Tudor was confronted with the enormous difficulty of persuading people in the tropics that for them ice was a necessity as well as a luxury. The advertising put out to this end is often quite entertaining in

its explicitness. The journal contains one clipping from a Charleston, North Carolina, paper which reads as follows under the big head-line "Ice."

"The Ice establishment at Fitzsimon's wharf is now opened. Ice will be for sale at all hours of the day, from sunrise to sundown, except when the Ice House Keeper is necessarily absent at his meals. It will be sold in any quantity from one pound to 500 pounds. The Ice House will be open a few hours on Sunday morning. The price will be eight and a third cents a pound with an allowance of four per centum to those who purchase largely or by tickets. The price at which ice is now offered in Charleston is as low as it was in the northern cities when the article was first introduced in them in the summer season; and when it is remembered that the capital invested in this undertaking falls very little short of $10,000 and the very great waste which must necessarily take place in the best constructed ice-house it must be apparent that the profit cannot be more than reasonable however great the consumption may be. The inhabitants therefore are invited to call for ice in such quantities as shall enable the proprietor of the house to continue the present price which cannot be the case unless ice is used rather as a necessary of life than as a luxury.

"The best method of carrying ice in a small

quantity," the advertisement kindly goes on to explain, "is to wrap it in a blanket. These may be had at the ice-house of sufficient size at $1. Of the mode of keeping ice best when it is carried home it is to be observed that it should be kept in that part of the house which is least cool, that is to say in a dry closet where there is no circulation of air . . . . it is a well attested principle that whatever will keep a man warm, with the exception of the sun and fire, will keep ice cold."

The price to each family for ice service was ten dollars a month. The best plan of payment, it was added, was by means of tickets, "for there have been instances where negroes have been detected in holding back one half of the money sent and attributing the small quantity of ice returned to its thawing on the way."

Fortunately for his sanity Frederic Tudor preserved a fine sense of humor through all his troubles. After striking a fairly good bargain with a man in Cuba he writes in the diary: "Thus is the winter of my discontent made glorious summer and all the clouds that lowered upon our house in the deep bosom of the ocean buried. Drink, Spaniards and be cool, that I who have suffered so much in the cause may be able to go home and keep myself warm." A little later he writes, this time after an unsuccessful struggle with conditions: "Should I

come again to Havana I will record no more of my groans at the sufferings I sustain here. They ought to be sustained by any man who will come here while he can in any way exist at home."

It was while in the throes of a mood like this that Tudor invested "one good dollar" with seventy-one dollars he had found in a bag stowed away in one of the ice tubs and bought a lot of lottery tickets in a venture where, as he knew, there were one hundred and thirty blanks to each purse. "But should I draw all blanks," he observed, "I am still determined to have a ticket in every lottery while I remain here. Having met with so much misfortune on *good* calculation I mean to try if nothing is to be got upon a bad calculation."

It was at about this stage of his career that Tudor put to himself, Amiel-like, a very interesting question and answer: "*Question:* Had you not better entirely abandon this ice business? It is a subject which wears out body and mind while it prevents you from having that standing among your fellow men which you deserve. It occupies all your attention and appears at best subject to great hazard. In the course of twelve years' pursuit you have arrived at little certainty and there can be little doubt that the exertions which you have made in this business would have given you a

CHARLES JONES FENNO.
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REBECCA GRATZ (SCOTT'S REBECCA).
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MRS. GOVERNOR BOWDOIN.

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THE FIRST MRS. HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

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better situation and the confidence of others which you are now without. You stand at best as a well-intentioned schemer and projector when you might, with a more regular application to common mercantile business, become a more useful and respected member of society. It is not too late, you are not yet 36 years old and you may yet get back into the old road. Sell out in the best way you can and become a regular man.

"*Answer:* The suggestions of doubt are too late. . . My reputation is now so far pledged that I must advance. and should I be able to secure Savannah and New Orleans I am tolerably certain of doing very handsomely. I, therefore, throw away every discouraging thought and determine to push on with as much exertion as I can command and endeavor to deserve suc cess."

Not long after this the success so devotedly struggled for really began to arrive. A liberal fortune, as well as the satisfaction of knowing that he had brought to inhabitants of a tropical climate that which must often mean to them life as well as luxury, were Tudor's reward for his years of sacrifice. He was now a middle-aged man, but he was so fortunate — when he settled down in Boston, — as to win the love of a charming girl of nineteen, a Miss Fenno of New York, interesting to us not only

on her own account but because it was her uncle, Charles Jones Fenno, whom Rebecca Gratz (Scott's Rebecca in "Ivanhoe") loved. Miss Gratz was the close friend of Matilda Hoffman, it will be remembered; it was in her arms that the lovely girl, to whom Washington Irving was devoted to the exclusion of all others, died at the age of eighteen. Henceforth the bond between Miss Gratz and Irving was peculiarly strong. And it was Irving, as everybody knows, who, while visiting Scott, told the author of "Waverley" Rebecca's story and so presented him with his finest woman character.

For a summer home Frederic Tudor built the house which is now the home of the Nahant Club, and there he set out the handsome trees which to-day adorn "cold roast Boston." Longfellow in his Journal gives us a charming picture of the ice hero in his old age: "Met Mr. Tudor climbing over a stone fence [at Nahant] with snow white hair, a red cravat and blue coat with brass buttons. He showed us his wheat-field by the sea. Having heard it said that wheat would not grow in such a place he is determined to make it grow there." Evidently Tudor's adventurous spirit had not been really dampened by his years of discouraging experiment with ice in the tropics!

CHAPTER XVI

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE TRANSITION PERIOD

"OH that our young ladies were as distinguished for the beauties of their minds as they are for the charms of their persons!" wrote John Quincy Adams when a young man. "But alas! too many of them are like a beautiful apple that is insipid to the taste." Which shows that at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth Boston women were renowned for *other* than intellectual possessions. That our period could boast of a few women who united charms of person with those of mind we have already seen, to be sure; young Quincy Adams's own mother offers one example of this happy combination, and there was the Mrs. Tudor over whom the Marquis de Chastellux waxed enthusiastic, not to mention Mercy Warren and her group of friends. These women, however, were the exceptions. Most of the girls of that day were educated to shine in a drawing-room and nowhere else.

That they did shine there is undeniable. The first Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, who was born Sally Foster, appears to have been very richly endowed with social grace and beauty. She married on May 15, 1790, the great orator who became second mayor of Boston, and she soon was occupying a prominent place in the republican court circles of that day as well as in Boston. For her husband was elected to Congress after the retirement of Fisher Ames in 1797. Mrs. Governor Bowdoin and Mrs. Thomas Lindall Winthrop were other lovely women prominent in the " society " of the day.

The gayeties of Boston town, as seen through the eyes of a lady who was a part of them, have been alluringly described by Josiah P. Quincy, in his valuable chapter on " Social Life in Boston," (contributed to the fourth volume of the " Memorial History "): " In the regions of fashion dancing still continues the rage," declares this sprightly observer January 2, 1807. " Private balls are numerous, and little cotillion parties occur every week. The dancing disease having gradually ascended till it reached the middle-aged, now begins to descend on the other side of the hill and attacks the old. . . . The public balls were quite neglected except the last, which, being the first of January, was crowded and brilliant, — though not, say the fashionables, very genteel.

"The night before last, as my cold was better," continues our society girl of the period, "I ventured to Mrs. James Perkins's, who gave a ball to more than two hundred people. The company, though large, was not mixed but consisted of all the respectable people in town, with their children and in some cases grandchildren. It was very pleasant, well-conducted and perfectly satisfactory to all tastes. They had dancing for the young, cards and conversation for the old and for those who love eating an excellent collation of solid good things in the side-board style."

For ice-cream was not yet in vogue at private parties. There was no system in Boston for storing the abundant products of New England winters which Frederic Tudor was so heroically shipping south. And the age of essences was yet to come. The single confectioner on Newbury (now Washington) Street who served the frozen dainty to ladies and their escorts, after a performance at the theatre, or in the course of an afternoon's shopping, was obliged to remind his customers, through the medium of the press, that "the fruit-flavors of raspberry, strawberry, currant and pineapple" could be furnished only in the seasons of those productions. For men who needed special refreshment there was more ample provision; they could go to Vila's, the Shakespeare Coffee House in

Water Street, or to the more aristocratic restaurant of Julien. Julien had been a cook in the family of Dubuque, a refugee from the French Revolution, who occupied, at one time, the Shirley mansion in Roxbury. While in this

JULIEN'S

situation he saved enough to start the first "Restorator" of which Boston could boast. It is to him that we owe the agreeable soup which bears his name and now graces menu cards the country over.

When the trouble with England began to loom large on the horizon, early in the nineteenth century, Boston keenly felt its gloom. But the

BOSTON COMMON.
From a drawing by Hammet Billings.
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BEACON HILL AND ITS MONUMENT.

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social spirit of the place refused to be dampened. "We seem determined to imitate our present allies and future masters by dancing away our cares," writes the young lady already quoted, "Mr. Samuel Welles's ball was splendid and tasteful; it was honored by the presence of the most brilliant collection of beauties that has appeared in public for many years. The ladies were dressed with much taste. The degree of light was adjusted with happy skill to suit their complexions. Transparent paintings and flowers whose bright hues were reflected from mirrors gave lustre to the scene. The supper was highly elegant; the table [spread for three hundred!] was covered with the luxuries of every clime and every season. Summer was robbed of its flowers and autumn of its fruits to embellish this winter *fête*. Fine peaches, blushing with the glow of September, and a variety of melons were preserved with great care and expense for this gallant occasion.

"The Turkish band in their elegant costume shared the honors of the night, and divided with the ladies the tribute of approbation. The grace of Peter in playing the cymbals and of Mrs. —— in dancing cotillions received equal applause. Mr. Welles acquitted himself with great propriety and all went off with *èclat* except the toasts which were rather flat. The gentlemen were not prepared to be either witty or senti-

mental, and impromptus suit the genius of the French better than that of the English or their American descendants. Mr. Otis alone was happy on this occasion: his wit is ever ready."

Robert Treat Paine was another Bostonian who understood the delicate turning of a toast. One of his to the famous beauties of the Fowle family in Watertown ran:

> "To the fair of every town
> And the Fowle of Watertown."

It was wont to be drunk reverently, all standing, by the gallants of the period.

When peace was proclaimed, early in 1815, the joy of the Bostonians knew no bounds. It is pleasant to be able, through Mr. Quincy, to follow the subsequent festivities as they were enjoyed by a young girl, still under twenty.

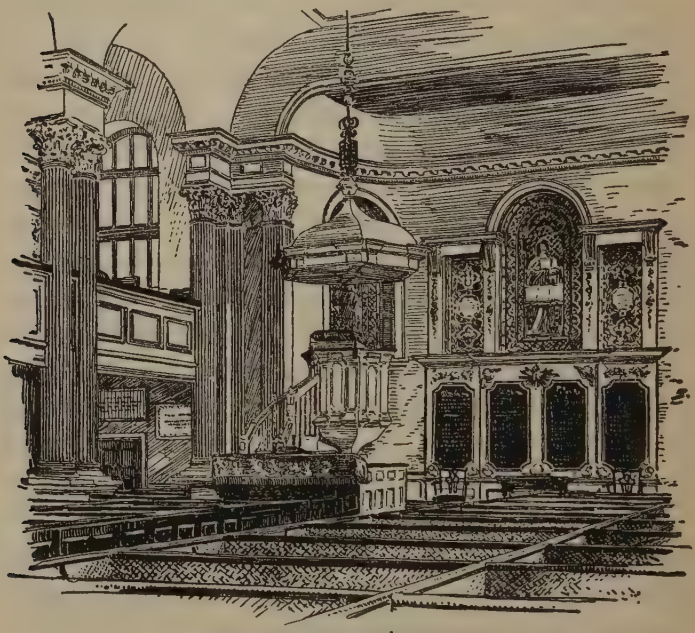
"Monday, February 13, 1815 — After breakfast all the bells began to ring. I asked mamma what it meant and she said that she supposed it must be a town meeting. Suddenly —— burst into the room, exclaiming, 'Do you know what the bells are ringing for? Peace! Peace!! Peace!!! We thought her out of her senses and papa went out to learn the truth. He soon returned and told us that it was indeed true and that the whole town was in an uproar about it. We felt that we could not stay at home so we ordered the

sleigh and set forth. First we went through Cornhill, then past the Common and through the Main street down to the North End. The streets were crowded: in State street you might have walked upon the people's heads. Almost every house had a flag on it and in some places they were strung across the streets.

" We then rode again over the town and met several companies of soldiers. In the main street we met a company followed by three sleds each drawn by fifteen horses. A man was in the front of each with the word PEACE printed in large capitals on his hat. These sleds were full of sailors who, just as they came up, gave a most tremendous huzza, which was echoed by the immense crowd about us. The ladies were running about the streets as if they did not know what they were doing; the gentlemen were shaking hands and wishing each other joy. All this time bells were ringing, cannons firing, and drums beating. I never saw such a scene. The joy of the poorer classes, who had suffered so much, was quite affecting.

" February 23, 1815 — The Oratorio in celebration of peace was performed yesterday morning at the Stone Chapel. We obtained seats near the altar and were joined by Mrs. S. G. Perkins and her two daughters. The Church was crowded; and the presence of several British officers in full uniform gave ocular

demonstration that peace had come. After the services we went to the balcony of the house of Mrs. Lowell, senior, in Common street, to see the procession. Representatives of all the trades were drawn on sleds, with appropriate



INTERIOR OF KING'S CHAPEL

insignia, and carrying their tools. The bricklayers, were building a house; they broke their bricks and worked busily. The carpenters were erecting a Temple of Peace. The printers struck off hand-bills announcing 'Peace!' and threw them among the crowd. The bakers,

hatters, paper-makers and others had each their insignia. At six o'clock in the evening we drove in the sleigh over the town to see the illuminations of all the public edifices and of many private houses. The fireworks consisted of rockets thrown from the roof of the State House, which was decorated with transparencies. On each side of the pediment was a pine-tree, and a star in the centre of all of fireworks; and as the star exploded the word ' Peace ' appeared. The celebration passed off without accident and was highly successful."

Of course there had to be a ball in honor of this epoch-making event. It was held on the evening of February 23, in Concert Hall and our entertaining young friend, after hesitating for some time as to whether she could go to a public ball, decided that she *must* go, — and went. " My dress," she writes, " was a sheer dotted muslin skirt, trimmed with three rows of plaited white satin ribbon an inch wide. The bodice of white satin was also trimmed with the same ribbon. I wore white lace around the neck, a bouquet, gold ornaments, chain etc. My hair was arranged in braids, bandeau and curls. The building was illuminated within and without and was decorated with flags and flowers; the effect was beautiful. The band stationed in a balcony above was playing as we entered. A platform surrounded the floor of the hall and

upon this we secured seats with Mrs. R. Sullivan and Mrs. S. G. Perkins and her daughters; we had much amusement in observing the company. Several British officers in full uniform were actively employed in flirting and dancing, not in the most graceful manner; they seemed favorite partners among the young ladies. [When could a girl resist brass buttons?] I danced several cotillions contrary to my expectations as I was acquainted with few of the beaux. . . ".

It is interesting that the maiden in the sheer muslin gown should have used this word ' beaux ' in speaking of the dancing men at the Peace Ball. They were rather extraordinary creatures, those beaux! A satirical communication upon them which appears in the *Centinal*, not long before this date, preserves, despite obvious exaggerations, some of their curious traits. " The dapper beau," says the article, " wears a hat about the size of Aunt Tabby's snuff-box stuck upon the very crown of his head. In his hand he carries a stick of wood which seems to weary him very much, especially in summer." Obviously this person was the progenitor of the " dude " of the late nineteenth century.

Visitors to Boston, having pretensions to fashion, were wont at this period to seek accommodations in the select boarding-houses. That of Mrs. Carter, in a portion of the building at the corner of Park and Beacon Streets was a favorite

resort. "Mrs. Carter rejects twenty or thirty strangers a day," says a letter bearing the date of August 20, 1800, "yet still keeps the moderate number of sixty in her family. After the warmth of the day is over, we form animated groups; we had quite a romantic one last evening, sitting on the grass by moonlight, with the accompaniment of a guitar and singing."

Fishing parties were a form of diversion much enjoyed. "The gentlemen, sometimes by themselves and sometimes in company with ladies," writes a visitor, "spend the day partly on the water and partly on some of the islands in this delightful harbor. I have been at one of these parties and assure you we had a high degree of social and friendly conviviality." Boston was then an acknowledged summer resort, it will be seen. The houses bordering upon the Common were even considered so suburban that when (in 1804) Hon. John Phillips, father of Wendell Phillips, built, at the corner of Walnut and Beacon Streets, the brick house still standing there and now occupied by the Misses Mason, his uncle, Judge Oliver Wendell, was asked what in the world had induced his nephew "to remove out of town." And it was only two years before this the selectmen took it upon themselves to forbid Sunday bathing at the foot of the Common.

There is no evidence that it was the bathing

which was objectionable to the law-makers, however; the ordinance seems clearly, indeed, to have been aimed at those who could avail themselves of this privilege only on Sunday. The *Centinal*, therefore, printed this rhyming protest:

> "In Superstition's days, 'tis said
> Hens laid two eggs on Monday,
> Because a hen would lose her head
> That laid an egg on Sunday.
>
> "Now our wise rulers and the law
> Say none shall wash on Sunday;
> So Boston folk must dirty go,
> And wash them twice on Monday."

The Sunday of this period extended from midnight Saturday till six o'clock on the day itself. This did not mean that secular employments could be carried on in the evening, only that the regulations concerning travel relaxed after six. It was unlawful for any hired carriage to enter or leave Boston during the Sabbath, and during service no vehicle could move faster than a walk. Very likely these laws were not fully enforced; but there is a story that Governor Hancock was once fined for taking a turn in the mall on his way home from church.

While we are in the vicinity of the Common let us take note that the State House, as Bulfinch originally designed it, was completed in 1798,

the tract having been passed by the town to the Commonwealth three years before, for a nominal consideration of five shillings. Nearby on the hill there had been erected, in 1790, a monument, designed by Charles Bulfinch, to commemorate the heroes of June seventeenth, and set up on this site rather than any other to replace the old beacon which blew down in 1789. In 1811 this monument was removed and the hill levelled. Its tablets, written by Bulfinch himself, may still be seen, on the sides of the handsome granite shaft which now perpetuates his design. Park Street Church and its graceful spire, designed by Peter Bonner, dates from 1809.

One pride of Boston at this period, which however, was unfortunately destroyed prematurely by fire, was the Exchange Coffee House, in Congress Square. The principal floor was intended to be used by the merchants as an Exchange and the building was, therefore, far larger than the travelling public of that day called for; its erection occupied two and a half years, and it cost half a million dollars! With a front on Congress Street and entrances on State Street and Devonshire Street the house was admirably situated for business purposes and was very convenient also as the stopping place for stages. But it never paid, and many of the mechanics, who had a share in building it, were

ruined by their failure to collect the money due them for their labor. The town of Boston was not yet developed to the point of filling a house

PARK STREET CHURCH

with two hundred and ten apartments. Captain Hull made the Exchange his quarters when he was in port during the war of 1812, and when President Monroe visited the town, in July,

1817, he put up here. A sumptuous Fourth of July dinner was served for him here with ex-president John Adams and Commodore Perry among the guests. But a fire destroyed the house in November 1818, and its proprietor, Mr. Barnum, lost twenty-five thousand dollars!

The tavern and transportation conditions of Boston at this period might very well occupy a book of their own, and inasmuch as I have elsewhere[1] dealt with that subject at considerable length, I shall just touch on it here. One very interesting tavern-keeper was Israel Hatch, who also ran a line of stages, and who lured customers to his house by the following sirens' song:

" My friends and travellers, you'll meet
With kindly welcome and good cheer,
And what it is you now shall hear:
A spacious house and liquors good,
A man who gets his livelihood
By favours granted; hence he'll be
Always smiling, always free:
A good large house for chaise or chair,
A stable well exposed to air:
To finish all and make you blest,
You'll have the breezes from the west.
And — ye, who flee th' approaching Sol,
My doors are open to your call;
Walk in — and it shall be my care
T' oblige the weary traveller.
From Attleborough, Sirs, I came,

[1 See " Among Old New England Inns."]

Where once I did you entertain,
And now shall here as there before
Attend you at my open door,
Obey all orders with despatch,
— Am, Sirs, your servant,
" Israel Hatch."

In 1798 Hatch kept the tavern at the south corner of Mason Street shown in the view of the Haymarket Theatre.

Captain Levi Pease, who hailed from Shrewsbury, was another Yankee who made stage-running and tavern-keeping pay abundantly in the Boston of this time. His house was on the site now occupied by St. Paul's Church. At first going to New York by Pease line was by no means easy, if we may trust Josiah Quincy, who has left us a description of travel by stage under the auspices of this Jehu: " I set out from Boston," he says, " in the line of stages lately established by an enterprising Yankee Pease by name, which in that day was considered a method of transportation of wonderful expedition. The journey to New York took up a week. The carriages were old and shackling and much of the harness made of ropes. One pair of horses carried the stage eighteen miles. We generally reached our resting-place for the night, if no accident intervened, at ten o'clock, and after a frugal supper we went to bed with a notice that we should be called at three the next morning, which generally

STATE STREET ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

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THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

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proved to be half past two. Then, whether it snowed or rained, the traveller must rise and make ready by the help of a horn lantern and a farthing candle, and proceed on his way over bad roads. . . . Thus we travelled eighteen miles a stage, sometimes obliged to get out and help the coachman lift the coach out of a quagmire or rut, and arrived at New York after a week's hard travelling, wondering at the ease as well as the expedition of our journey."

All this was much changed for the better, however, by the time of which we are now writing. For in 1808 the first Massachusetts turnpike was laid out from Boston to Worcester, as a result of the enterprise of Captain Pease. And his horses, wagons and harnesses had for a long time been very good. John Melish, who travelled from Boston to New York by stage-coach in 1806 declared " the conveyance easy and in summer very agreeable."

To one of the inns in Boston there came, in the early twenties, a Southern traveller, whose name has not come down to us, but with whose description of the women of the town this chapter may very well close, because it harmonizes perfectly with a quotation used in our first paragraph. " The ladies," says our writer, — in " Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States," — " are not exceeded by any on the continent; in accomplished manners

they possess all the yielding softness of the Southern ladies, with warmer hearts and minds improved by travelling, most of them having made the tour of Europe. Their countenance is diffused with a magic charm of irresistible sweetness, to which they join the utmost grace of gesture and harmony of voice. As to beauty, the ladies of Boston are celebrated throughout the world." High praise this, — so high I can't help feeling that our young Alabamian was generalizing in his book from the charms of some particular Boston girl who had captivated his fancy. Still, there are abundant data in pictures and tradition to prove that Boston women *were* very lovely early in the nineteenth century.

CHAPTER XVII

EARLY BOSTON THEATRES AND THEIR STARS

COTTON MATHER, in 1686, says in his preface to the "Testimony against Profane and Superstitious Customs:" "There is much discourse now of beginning stage plays in New England." Yet, for many years after this sentence was written, activity in the matter of the drama was limited to "discourse." The treatment which was being accorded to actors in England was so little encouraging!

The first actual Boston performance of which one can find record was that of Otway's "Orphan or Unhappy Marriage" held at the British Coffee House on State Street (then King Street) in 1750. The play on this occasion was given by two Englishmen assisted by some volunteers, and its presentation led to the immediate enactment of "An Act To Prevent Stage Plays and other Theatrical Entertainments" which became a law in March, 1750. The framers of the law gave themselves the satisfaction of

stating that stage plays "not only occasion great and unnecessary expenses, and discourage industry and frugality, but likewise tend generally to increase immorality, impiety and a contempt for religion." As a matter of fact there had been almost a theatrical riot at the particular performance which had inspired this law. So many wanted to see the play and so few could be accommodated, in the small room where the performance took place, that entrance became the right of those with the strongest shoulders and sharpest elbows. The town gaol was the resting place, that night, of many of these.

But though the prohibitory law stood stolidly on the statute books, private performances, where no money was received, were tacitly excepted from prosecution and so the habit of having such performances grew quietly in the town. How this slowly accelerating theatrical impulse found a pleasant and natural expression during the Siege we have already seen. After the departure of the British, however, the Thespian spirit lay dormant for several years. Yet that there was apprehension lest it should awaken may be seen from the following resolve, passed on October 16, 1778, in no less stately an assembly than the Continental Congress: "Whereas frequenting play houses and theatrical entertainments has a fatal tendency to divert

the minds of the people from a due attention to the means necessary to the defence of their country and preservation of their liberties, — *Resolved*, That any person holding an office under the United States who shall act, promote, encourage, or attend any such play, shall be deemed unworthy to hold such office and shall be accordingly dismissed."

The sweep and severity of this act indicates that the drama was pressing the patriots hard. Such was indeed the case. Though the Revolution was by no means over yet, its successful outcome seemed to many people assured and they were already beginning to look forward to a happy, prosperous period of reconstruction. When peace finally was declared dramatic literature began to be read as never before. And to read Shakespeare is of course to wish to see Shakespeare acted. Moreover, many Americans had witnessed Garrick's marvellous performances in London, and others were reading in the English magazines about the work of John Philip Kemble.

In New York and Philadelphia theatres were already in full swing, and drew their clientèle from the best people. It was felt to be time for Boston to step into line! Accordingly, a coterie of wealthy gentlemen of culture attempted to educate public sentiment to the point which would permit the erection of a theatre. To this

end the legislature was petitioned, in 1790, for authority to open a place for the presentation of theatrical performances. Such permission was promptly refused. Samuel Adams led the opposition. Relentlessly the old Puritan set himself against any deviation from the letter of the law, protesting in town meeting, with almost his pristine vigor, against the motion to instruct representatives to repeal the prohibitory act. When Harrison Gray Otis made an eloquent speech on the same side Adams thanked God " that there was one young man willing to step forth in the good old cause of morality and religion." He continued his speech against the repeal of the act until his weak voice was drowned in roars of disapproval. In spite of him, the motion to instruct the representatives was carried! Boston really wanted its playhouse. It was urged that " a theatre where the actions of great and virtuous men are represented, under every possible embellishment which genius and eloquence can give, will not only afford a rational and innocent amusement, but essentially advance the interests of private and political virtue; will have a tendency to polish the manners and habits of society, to disseminate the social affections, and to improve and refine the literary taste of our rising Republic." When the Legislature met in 1792 Mr. Tudor of Boston introduced a bill to repeal the act prohibiting

theatrical entertainments. The proposition was promptly rejected. A reconsideration was carried but a protest sent in by some conservative inhabitants caused the vote to come out ninety-five to forty-four in favor of keeping the prohibitory law among the statutes.

Thereupon, the dramatically inclined determined to go ahead with their theatre, in spite of the law, and to prove that a playhouse was not the objectionable institution some good Boston folk evidently believed it to be. A site was selected in what is now Hawley Street but which was then known as Board Alley, — because originally only a short-cut path from State Street to Trinity Church on Summer Street. It was a region, at this time, of mud and livery stables; it was probably one of these stables that was fashioned into a theatre. Here at any rate a stage was erected, — and the "New Exhibition Room" became an accomplished fact. Its first performance was on August 1, 1792, and its manager Mr. Joseph Harper, one of the prominent members of the firm of Hallam and Henry, who were the Shuberts of that day.

The Bill at the opening of this first Boston playhouse,— quoted from that very interesting book, "A Record of the Boston Stage," — is full of color. It reads as follows:

NEW EXHIBITION ROOM

BOARD ALLEY

FEATS OF ACTIVITY

This evening, the 10th of August, will be exhibited Dancing on the Tight Rope by Monsieurs Placide and Martin. Mons. Placide will dance a Hornpipe on a Tight Rope, play the Violin in various attitudes, and jump over a cane backwards and forwards.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

By Mr. Harper

SINGING

By Mr. Wools

Various feats of tumbling by Mons. Placide and Martin, who will make somersetts backwards over a table, chair, &c. Mons. Martin will exhibit several feats on the Slack Rope. In the course of the Evening's Entertainments will be delivered

THE GALLERY OF PORTRAITS

or,

THE WORLD AS IT GOES

By Mr. Harper

The whole to conclude with a Dancing Ballet called The Bird Catcher, with the Minuet de la Cour and the Gavot.

This sounds much more like the program at a vaudeville performance than like an announcement for the "legitimate." Evidently it was

intended to test the law just as the "Sunday Concert" in Boston does to-day.

For almost two months this continued to be the pabulum offered and then, by way of transition to actual theatrical performances, the drama began to be presented in the guise of a "moral lecture." "Othello," as thus given is very interesting, I think. Its playbill for a performance in Newport, some time before reads:

A MORAL DIALOGUE

In Five Parts

Depicting the evil effects of jealousy, and other bad passions, and proving that happiness can only spring from the pursuit of virtue.

Mr. Douglas — will represent a noble and magnanimous Moor, called Othello, who loves a young lady named Desdemona, and after he has married her, harbors, (as in too many cases) the dreadful passion of jealousy,

> Of jealousy, our being's bane,
> Mark the small cause and the most dreadful pain.

Mr. Allyn — will depict the character of a specious villain in the regiment of Othello, who is so base as to hate his commander on mere suspicion, and to impose on his best friend. Of such characters, it is to be feared, there are thousands in the world, and the one in question may present to us a salutary warning.

> The man that wrongs his master and his friend,
> What can he come to but to a shameful end?

Mr. Hallam — will delineate a young and thoughtful officer, who is traduced by Mr. Allyn, and getting drunk, loses his

situation and his general's esteem. All young men whatsoever take example from Cassio.

The ill effects of drinking would you see?
Be warned and fly from evil company.

Mr. Morris will represent an old gentleman, the father of Desdemona who is not cruel or covetous, but is foolish enough to dislike the noble Moor, his son-in-law, because his face is not white forgetting that we all spring from one root. Such prejudices are very numerous and very wrong.

Fathers beware what sense and love ye lack,
'Tis crime, not color, makes the being black.

Mr. Quelch — will depict a fool who wishes to become a knave, and, trusting to one, gets killed by him. Such is the friendship of rogues — take heed.

When fools would knaves become, how often you'll
Perceive the knave not wiser than the fool.

Mrs. Morris — will represent a young and virtuous wife, who being wrongfully suspected, gets smothered (in an adjoining room) by her husband.

Reader, attend; and e'er thou goest hence
Let fall a tear to helpless innocence.

Mrs. Douglas — will be her faithful attendant, who will hold out a good example to all servants, male and female, and to all people in subjection.

Obedience and gratitude
Are things as rare as they are good.

. . . Conclusion at half past ten, in order that every spectator may go home at a sober hour, and reflect upon what he has seen before he retires to rest.

Considerable ingenuity was exercised, also, in remodelling Garrick's farce of "Lethe" into a satirical lecture called "Lethe or Æsop in the Shades" pronounced by Mr. Watts and Mr. and Mrs. Solomon. Otway's "Venice Preserved" was announced as a moral lecture in five parts, "in which the dreadful effects of conspiracy will be exemplified." "Romeo and Juliet" and "Hamlet" were similarly masked and mangled.

On October 5, growing a bit more bold, "the pernicious tendency of libertinism exemplified in the tragical history of George Barnwell or the London Merchant" was presented, — still as a moral lecture, and delivered by Messrs. Harper, Morris, Watts, Murray, Solomon, Redfield, Miss Smith, Mrs. Solomon and Mrs. Gray. Obviously this was a play with a good sized cast. The aid of the law must be invoked to suppress it! The first attempt to do this failed, and performances continued to be given at intervals of two or three days. On November 9, Garrick's garbled version of the "Taming Of the Shrew" under the name of "Catherine and Petruchio" was presented; on the 30th "Hamlet" was given with Charles Stuart Powell in the title character, and on December the third

the same actor assumed the leading role in "Richard III."

Then the blow fell. During a performance of "The Rivals," on December 5, Harper was arrested by Sheriff Allen, at the end of the first act, for violating the law against theatrical presentations. The audience, which was composed largely of young men, were disposed to be resentful at this treatment of their favorite and proceeded to tear down the seal of the United States from the proscenium arch and to cut into pieces the portrait of Governor Hancock whose hand was seen to be behind the arrest. Strong action this to be taken by the descendants of the "Sons of Liberty!" Only when Harper was admitted to bail would they disperse, and then they assembled at the hearing the following day in Faneuil Hall. This time Harrison Gray Otis was on the side of play-acting and secured a dismissal of Harper on the technical ground of illegality in the warrant of arrest. Hancock's opposition did not slacken, however, and in a subsequent session of the legislature he alluded to the theatrical row as "an open assault upon the laws and government of the Commonwealth."

Royal Tyler, afterward chief justice of Vermont, wrote a play about this time, which was called "The Contrast" and which is interesting as the first American play ever produced by a

regular company of comedians. It was originally given in New York April 16, 1790, but it had a performance in the New Exhibition Room, — the last of any note there to be given. For in the spring of 1793 the theatre was taken down and a movement initiated for the promotion of a playhouse on a larger scale. Subscribers to the project were found without difficulty among many of the best people, in spite of the opposition of Samuel Adams who in 1794 succeeded Hancock as governor and who, though he felt himself in ordinary matters to be simply an executive officer, stood out stubbornly as long as he lived against the popular desire for theatrical entertainments.

The new theatre was located at the corner of Federal and Franklin Streets and with its opening on February 3, 1794, the dramatic history of Boston may be properly said to have begun. It was called the Boston Theatre and was under the management of Charles Stuart Powell and Baker. It had been erected from the plans of Charles Bulfinch, then a young man, and a contemporary thus describes it:

"It was one hundred and forty feet long, sixty-two feet wide, forty feet high; a lofty and spacious edifice built of brick, with stone facings, iron posts and pillars. The entrances to the different parts of the house were distinct. In the front there was a projecting arcade which

enabled carriages to land company under cover. After alighting at the main entrance, they passed through an elegant saloon to the staircases leading to the back of the boxes. The pit and gallery had separate entrances on the sides.

" The interior was circular in form, the ceiling

THE BOSTON THEATRE ON FEDERAL STREET

composed of elliptical arches resting on Corinthian pillars. There were two rows of boxes, the second suspended by invisible means. The stage opening was thirty-one feet wide, ornamented on either side by two columns, between which was a stage door opening on a projecting iron balcony. Above the columns a cornice and a balustrade were carried over the stage opening;

above these was painted a flow of crimson drapery and the arms of the United States and the commonwealth blended with emblems tragic and comic. A ribbon depending from the arms bore the motto, ' All the world's a stage.'

" The boxes were hung with crimson silk, and their balustrades gilded; the walls were tinted azure, and the columns and fronts of the boxes straw and lilac. At the end of the building was a noble and elegant dancing pavilion, richly ornamented with Corinthian columns and pilasters. There were also spacious card and tea rooms, and kitchens with the proper conveniences."

None of our present theatres can boast such conveniences, nor can they approach the state and ceremony observed in a performance of 1793. The " guests " were met by a bewigged and bepowdered master of ceremonies, and escorted to their boxes. Thence, however, they saw the performance but dimly in the feeble light of candles or the more objectionable, smoky illumination of whale oil lamps. Moreover, they might freeze in winter for all the effective heating apparatus provided. Perhaps it was to keep warm that the gallery gods threw things; certainly the orchestra was constrained to insert a card in the newspaper requesting the audience to be more restrained in the matter of pelting the musicians with apple cores and or-

anges. The music, by the way, was of a high standard, Reinagh of Philadelphia being director. In short, the Boston was conceded to be the finest theatre in the country at the time.

It was a losing venture at first and at the end of the second season Powell retired in disgust and bankruptcy. He chose to consider himself a much injured person and his adherents rallied round him and his project for a new theatre. It was felt that the managers of the Boston, who were Federalists, had been using their playhouse to offend their political opponents, the Jacobins.

So Charles Stuart Powell and the Jacobins of Boston set about erecting a new playhouse. A lot about where now stands the present Tremont Theatre was purchased, and "The Haymarket" came into existence. It was plain on the exterior, but capacious and elegant inside, and its proprietors looked to the speedy overthrow of the Boston.

On the 26th of December, 1796, "The Haymarket" opened, and for a time pushed the Boston hard in the race for supremacy. For a time the outcome was doubtful. Both houses were bringing out great attractions and both losing a great deal of money. The proprietors of the Boston could stand the loss; their rivals could not, and at the end of a few seasons the Haymarket was abandoned. In 1803 the build-

ing was razed, and for the next twenty years the Boston was unrivalled.

One interesting character connected with the early history of the theatre on Federal Street was Mrs. Susanna Rowson, who is, however, better known as the author of "Charlotte Temple," and as the teacher of a famous private school than as an actress. Her career is full of color. She was born in Portsmouth, England, in 1762, the daughter of Lieutenant William Haswell of the British Navy, and, when four years old, was brought to Hull, in Boston Harbor, where her father was stationed as a British revenue officer for the port of Boston.

Notwithstanding her rude environment, (Hull was, at the time, a village of one hundred and fifty inhabitants) the mental training that Susanna received within the family circle was such that at the age of ten she was reading Virgil, Homer and Shakespeare, to the amazement of the patriot, James Otis, a neighbor and constant visitor at the house.

From Telegraph hill, behind the house, Susanna heard and saw the battle of Bunker Hill, which signified to her father that he could no longer remain neutral in the contest, as he had until that period. Already the entire population of Hull, save the Haswell family, had emigrated inland, to avoid the depredations of the British.

A month after Bunker Hill the women of the family were frightened half out of their wits by a visit of three companies of continentals from Hingham, who embarked in boats at Hull, proceeded to Boston light and burned it, in order to embarrass British shipping as much as possible. Susanna saw the British rebuild the lighthouse, and the Yankees soon afterward put off again and killed or captured everybody engaged in repairing and maintaining the light, a sharp engagement taking place, in which a British boat was sunk by a cannon shot from the hill above the Haswell house. One of the wounded British soldiers was brought ashore by the Americans and died the same night in the Haswell house, Susanna and her father burying him in their garden the next morning.

As Lieutenant Haswell refused to join the American cause, he and his family were removed to Hingham, kept under guard and supported as town charges for two years. He was finally released on parole and returned with his family to England, where Susanna became governess in a noble family, and in that capacity made a tour of Europe.

In 1786, her father having become incapacitated for service, Susanna married, for a home, William Rowson, a man much older than herself, who had a comfortable fortune, though he lost it soon afterward. It was then that she

embarked in literature, with such success that the regent, afterward George IV, pensioned her father.

Her book, "Charlotte Temple," on which her fame chiefly rests, was written in 1790, and was represented by her as a true story, Charlotte Temple having been a daughter of the earl of Derby, head of one of the proudest families in England, while Montraville, the hero, or villain, whichever one may choose to call him, was really Colonel John Montressor, her father's most intimate friend in America, for whom one of Susanna's brothers was named.

Montressor was with General Gage in Boston during the early days of the Revolution, and was the engineer who planned the various local fortifications before and during the siege of this town. The book had the most prodigious circulation ever known in America up to that time and it has been several times republished since.

In 1793 Mr. and Mrs. Rowson went on the stage, and 1796 found them in the company at the Federal Street theatre in this city. Tiring of this profession Mrs. Rowson, a year later, opened a boarding-school for young ladies in Federal Street and, though the prejudice against her as an actress was strong at first, she soon proved her aptitude for her new vocation so unmistakably that her school became the most popular one in New England.

She later removed it to the old Timothy Bigelow estate, Medford; in 1803 went to live in Newton; in 1807 had a home on the site later identified with the Washington market at the South End, and in 1809 resided on Hollis Street.

In her latter years Mrs. Rowson was editor successively of the *Boston Weekly Magazine* and the *New England Galaxy*. She died in 1824 at the age of sixty-three, and was buried under St. Matthew's Church in South Boston, though she had been a member of Trinity. Afterward her remains were transferred to Mt. Hope. But though her own grave is thus obscurely located, that of Charlotte Temple, her most famous heroine, is a favorite shrine for tourists the place where she lies being almost as much sought after as that of Elizabeth Whitman, — of somewhat similar history, — in the old burying ground at Peabody, Massachusetts.[1]

In " A Record of the Boston Stage," written by William W. Clapp, Jr., in the middle of the last century, may be found hundreds of interesting stories about the theatrical ups and downs of the playhouse on Federal street. The critics of that day were as severe in their denunciations as they were fulsome in their praise and even at this distance of time we feel a thrill of pity for the young woman of whom one knight of the

[1 See "Romance of Old New England Churches."]

THE OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE, ABOUT 1800.

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THE MOTHER OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.
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MRS. ROWSON.

pen wrote that she had neither face, nor form, nor voice nor action, in short " no one talent for the profession she has usurped." And then, dropping like Mr. Wegg into poetry, he adds,

> " When to enforce some very tender part,
> The right hand sleeps by instinct on the heart
> The soul of every other thought bereft,
> Seems anxious only where to place the left."

On one occasion an actor who, when not in the bill, served as house manager, was very much disturbed, — though supposed to be Romeo and dead, — by the ringing of bells near by. With one eye and his subconscious mind he perceived that the audience was taking alarm at the sound, — fearing fire, in their midst. So, interrupting Juliet's lamentations, he sat up and said: " Ladies and gentlemen, do not be alarmed. I assure you that it is only the Old South Bell."

At this time, by the by, there was never a theatrical performance in the Boston on evenings when religious services were held at Rev. Dr. Belknap's church, on the same street. When Washington died, in December, 1799, the theatre remained closed a week and, on January 10, 1800, the day of public mourning in Boston, there was here presented " a Monody on the Death of General Washington " against a background hung all in black.

John Bernard, who has written a very entertaining book of theatrical gossip called " Retrospections of America " was an actor and subsequently a manager at Federal Street, and early in the nineteenth century there was introduced to Boston through him the Honorable Mrs. Twisleton, afterwards Mrs. Stanley, the first of a long line of " society actresses."

At this house in 1809 appeared the first native-born actor to gain distinguished recognition at home and abroad, — John Howard Payne, the author of " Home Sweet Home," then but eighteen years old. It was directly before this that Master Betty, as young Roscius, made a tremendous sensation in England and his success was just the spark for Payne's ambition.

Payne was the son of a Boston schoolmaster " and a perfect Cupid in his beauty." His career is striking enough to deserve attention, from its bright beginning to its tragic end. Indeed, if I were in search of an American about whom to build an historical novel of extraordinary and compelling interest, I should select John Howard Payne. For this man was a part of all that he met; there was nothing of novelty and adventure in his day in which he failed to have a stake. Yet he is remembered only as the writer of a song which earned a fortune for his publishers, but for which he received, during

his lifetime, scarcely any cash and very little credit.

Payne was born in New York City June 9, 1782, the sixth child in a family of nine. His precocity was wonderful — aggravated no doubt by the fact that during his most impressionable childhood years he lived in Boston, whither his father had removed to take charge of an academy. The most notable incident in the lad's Boston residence was his formation of a military company, which paraded on the Common and to which John C. Palfrey, afterward the historian, and Samuel Woodworth, who became the author of " The Old Oaken Bucket," belonged. Payne was assistant editor at this time, too, of a child's paper called The Fly, of which Woodworth was editor in chief.

When the gifted lad was thirteen, however, he solemnly put away childish things and went back to New York to act as clerk in a counting-house. While filling this humble position he interested himself deeply in things dramatic, possibly in emulation of Charles Lamb, and edited the Thespian Mirror. This occupation, as it fell out, brought him the turn in his tide of luck. For one day the Evening Post reprinted from the Mirror a piece of critical writing so remarkable that the Post's editor, Mr. Coleman, could scarcely believe it to have been the product of a lad of fourteen. When convinced, however,

that such was the case, he hunted up young Payne and insisted upon sending him to college.

The institution of learning selected was Union College, New York. But even in his student days this lad could not leave journalism alone, and during the two terms that he spent here he edited twenty-five numbers of a periodical called The Pastime. Then, his father dying, he left his books for a stage career, making his first appearance as an actor either in the Park Theater, New York, or in the old Federal Street Theatre, Boston, according to which historian you decide to believe. Wherever he played he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. For he added to considerable ability as an actor a wonderfully attractive personality. Nature had bestowed upon him a countenance of no common order: a face round and fair, with eyes that glowed with animation and intelligence. Payne's face, in truth, was an index of his character in that it contained an extraordinary mixture of strength and weakness. In London and in the provinces this gifted man enacted his "Young Norval" with unbounded success, winning the most delighted plaudits wherever he appeared. William W. Corcoran (founder of the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington) saw Payne in this part when he (Corcoran) was a lad of only eleven, and he never forgot the impression the actor made upon him. More, he remembered

so well that, as we shall see, he did for Payne what no one else in all the world had thought of doing.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, AS "YOUNG NORVAL"

As a playwright, no less than as an actor, Payne was a great success. The popularity of his "Brutus," as given by Edmund Kean, was so great that the play had to be "set up" by

the " Romans," themselves turned compositors for the occasion and working an improvised printing press under the stage. " Charles II," too, was played many times with great success by Charles Kemble.

Yet only " Home, Sweet Home," written to be sung in " Clari, the Maid of Milan," an adaptation from the French, lives. This song was turned off in a rush order on a dull October day in 1823, to be used in a play which, with two others, Payne had sold to Charles Kemble for two hundred and fifty pounds. Undoubtedly the song was the outpouring of all that was best in this man who himself had now no home; the cry from the inmost depths of a deeply sensitive soul. For this reason it is that the song finds such sympathetic response in so many other hearts and is so tenderly soothing withal. The particular house Payne described in his verses was the old home of his family in Easthampton, Long Island. It has been well said that the sight of this house is the best assurance anywhere obtainable that the sentiment of " Home, Sweet Home " is absolutely true.

Of course the song was a success. More than one hundred thousand copies of it were sold by the publishers within a year of its first appearance. But Payne was not only cheated out of the twenty-five pounds he was to have on the twentieth night of his play, but his name failed

as well to appear on the title page of the song. This was, however, only one of the many little ironies with which our composer's career was so liberally punctuated.

Washington Irving had long been one of Payne's warm friends, and through him, aided by Daniel Webster, then secretary of state, the actor-author was in 1842 given a consulship in Tunis. Now Payne was really happy. For though he worked faithfully enough for the government, he had still leisure for literary pursuits, and he hoped to end his days in this post, discharging its easy duties and poking about for book material. James K. Polk, however, had a friend of his own for whom he wanted the Tunis post, and in 1846 the consul there was recalled by him. Payne came back, but this time he was determined to fight for what he coveted, and he enlisted the support of such strong politicians that, after six years of struggle, he succeeded in getting back his consulship. Meanwhile, however, he was being liberally honored as the composer of "Home, Sweet Home." For once, when he was in the theatre at Washington, Jenny Lind turned directly to him and sang the sweet, sad song. The very next year after he secured once more the post for which he had fought such a good fight, John Howard Payne passed away in Tunis, dying as he had lived, homeless, on the distant shore of

the Mediterranean. His mortal remains lay long in the burning sands of far-away Morocco, and even now a monument to him stands in the cemetery of St. George there.

But in 1883 (you see we are going far ahead of our story in order to finish Payne's career) William W. Corcoran, in answer to Payne's deathless plea for home, and out of gratitude to the actor who had stirred him when he was a boy, had Payne's remains disinterred and brought back to this country. Thus it came about that the lad who had thrilled all his auditors in the old Boston Theatre, when a youth of eighteen, was, on the ninety-second anniversary of his birth, buried in Oak Cemetery, Washington, in the presence of a very distinguished company, including the president of the United States. As his ashes were lowered into the grave a large and reverent chorus sang his immortal song of Home.

Some years ago, there turned up for auction sale in Philadelphia a lot of letters which are said to shed light upon the hitherto unknown love of Payne's life. The lady in the case appears to have been no less a person than Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley! But to her he paid his court in vain, for she remained ever devoted to the memory of her husband, Percy Bysshe Shelley, the famous English poet.

With a famous American poet, — Edgar Allan

Poe, — the history of the Federal Street Theatre during this period must now be associated. For his father and mother were playing there the winter that he was born. For a long time it was not known just where, in Boston, their famous child first saw the light but, through the painstaking research of Walter Kendall Watkins, the house where the young couple were living on January 19, 1809, has now been fixed as on Carver,[1] then Haskins Street, the number of the dwelling being 62. With Mr. Watkins's permission I here give a part of his contribution to the matter.

" Poe's birthplace has plausibly been supposed to be in the vicinity of the Boston Theatre on Federal Street. James Dickson, the comedian and manager of the theatre, lived at 25 Federal street. His partner Snelling Powell, the comedian lived in Theatre Alley. Catherine Butler's boarding-house at 30 Federal street was also the resort of actors. . . . David Poe, however, was living, in 1808, at the house on the east side of Haskins, later Carver, street owned by Henry Haviland, a stucco worker, and in which resided Haviland, Daniel Grover an actor, Joshua Barrett, ropemaker, Moses Andrew ropemaker and John Hildreth."

Mrs. Poe had been Elizabeth Arnold, a

[1] There is, however, a possibility that the poet was born at 33 Hollis Street, that being the address of his father on the Boston tax records for 1808.

beautiful and talented English actress when, in the course of a southern tour, she met David Poe, a handsome young law student of Baltimore and married him. He seems to have made a mistake in abandoning his profession for hers, as he did after their marriage; there is no evidence whatever that he had any talent for the stage. But she was very popular with her audiences, and the records show that, though she played many parts, she was acceptable in almost all of them.

" The first appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Poe at the Boston Theatre," says Mr. Watkins, " was on October 13, 1806 in ' Speed the Plough,' a five act comedy by Thomas Morton. . . . On April 20, 1807, Mr. Poe received a benefit where there was given for the first time in Boston, a three act comedy by John O'Keefe, a prolific farce-writer, entitled, ' The Lie of the Day.' In this Mrs. Poe was Sophie and afterwards favored the audience with a hornpipe. . . . Easter Monday, 1808, the Bostonians witnessed Schiller's ' Robbers ' dramatized by John Hodgkinson, a former manager of the Boston Theatre. Amelia was played by Mrs. Poe. On the same evening she was also Ella in ' Ella Rosenburg' by James Kenney. . . . In the fall of 1808 Mr. and Mrs. Poe appeared together in ' More Ways Than One.' . . . In the serio-comic burletta, ' Life And Death or Tom

Thumb the Great' Mrs. Poe impersonated Queen Dellabolla. 'King Lear' was acted by Fennell, supported by Mrs. Poe as Cordelia and during the evening she gave a favorite song, 'Nobody coming to marry me.' . . . On November 14, 1808 she sang 'Just like love is yonder Rose' in the play of 'More Ways Than One' and on November 28, appeared as Lydia in 'The Sixty-third Letter,' a musical afterpiece."

Believers in pre-natal influences may find in the extraordinary jumble of fictitious characters, — and there were many more than I have mentioned, — with which Poe's mother was burdening her brain at this time a hint as to the source of that uncanny and elusive gift which Poe's critics have sought in vain to explain by any of the experiences in the poet's own life. Mrs. Poe appears to have done her hard duty before the public up to the last possible moment. And that she lost no time in getting back to the task by which she and her babe were to live we see from this notice in the *Boston Gazette* of February 9, 1809: "We congratulate the frequenters of the Theatre on the recovery of Mrs. Poe from her recent confinement. This charming little actress will make her reappearance tomorrow evening as Rosamunda in the popular play of 'Abaellino, the Great Bandit,' a part peculiarly adapted to her figure and talents." She had been out of the bill less than ten weeks!

Within two years both parents of the new-born babe were dead, victims of consumption.

About this time the taste of Bostonians for spectacular productions began first to evince itself. " Tekeli," brought out in 1809, had succeeded measurably, and " The Forty Thieves " was accordingly announced as " in preparation." In order to bring it out with fine effect the theatre was closed for the ten days previously and, on March 12, 1810, the spectacle was produced, in a style of magnificence which has scarcely been equalled since. The receipts for the first night were nine hundred and eight dollars and thirty-seven cents, and the amount received for nine successive performances was six thousand six hundred and forty-seven dollars and twelve cents, — a very large sum for those days. The play had a good run for many seasons.

An interesting " star " at the Boston Theatre during 1810-1811 was Mrs. Duff, a woman of rare beauty and some talent. Before her marriage she had been Miss Dyke, and Tom Moore's first wife was her sister. It is said that the poet's song, " Mary, I believe thee true," was addressed to her. George Frederick Cooke was another character then cast in the company at the Boston. Once at a private party in the city Cooke was asked what was the most beautiful passage he had ever read, the presumption being, of course, that he would quote something from

Shakespeare. But he replied by calling for a Bible and turned to " St Paul's Defence at the Tribunal of King Agrippa," which he proceeded to read from beginning to end in a most exquisite manner. Cooke was a hard drinker and, as a result, was often incapacitated, when cast for a leading part. On one occasion he found himself on the stage in such condition that his lines *would* not come. So laying his hand comically against his cheek, he said, making a wry face which he accompanied with a grotesque bow: " Ladies and gentlemen, my old complaint, — my old complaint," and made his exit amid shouts of laughter.

The war of 1812 had its effect, as might be supposed, upon the audiences at the Boston Theatre. But performances went on just the same, the prices being: boxes, one dollar; green boxes, seventy-five cents; pit, fifty cents; gallery thirty-seven and one-half cents. During the progress of the war the spirits of those who attended the theatre were kept up by frequent productions of pieces in honor of our naval victories. On October 2, following the capture of the " Guerrière " by the American frigate " Constitution," a patriotic effusion on the encounter was given with great success. This piece and others of its kind had little incident and less connected plot, but consisted of songs and dances, interspersed with patriotic dialogues.

Of course, coming after an epoch-making victory, they " took " like wildfire.

While the Boston Theatre was thus pursuing its course with greater or less profit, according to the times, circuses and other entertainments of that ilk were slowly coming to the fore. Washington Gardens, which stood in the rear of what is now St. Paul's Church, was one of the earliest and best-known of the open-air theatres. Here in 1815 Mrs. Mestayer astonished spectators by " dancing on the wire," she being the first lady to trust herself, in Boston, to so slight and brittle a footing. One advertisement, taken from the *Gazette* of November 30, 1815, gives an interesting side light on the progress of things at the Boylston Museum: " The Gas-Lights, which are to be exhibited at the Boylston Museum this evening (Thanksgiving) will be an interesting curiosity to those who are unacquainted with chemistry, as the lights will be burnt upwards of one hundred feet from the reservoir which contains the gas, without the aid of tallow, oil or wick. We understand that the streets of London are lighted with this gas in various directions for upwards of fifteen miles."

At the Boston Theatre in the fall of 1816 " Guy Mannering " was brought out for the first time. In the season of 1817-1818 there was a good company there which included an Eng-

lishman named Incledon, a singer of great merit and a friend of Pope the tragedian. Pope had a great love for the good things of life; he is said to have declared that no crime which a man could commit is comparable in enormity to that of peppering a rump steak. When Incledon returned from America, — soon after the close of the War of 1812, — his old friend sought him out and, when greetings had been exchanged, asked eagerly, "Well, Charles, and how do they feed?"

"Immortally," answered Incledon, "the very poetry of eating and drinking, my dear Pope, in all things but one — they put no oil on their salads."

"No oil to their salads!" reiterated the horror-stricken tragedian. "Why did we ever make peace with them?"

Incledon was quite eccentric and, on one occasion, soon after the death of his first wife (to whom he had been warmly attached), after travelling for some time in a coach beside a consumptive looking man he took leave of his neighbor in the following reassuring fashion: "My poor fellow, you're bespoke; you're now, I take it, as good as ready money to the undertaker. If you see my dear sainted Jane pray tell her you saw me and that I'm well."

The first of the Wallacks to play in Boston was James, and he made his debut in the town

the very year, as it happens, that his famous son, Lester Wallack was born. His career, — previous to his opening at the Federal Street Theatre,

THEATRE.

Mr. WALLACK,

FOR TWO WEEKS.

*** On account of Thanksgiving, and the Rev. Mr. CHANNING'S Lecture falling on Thursday next, the Evenings of Performance, for this week, will be *MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY.*

Mr. Wallack's Second Night.

THIS EVENING, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1st, 1818,

Will be performed, SHAKESPEARE'S celebrated TRAGEDY, in five acts, called

MACBETH.

The Original Airs and Chorusses, composed by Mathew Locke.

Macbeth,	Mr. Wallack.	Fleance,	Miss Clarke.
Macduff,	Mr. Green.	Lenox,	Mr. Pelby.
Malcolm,	Mr. Williams.	Seyton,	Mr. Adams.
Duncan,	Mr. Wheatley.	Bleeding Captain,	Mr. Spooner.
Banquo,	Mr. Price.	Officer,	Mr. Jones.
Lady Macbeth,	Mrs. Powell.	Gentlewoman,	Mrs. Pelby.
Hecate,			Mr. Holland.
Speaking Witches,			Messrs. Bernard, Bray, and Mrs. Barnes.

Principal Vocal Parts by

Messrs. Keene, Bray, Bernard, Holland, Jones, &c. ..... Mrs. Duff, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Bray, Mrs. Pelby, Miss Jones, and Miss Clark.

To which will be added, the favorite Musical Afterpiece, in two acts, called the

BEE HIVE,

OR....SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Rattan,	Mr. Duff.	Mingle,	Mr. Bray.
Captain Merton,	Mr. Williams.	Joe,	Mr. Adamson.
Emily,	Mrs. Williams.		
Cicely,	Mrs. Pelby.	Mrs. Mingle,	Mrs. Barnes.

In the course of the Piece, the following Songs.

SONG...."*March! March Away, Helen!*" ..... Mr. DUFF.
SONG...."*Heigho! Heigho!*" ..... Mrs. PELBY.
COMIC SONG...."*Description of a Married Life,*" ..... Mr. BRAY.
FINALE...."*Troubles O'er, Joy's in Store.*" .....

Tomorrow Evening, (Wednesday,) the MOUNTAINEERS.....OCTAVIAN, Mr. WALLACK.

November 30, 1818, as "Rolla," — had been full of incident. He was originally destined for a career in the navy; but Richard Brinsley

Sheridan happening to see him act in amateur theatricals, when he was twelve, and being struck with his promise, procured an auspicious engagement for him at the Drury Lane Theatre.

The year 1820 witnessed the arrival on our shores of perhaps the first really great actor so far mentioned, however, — Edmund Kean. Kean's career reads like a romance. His mother was an actor's daughter, and though her husband was another Edmund Kean, the tragedian preferred to believe that the Duke of Norfolk was his father. Mrs. Kean having more or less to do with the stage, her child was always about the theatre and when John Philip Kemble conceived the idea of infant imps around the witches' cauldron in "Macbeth," the Kean child was one of the imps. To heighten the illusion Kean insisted upon tripping up his fellow-imps in the play, and when Kemble remonstrated with him he explained that he had "never before appeared in tragedy." His mother took no care whatever of him and to Miss Tisdale, an actress whom he had been taught to regard as his aunt, he was indebted for the only training he ever had. From school he ran away to join a circus, but during the performance he fell and fractured both legs, an accident which caused his gait to be exceedingly awkward all his life. Once during this *Wanderjahre* period he had no clothes what-

ever and no money with which to buy food. A bundle of garments sent him by Miss Tisdale was accordingly pawned; he explained the transaction by saying: "for better security my aunt's parcel was consigned to the charge of 'my uncle.'"

Kean's first real chance came when he was playing Shylock in London, an engagement he had secured after great vicissitudes of fortune. The thing went tamely enough until the lines:

> "The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient; — three thousand ducats, I think I may take this bond.
>
> "*Bassanio.* — Be assured you may.
>
> "*Shylock.* — I *will* be assured I may; and that I may be assured I will bethink me."

"I *will* be assured," was a new point — it moved the audience; and "then," as Kean afterwards expressed it, "then, indeed, I felt, I knew, I had them with me!" That night began his splendid career of triumph. There is not space here even to indicate the glories of it, for we must proceed to describe his very inglorious adventures in Boston, where he first opened February 12, 1821, as "Richard" before a house crowded to the doors. His acting was the all-engrossing topic of fashionable discussion, and he became the lion of the day. He appeared as "Lear," as "Hamlet," — and as "Brutus" in Payne's play of that name to which reference

has already been made. Great pressure was brought to bear upon him to prolong his engagement, which had been for a strictly limited number of performances, but he was booked for contracts elsewhere and so had to leave, though regretfully, what he styled in his curtain speech on the last night, as "the Literary Emporium of the New World."

The story of his return is not so splendid a page of Boston's theatrical history. It was late in May, 1821, and the manager, Mr. Dickson, had endeavored to discourage his coming because it was the dull season and many Boston folk would be out of town. Kean replied that he could draw at any time and he came, opening May 23 as "Lear" to a fair house. The second night the house was slim and for the third, when he was billed as "Richard III" there was, early in the evening, so small a crowd, that surveying it, he refused to prepare for the performance and left in a rage for his hotel.

Scarcely had he gone when the boxes filled up, and a messenger was dispatched to bring him back. But he declined to come and the manager was obliged to explain that his star's refusal to appear was for want of patronage. Of course those present were not pleased and the newspapers had a great deal to say, next day, about the way the tragedian had treated his public. Accounts of the affair spread to New

York and Kean feared a riot. So he published in the *New York National Advocate* a letter in which he endeavored to justify himself at the expense of Boston audiences. "My advisers never intimated to me," he caustically observed, "that the theatres were only visited during certain months of the year; that when curiosity had subsided dramatic talent was not in estimation. But I am now convinced," he concluded "that the fine weather was my chief enemy, and shall again resume my station in the Boston theatre before I return to England." But no opportunity was made for him to go back to Boston, that trip.

He did not go again for nearly three years, indeed, and that Boston was still only a very little place is shown by the fact that his offence had not then been forgotten. So vividly indeed was the affront which he had put upon his audience on the previous occasion remembered, that there was a shocking riot at the theatre in the course of which eight hundred dollars' worth of damage was done to the building, — and Kean barely escaped with his life. From every point of view the scene was a disgraceful one, but as it came when Boston was a city and not during its life as the town, — which terminated December 31, 1821, — a description of it does not properly belong in this book. Yet I cannot refrain from quoting the significant letter in

which Kean, now thoroughly repentant, apologized for his previous bad behavior. It marks so clearly, as of a far-away time, this actor and his public!

"To the Editor, Sir, I take the liberty of informing the citizens of Boston (through the medium of your journal) of my arrival in confidence that liberality and forbearance will gain the ascendency over prejudice and cruelty. That I have suffered for my errors my loss of fame and fortune is too melancholy an illustration. Acting from the impulse of irritation, I certainly was disrespectful to the Boston public; calm deliberation convinces me I was wrong. The first step towards the Throne of Mercy is confession — the hope we are taught, forgiveness, Man must not expect more than those attributes which we offer to God.

"EDMUND KEAN"

"Exchange Coffee House.
"Dec. 21, 1825."

That, after publishing this, he should have been pelted, on the stage, with missiles hard and soft, makes one, for a moment, almost believe Samuel Adams was right in his feeling that Boston would surely degenerate were "stage plays" allowed to be produced there.

THE END.

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